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THE NEW YORKER

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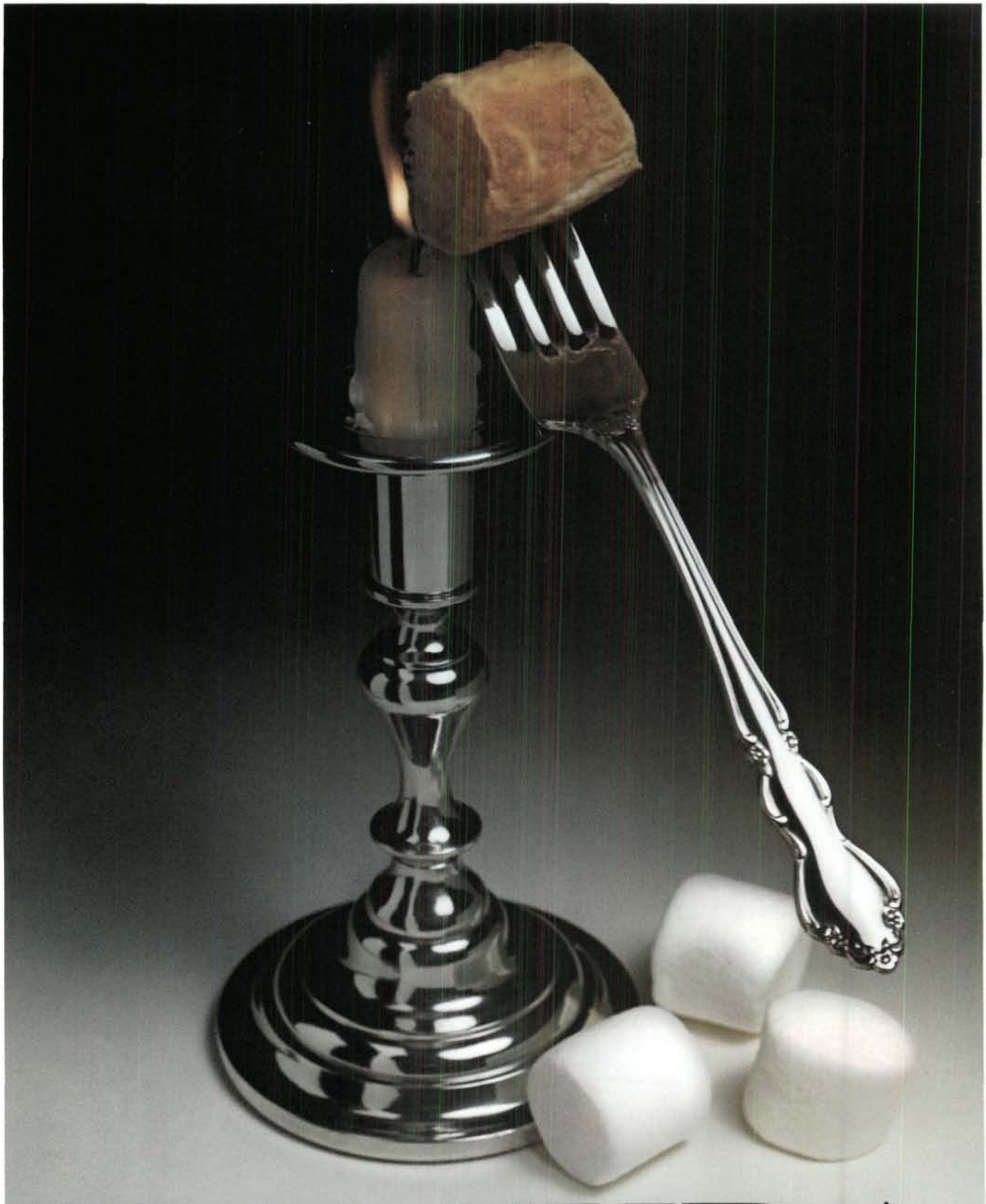

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

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			19	20	21	22
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THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

Amadeus—Peter Shaffer's method as a dramatist is to devise an intricate puzzle and then resolve it, displaying much wit and erudition along the way. The puzzle in this instance is whether Mozart was poisoned by his contemporary, the composer Antonio Salieri, or, no less wickedly, reduced by him to professional failure and poverty. Ian McKellen plays the villainous Salieri superbly. With Peter Firth as Mozart. (Reviewed in our issue of 12/29/80.) (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 247-0472. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

American Buffalo—Al Pacino is a funny, electric Teach in this revival of David Mamet's comedy of crime, although he is something of a loner onstage. James Hayden and J. J. Johnston are his cronies. (6/15/81) (Circle in the Square Downtown, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 2:30.)

Bodybags—A play by Tee Saralegui, with Donna Pescow. Directed by Melvin Van Peebles. (Intar, 420 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Thursday, Aug. 20, at 8; Friday and Saturday, Aug. 21-22, at 7 and 10; Sunday, Aug. 23, at 4; and final performance Monday, Aug. 24, at 8.)

Circle Repertory Company—A play by Jim Leonard, Jr., **THE DIVINERS.** Set in a farm community in Indiana during the Depression, it is about the friendship between a thirteen-year-old idiot boy who dowses for water and a young ex-preacher. The action is a matter of small scenes, all of them well done and to the point. (10/27/80) (Circle Repertory Company Theatre, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. 924-7100. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, Sept. 6.)

Cloud 9—Caryl Churchill's comedy about the "confusion" of sexuality—first in a British outpost in Africa in 1880 and then in a park in London in 1980—is a witty and original work that adds a measure of confusion all its own. It is very well performed, under Tommy Tune's brilliant direction, by Veronica Castang, Nicolas Surovy, E. Katherine Kerr, Don Amendolia, Željko Ivanek, Concetta Tomei, and Jeffrey Jones, all of them in multiple roles (m. & f.). Effective sets by Lawrence Miller. (6/1/81) (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. 924-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Dance and the Railroad—John Lone and Tzi Ma give distinguished performances as a pair of Chinese immigrant railroad builders in nineteenth-century America in this enthralling play by David Henry Hwang. (7/27/81) (Public, 425 Lafayette St. 598-7150. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Entertaining Mr. Sloane—A satisfying revival of Joe Orton's astonishing, funny comedy about a handsome young criminal who becomes the sex object of his middle-aged landlady and her homosexual brother. Barbara Bryne, Joseph Maher, Maxwell Caulfield, and Gwyllum Evans are the good actors. John Tillinger is the good director. (7/6/81) (Cherry Lane, 38 Commerce St. 989-2020. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10:15; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Fiddler on the Roof—Herschel Bernardi and Maria Karnilova in a revival of the Stein-Bock-Harnick musical. Directed by Jerome Robbins. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 870-5570. Wednesday through Saturday at 8. Matinées Wednesday and Saturday at 2, and Sunday at 3. Closes Sunday, Aug. 23.)

Hotel Play—A play by Wallace Shawn, with music by Richard Weinstock. Griffin Dunne, Michael Murphy, Tom Costello, Christopher Durang, and Frank Modell are in the cast of eighty. (La Mama Annex, 66 E. 4th St. 475-7710. Wednesdays through Sundays at 7:30. Closes Sunday, Aug. 30.)

I Can't Keep Running in Place—A dismal nonmusical musical about a women's "assertiveness workshop." The setting is a loft in SoHo, but "role-playing" and "sharing" and "caring" and other bits of California patois are tossed around with some abandon in both lyrics and dialogue. There are seven actresses in the company, poor souls. (Westside Arts Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Key Exchange—A charming first play by Kevin Wade, with Ben Masters and Brooke Adams as a pair of lovers and Mark Blum as a young bridegroom, all of whom meet on their bicycles in Central Park on Sunday afternoons. The performances, under Barnet Kellman's direction, are all that any dramatist—new or old—could hope for. (6/22/81) (Orpheum, 126 Second Ave., at 8th St. 260-8480. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Lena Horne: The Lady and Her Music—Miss Horne has seen some stormy weather in her time, and when she sings "Stormy Weather" you know she means it. A dazzling show, well worth waiting months to see. (5/25/81) (Nederlander, 208 W. 41st St. 921-8000. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7.)

Light Opera of Manhattan—Presenting Gilbert and Sullivan's **RUDDIGORE.** (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays and Sundays at 4. Through Sunday, Aug. 30.)

The Little Foxes—A superb cast, headed by Elizabeth Taylor and including Maureen Stapleton, Tom Aldredge, and Anthony Zerbe, carries out a searing battle of wits in this spellbinding story of venomous family life in a turn-of-the-century town in the South. (5/18/81) (Martin Beck, 302 W. 45th St.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

246-6363. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Saturday, Sept. 5.)

March of the Falsettos—William Finn's clever, talented musical (barely over an hour long) about a man who leaves his wife and young son for a male lover. The performance, under the ingenious direction of James Lapine, is light and lively. (5/18/81) (Playwrights Horizons, 416 W. 42nd St. 279-4200. Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays at 8:30, and Wednesdays and Saturdays at 7 and 10.)

Misalliance—Bernard Shaw's comedy, with Philip Bosco and Patricia Elliott at the head of the cast. (Roundabout Stage One, 333 W. 23rd St. 242-7800. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Closes Sunday, Sept. 6.)

My Fair Lady—A revival of the Lerner and Loewe musical, with Rex Harrison, Cheryl Kennedy, Milo O'Shea, Cathleen Nesbitt, Jack Gwillim, and Nicholas Wyman. The director is Patrick Garland. (Uris, 51st St. west of Broadway. 586-6510. Tuesdays through Saturdays, except Thursday, Aug. 20, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Pirates of Penzance—A hellzapoppin version of the good old Gilbert and Sullivan warhorse. (1/19/81) (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

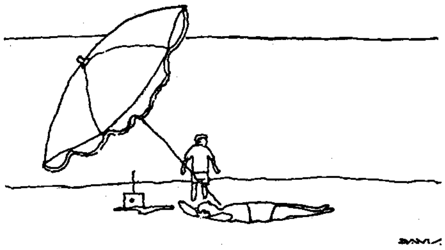
Sophisticated Ladies—Song and dance, song and dance, song and dance, and since the music is by Duke Ellington and the cast is an exceptionally lively and gifted one, the show is both elegant and entertaining. (3/16/81) (Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. 586-5555. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

The Supporting Cast—A gross literary miscalculation by George Furth, filled with sorry one-liners, but valiantly performed by a hard-working cast. (8/17/81) (Biltmore, 261 W. 47th St. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

A Taste of Honey—A fine revival of Shelagh Delaney's play set in a Lancashire slum. It's about a brave, cheeky schoolgirl, deserted by her whorish mother, who finds herself pregnant. The play is just as good as it seemed twenty years ago, and the performance, under Tony Tanner's scrupulous direction, is entirely worthy of it. With Valerie French as the mother, Amanda Plummer as the girl, and Keith Reddin as a homosexual art student who moves in to take care of her. (5/11/81) (Century, 235 W. 46th St. 354-6644. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Woman of the Year—Lauren Bacall in a custom-tailored role. Admirable music and lyrics by John Kander and Fred Ebb, and a mildly amusing book by Peter Stone. (4/6/81) (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Long Runs—**AIN'T MISBEHAVIN':** A delightful tribute, in revue form, to Fats Waller. We hear many of his songs, and many songs written by others which Waller recorded and helped to make famous. (Belasco, 111 W. 44th St. 354-4490. Nightly, except Thursdays and Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Sundays at 3, and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **ANNIE:** An old-fashioned musical, based on the once popular comic strip "Little Orphan Annie." The agreeable book is by Thomas Meehan, and the so-so songs are by Charles Strouse and Martin Charnin. (Alvin, 250 W. 52nd St. 757-8646. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.) . . . **BARNUM:** A musical that has nothing to do with the late impresario but everything to do with Jim Dale, a Slinky in human form. The circus setting, by David Mitchell, is well worth the price of admission, as Barnum would have been the first to say. (St. James, 246 W. 44th St. 398-0280. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **THE BEST LITTLE WHOREHOUSE IN TEXAS:** A cheerful, cheering, and foolish musical about a bordello called the Chicken Ranch. Tommy Tune was the choreographer, Carol Hall wrote the score, and Larry L. King and Peter Masterson wrote the libretto. (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-0246. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **CHILDREN OF A LESSER GOD:** An excellent play by Mark Medoff about a brilliant young deaf woman and her refusal to learn the art of speech. (Longacre, 220 W. 48th St. 246-5639. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **A CHORUS LINE:** A group of young dancers audition for a handful of chorus jobs in a show not yet in rehearsal, and by the time the evening is over we know everything about all of them. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **DANCIN':** Bob Fosse's act of homage to show dancing. The young and attractive cast sings and dances with irresistible exuberance and self-confidence. (Ambassador, 215 W. 49th St. 541-6490. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **A DAY IN HOLLYWOOD / A NIGHT IN THE UKRAINE:** The second half of this frolicsome little musical is very funny indeed: A Chekhov play as it might be enacted (and torn to shreds) by the Marx Brothers. David Garrison is a formidable Groucho. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **DEATHTRAP:** A witty and scary thriller by Ira Levin. With Farley Granger, Marian Seldes, and William LeMassena. Directed by Robert Moore. (Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. 246-4636. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.) . . . **EVITA:** A blithe and calculatedly slapdash rewriting of Argentine history. The songs are easy to listen to, the cast is able, and the staging, by Hal Prince, is up to his usual high standard. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-3600. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THE FANTASTICKS:** 8,864 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **FIFTH OF JULY:** One of a series of plays that Lanford Wilson is devoting to the Talley family of southern Missouri. The Wilson method is a cocktail consisting of two-thirds George S. Kaufman and one-third Tennessee Williams, well-shaken; the results are substantial. (New Apollo, 234 W. 43rd St. 921-8558. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **42ND STREET:** Pleasantly old-fashioned choreography by the late Gower Champion and a few classic songs enliven an otherwise inert pastiche of the Warner Brothers movie that made Ruby Keeler a star. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **GEMINI:** In Albert Innaurato's delightful comedy, a Harvard undergraduate, son of an Italian-American laborer, is paid a surprise visit by a pair of his classmates—a well-to-do brother and sister from Cambridge—and is thrown into a panic that at first appears to be social but is actually sexual. (Little Theatre, 240 W. 44th St. 221-6425. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **OH! CALCUTTA!:** A collection of short sketches that purport to give us a refreshing view of sex and do not. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Mondays through Wednesdays, and Fridays, at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays at 2.) . . . **ONE MO' TIME:** A sunny salute to the good old days of black vaudeville, in good old N'Orleans. Vernel Bagneris is the clever inventor of this oddity. Dick Vance plays trumpet in the accompanying jazz band. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 473-7270. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.) . . . **SUGAR BABIES:** This mock tribute to old-time burlesque embraces Mickey Rooney, Ann Miller, Michael Davis (a comedy juggler who is actually comic), and some buxom chorus girls, and they all perform splendidly. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) . . . **THEY'RE PLAYING OUR SONG:** Shiny and trim and empty, this musical by Neil Simon provides a few comic opportunities for Victor Garber and Marsha Skaggs. The music is by Marvin Hamlisch, and the lyrics are by Carole Bayer Sager. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-4311. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)



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MISCELLANY

Radio City Music Hall—A show called "America," which includes, if you can believe it, the state songs of all the fifty states, plus fifty corresponding changes of costume and set. The Rockettes turn out for New York, Texas, and Hawaii. (Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Daily, except Thursdays, at 2:30 and 8. Closes Monday, Sept. 7.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing, in which bold-face type is used to pick out a few of the more notable performers in town. . . . ¶ Musicians and night-club proprietors live complicated lives that are subject to last-minute change; it is therefore always advisable to call ahead.)

Angry Squire, 216 Seventh Ave., at 23rd St. (242-9066)—Jazz in a lively Chelsea bar and restaurant bedecked with nautical stuff. The weekend-trio roster: Friday and Saturday, Aug. 21-22, bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM'S** trio; and Friday and Saturday, Aug. 28-29, **JUNIOR MANCE** and **MARTY RIVERA,** one of the most animated piano-bass duos in town. Sets at ten, eleven-thirty, and one.

Bechet's, 1319 Third Ave., at 76th St. (879-1001)—The **WIDESPREAD DEPRESSION QUARTET** runs through Ellington, Lunceford, Henderson, Carter, and its own arrangements of swing numbers until Saturday, Aug. 22; Sunday and Monday, Aug. 23-24, will belong to another swing quartet, Tappin' at the Met; and on Tuesday, Aug. 25, a trio of former big-band sidemen—drummer **BUTCH MILES,** who came up with Count Basie, bassist **RICK LAIRD,** who worked with Buddy Rich and the Mahavishnu Orchestra, and pianist **HAROLD DANKO,** who played for Thad and Mel—will arrive. Music from nine. Dining.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—The current lineup: Thursday, Aug. 20, pianist **CLAUDE BOLLING** and flutist **RANSOM WILSON;** Friday through Sunday, Aug. 21-23, protest poet and rhythm-and-blues singer **GIL SCOTT-HERON;** Monday and Tuesday, Aug. 24-25, Peter Hammill; Thursday, Aug. 27, keyboardist Brian Auger & Search Party; and Friday and Saturday, Aug. 28-29, pianist **MC COY TYNER** and his sextet. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. Dining.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (228-6440)—For many people, Bradley's epitomizes the sophisticated New York bar. It has dark wood panelling, driven conversationalists, and some good musicians. Pianist

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

LARRY WILLIS performs with a bassist through Saturday, Aug. 22; on Monday, Aug. 24, **RONNIE MATHEWS** will take charge of the keyboard. Music from nine-forty-five. Dining.

CACHAÇA, 403 E. 62nd St. (688-8501)—Jazz sambas and internationally influential compositions by Jobim, Gilberto, Bonfa, Gil, Ben, and others are performed here every night but Monday by a trio. Live music from eleven; before and between sets, there is recorded American and Brazilian disco music and, best of all, recorded music from Carnaval. Dining and dancing.

CAFÉ CARLYLE, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600)—**MARIAN MC PARTLAND,** who has taken on her usual summer slot here, is always lively and energetic, and seems totally unbothered by the T.H.I. She leads a trio Sundays through Thursdays at nine-forty-five and eleven-forty-five. Dining.

CAFÉ PIERRE, in the Pierre Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—**BUCKY PIZZARELLI** plays fervent jazz disguised as hotel music Tuesdays through Saturdays from nine to one. Dining and dancing.

CARNEGIE TAVERN, 165 W. 56th St. (757-9522)—Pianist and composer **EDDIE HEYWOOD,** Mr. "Canadian Sunset," is playing nightly, except Sundays, from about the time of a Manhattan sunset (around eight) until midnight. Dining.

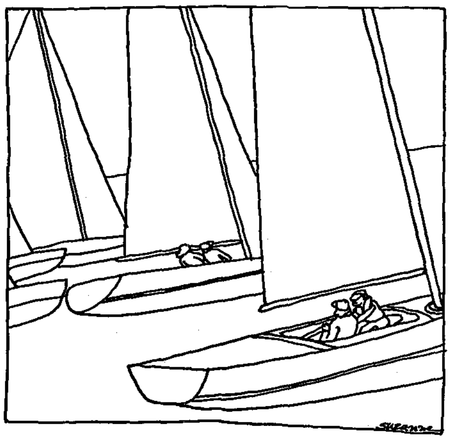
CBGB & OMFUG, 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052)—Exposed rafters, weathered, splintery wood posts, decrepit neon beer signs, and a general ramshackle feel. All this and rock and roll, too: Wednesday, Aug. 19, Popular Science, the Matches, Blitz, and the Parts; Thursday, Aug. 20, Killer Kane's Coup D'Etat, the Humans, and the Strangers; Friday, Aug. 21, Artica and the Stanlees; and Saturday, Aug. 22, Idiot Savant and the Go. Monday is showcase night. Shows nightly from long after nine-thirty.

CITY LIMITS, 125 Seventh Ave. S., at 10th St. (243-2242)—An urban dude ranch. Exuberant country bands mosey in nightly at about ten. Dancin'.

COOKERY, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (674-4450)—**RUTH BROWN** is here singing her R. & B. biggies—"Teardrops from My Eyes" (1951), "5-10-15 Hours" (1952), and "Mama, He Treats Your Daughter Mean" (1953)—in addition to creditable versions of standards like "Skylark" and "Here's That Rainy Day." She's accompanied by a trio and by her own polyrhythmic hip-bashing tambourine playing. Through Saturday, Aug. 22. On Wednesday, Aug. 26, **ALBERTA HUNTER,** who sings the blues, talks the blues, calls the blues, and chants the blues, will return. Shows at nine and eleven. Sundays, Mondays, and Tuesdays, also at nine and eleven, one can listen to the singing and piano playing of **DARDANELLE,** a wily mainstream-jazz musician who doesn't emote, doesn't "put songs over," doesn't sock it to you. She just plays and sings, clearly, effortlessly, and directly, and it's delightful. Dining.

EAGLE TAVERN, 355 W. 14th St., at Ninth Ave. (924-0275)—Plaid-flannel-shirt heaven. In spite of all the harpoons, ships' figureheads, and mounted fish hanging on the walls, you might swear you were in the hills somewhere, because of the lively bluegrass, folk, and old-time country music that is presented every week. Wednesday, Aug. 19, Galway singer Joe Heaney; Saturday, Aug. 22, the Smoketown Diner Boys; Sunday, Aug. 23, guitarists Ian Buchanan and Richard Perrin; Wednesday, Aug. 26, the Derby Ram, a British-folk trio, and Norwegian folkies Lillebjorn Nilsen and Steiner Ofsdal, who'll be playing the hardingfele, the tussefloyte, and the good old seljefloyte; and Saturday, Aug. 29, the Traver Hollow Bluegrass Band. Music from about eight-fifteen on Saturdays; from nine on Sundays and Wednesday, Aug. 26; and from eight-thirty on Wednesday, Aug. 19.

EDDIE CONDON'S, 144 W. 54th St. (265-8277)—The house sextet makes its way through a surefire repertory for patrons of traditional jazz from eight-thirty to two Mondays through Fridays, and from nine-thirty to three on Saturdays. Wednesdays and Fridays, other combos play from six to eight-thirty. Sunday, Aug. 23, vibraharpist Ray Alexander will lead a quintet that will feature **FRANK WESS** on flute and tenor sax from about nine-fifteen. Dining.



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FAT TUESDAY'S, 190 Third Ave., at 17th St. (533-7902)—Parquet floors, mirrored-and-brown-velvet walls, lots of people, and famous jazz players. Pianist **GEORGE SHEARING,** always a melodist and sometimes a breathy vocalist, too, is here through Sunday, Aug. 23; on Tuesday, Aug. 25, jazz-piano patriarch **EARL HINES** will begin a six-night visit. The first set begins at nine. Dining. Closed Mondays.

GREENE STREET, 101 Greene St., near Prince St. (925-2415)—In practically any other part of town, turning a truck warehouse—which is what Greene Street was—into a night club might be called visionary, but in SoHo it's just good business. **DAKOTA STATON** sings here through Sunday, Aug. 23; Monday, Aug. 24, bassist **BOB CUNNINGHAM** and pianist **BROSS TOWNSEND** will team up with violinist Bernard Charles; Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 25-26, saxophonist **BILL SAXTON** will lead a combo; and Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 27-29, Platinum Hook, an enthusiastic R. & B. group, will be on the bandstand. On Sundays, **CLAUDIO RODITI,** a crisp, high-flying Brazilian trumpet soloist, performs with a sextet. The first show gets under way after eleven. Dining.

GREGORY'S, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Guitarist **JOE PUMA** works with pianist **HOD O'BRIEN** and bassist Ronnie Markowitz on standards and O'Brien compositions Wednesdays through Sundays from ten. Mondays and Tuesdays from ten belong to guitarist **CHUCK WAYNE'S** trio. Sundays from seven to ten, Stephanie Nakasian sings to the accompaniment of Mr. O'Brien.

GRIFF'S PLAZA CAFÉ, Third Ave. at 37th St. (867-7179)—A very pleasant restaurant in one of those very new high-rise apartment houses. There are lots of plants, an engaging chandelier made of vertical incandescent tubes, and, when the blue-striped awnings are rolled up, a second-story view of Third Avenue traffic. Pianist **MIKE LONGO** works with a bassist through Saturday, Aug. 22; on Tuesday, Aug. 25, the **JUNIOR MANCE-MARTY RIVERA** duo will take over. Music from eight to midnight Tuesdays through Fridays; from nine to one on Saturdays.

HANRATTY'S, 1754 Second Ave., at 91st St. (289-3200)—The East Side twin—it's actually a little spiffier—of a West Side hangout. This one attracts neatly dressed couples and hires jazz pianists. (The other attracts some of the West Side literati and plugs in a jukebox.) Pianist **ART HODES'** sets are less like sets and more like History of the Jazz Piano 101, as they dip into the blues, Fats Waller, Jelly Roll Morton, and Count Basie's early and late blue periods. Mr. Hodes performs Tuesdays through Saturdays. The Sunday piano man is **RED RICHARDS.** Music Tuesdays through Thursdays from nine to one, Fridays and Saturdays from ten to two, and Sundays and Mondays from seven-thirty to eleven-thirty.

HORS D'OEUVRERIE, at Windows on the World, 107th Floor, 1 World Trade Center. (938-1111)—Only jaded customers don't ask for a table by the windows. Pianist Chuck Folds guides a trio for listening and dancing from seven-thirty to twelve-thirty Tuesdays through Saturdays. Judd Woldin, a pianist and composer, alternates with them after nine.

JAZZMANIA SOCIETY, 40 W. 27th St. (532-7666)—Friday and Saturday, Aug. 21-22, **OLU DARA,** who on occasion plays his trumpet upside down, leads his eight-piece funky-jazz **OKRA ORCHESTRA,** which features **HENRY THREADGILL** on tenor. On Friday and Saturday, Aug. 28-29, bassist **REGGIE WORKMAN** will head up his band, **TOP SHELF.** Music from nine. On Sundays from eight to midnight, there is dancing to recorded jazz music.

JIMMY RYAN'S, 154 W. 54th St. (664-9700)—Six resident Dixieland journeymen swing it Tuesdays through Saturdays; on Mondays, trumpeter **MAX KAMINSKY** leads them. Music weeknights from nine-thirty to three. On Sundays, Kaminsky directs yet another group of musical archivists from eight until two.

KIPPY'S PIER 44, in the Milford Plaza Hotel, Eighth Ave. at 44th St. (354-4414)—A dark bar at the very back of a multi-roomed seafood restaurant designed—with model schooners sitting in various niches, ships' lanterns as lighting fixtures, and portholes that look out not on the briny but on West 44th Street—to make one feel slightly shipborne. The entertainment is pianist **HAZEL SCOTT,** whose easy confidence and clever, energetic singing and playing can shiver anybody's timbers. Miss Scott, bassist **JOHN DALEY,** and drummer **RAY MOSCA** can be heard Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven to one. Dining.

KNICKERBOCKER SALOON, 33 University Pl., at 9th St. (228-8490)—A bustling corner bar and restaurant that is often crowded—but, fortunately, crowded with good listeners. Right now, they're listening to super bassist **RON CARTER** and pianist **CEDAR WALTON,** who trade solos Tuesdays through Saturdays. Sundays and Mondays are given over to singer and pianist **DON FRIEDMAN** and bassist **BOB BODLEY.** Music from about ten.

LONE STAR CAFÉ, 61 Fifth Ave., at 13th St. (242-1664)—The Texas ambience is more representative of Austin than of Dallas. The country-folk-rock-blues lineup: Wednesday, Aug. 19, Texas singer-songwriter **RAY WYLIE HUBBARD;** Thursday, Aug. 20, country singer **BOBBY BARE,** and at midnight, rock guitarist **RICK DERRINGER;** Sunday, Aug. 23, Texas stand-up folkie Kinky Friedman; Monday, Aug. 24, country singer **TOM T. HALL;** Tuesday, Aug. 25, the **CATE BROTHERS,** an Arkansas rock quintet, with the absolutely wonderful singer and drummer **LEVON HELM;** Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 26-27, rockabilly singer Robert Gordon. Music from about eight-thirty nightly. Dining.

MARTY'S, 1265 Third Ave., at 73rd St. (249-4100)—The singers' room on the upper East Side. Long white gloves, a microphone wrapped in a white handkerchief, and **HILDEGARDE** (who else?) are in evidence through Saturday, Aug. 22. Wednesday and Thursday at nine and eleven; Friday at ten and midnight; and Saturday at eleven and twelve-thirty. On Monday, Aug. 24, **ASTRUD GILBERTO,** who sings Brazilian-jazz standards and an occasional funky number in her unmistakable soft, low, non-emotional voice, will move in. Her shows will run Mondays through Thursdays at nine and eleven; Fridays at ten and midnight; and Saturdays at ten-thirty and twelve-thirty. Dining.

MAX'S KANSAS CITY, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—A noteworthy rock club where over the past couple of decades the extremist fringe has turned into the mainstream. The lineup: Wednesday, Aug. 19, Lyn Todd, Media, and Swingers; Thursday, Aug. 20, the Stimulators, the Undead, and the Attack; Friday, Aug. 21, Heros and Knots; and Saturday, Aug. 22, Sic F*cks and Necktie Party. Shows usually begin long after eleven.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272)—**BLOSSOM DEARIE** and **DAVE FRISHBERG** face each other from a distance of approximately twelve feet, looking over their respective grand pianos. They sing and play separately and together, and the diction-perfect, uncomplicated voices couldn't be better matched. Many of the tunes are Mr. Frishberg's—"I'm Hip," "Peel Me a Grape," "Another Song About Paris"—nearly all of which convey what used to seem like cool hipness in the fifties and what now seems more like innocence. Shows Tuesdays through Saturdays; the first set begins at nine-fifteen. On Mondays from nine-thirty to midnight, traditional New Orleans-style music is played by a septet. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—A well-attended, well-run upper West Side night club that brings in satisfying jazz, rhythm-and-blues, and funk bands. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 21-22, **ART BLAKEY** and his 1981 edition of the **JAZZ MESSENGERS** will perform; on Tuesday, Aug. 25, bassist **JERRY JEMOTT'S** rhythm-and-blues quintet will be on the stand; Wednesday, Aug. 26, will be claimed by singer Mercedes Hall; and Thursday, Aug. 27, Roland Vazquez will be here with his band. Music from ten to two. Dining.

Other End, 149 Bleecker St. (673-7030)—A small, famous, mostly just-folkies club, but there is jazz, and even some rock, thrown in here and there. Wednesday, Aug. 19, Chicago-blues songwriter, singer, and bassist **WILLIE DIXON;** Thursday through Saturday, Aug. 20-22, **MOSE ALLISON,** the simultaneously rural and urbane singer and pianist; and Friday and Saturday, Aug. 28-29, guitarist Ryo Kawasaki. Shows most nights at nine and eleven-thirty, on Fridays and Saturdays at nine and midnight. On Mondays, a new-talent showcase begins about nine-thirty. Dining.

Peacock Alley, in the Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (355-3000)—**JIMMY LYON** is playing piano in this quiet room, which functions as a sort of passageway connecting the hotel lobby with a dining room. Mr. Lyon, who has accompanied Mabel Mercer throughout the past decade, has a touch that seems magically smooth and cushioned, and his timing is unassailable. He's on hand Tuesdays through Saturdays from six to ten. From ten to two, debonair, straight-arrow baritone **RONNY WHYTE** takes over the keyboard with a repertory of Coward, Gershwin, Porter, and Joel (Billy).

Rainbow Room, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (757-9090)—An Art Deco playroom on the sixty-fifth floor. **PANAMA FRANCIS,** the fifties rock-and-roll drummer—he's also gigged with Lucky Millinder, Cab Calloway, and Dinah Shore—and his **SAVOY SULTANS** make it virtually impossible not to want to dance Tuesdays through Thursdays from seven to one, Fridays and Saturdays from eight to two, and Sundays from six to midnight. Dining.

Red Blazer Too, 1576 Third Ave., at 88th St. (876-0440)—A sort of big, bustling rec room, with walnutty Masonite panelling, globe lights, curled-cast-iron ice-cream-parlor chairs, red tablecloths, and traditional-jazz bands every night of the week. The music begins at seven on Sundays and at nine the rest of the time. Dining.

Ritz, 119 E. 11th St. (254-2800)—Rock and roll in more Art Deco—in this case, a very large ballroom; the dance floor measures forty by fifty feet. What the place loses in intimacy it makes up in occasional big names. The lineup: Thursday, Aug. 20, Gary U.S. Bonds; Friday, Aug. 21, Robert Gordon and the Drive-Ins; Saturday, Aug. 22, Holly & the Italians; Monday, Aug. 24, the Hornets and Vög; Wednesday, Aug. 26, **B. B. KING;** Thursday, Aug. 27, the Psychedelic Furs; and Friday and Saturday, Aug. 28-29, the Go-Go's. Shows after midnight. Closed Sunday, Aug. 23.

St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (753-4500)—In the positively sleek King Cole Room, "The Sounds of Rodgers and Hammerstein, Part II," the current tribute, is under way. The participants are Susan Bigelow, Kenneth Kantor, Martin Vidnovic, and Laura Waterbury. Shows Mondays through Thursdays at nine-thirty, and Fridays and Saturdays at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty. Dining.

Seventh Avenue South, 21 Seventh Ave. S., at Leroy St. (242-4694)—Jazz and jazz-rock on the second floor: Wednesday through Sunday, Aug. 19-23, trumpeter **LESTER BOWIE'S** quintet, which includes **PHILLIP WILSON** on drums and saxophonist **HAMIET BLUIETT;** Monday, Aug. 24, Ed Palermo's big band; Wednesday, Aug. 26, singer Gene Pistilli; Thursday and Friday, Aug. 27-28, singer **SYBIL THOMAS;** and Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 29-30, Jay Hoggard's group. Music from ten to two.

Star and Garter, 105 W. 13th St., near Sixth Ave. (242-3166)—Lots of mirrors, easy-to-sit-in bentwood chairs, and fine piano soloists. Friday and Saturday, Aug. 21-22, **PATTI BOWN** will be at the keyboard; and Friday and Saturday, Aug. 28-29, **KENNY BARRON** will lead a trio. Music from nine-thirty. Dining.

Sweet Basil, 88 Seventh Ave. S., at Bleecker St. (242-1785)—This knotty-pine night club keeps bringing in proven jazz players, and the place keeps on being crowded. **MORGANA KING,** an actress and a smoky-voiced singer with a loyal following, winds up her visit on Saturday, Aug. 22; on Tuesday, Aug. 25, saxophonist **JEROME RICHARDSON,** who also is one of the best jazz flutists, will begin a rare New York engagement. The Sunday and Monday space is filled by pianist Mark Minchello and his jazz-fusion band Lip Service. Shows from about ten. Dining.

Tramps, 125 E. 15th St., at Irving Pl. (777-5077)—A blues, rock, R. & B., and reggae lineup: Wednesday, Aug. 19, the Pacific Orchestra; Friday and Saturday, Aug. 21-22, blues singer Eddie Clearwater; and Friday and Saturday, Aug. 28-29, Chicago bluesman **JIMMY JOHNSON** and his band. Tuesdays, the **UPTOWN HORNS,** a basic-blue local octet, does moving renditions of James Brown, Jackie Wilson, and other soul-shaking material from the fifties and sixties. Shows most nights around nine-thirty.

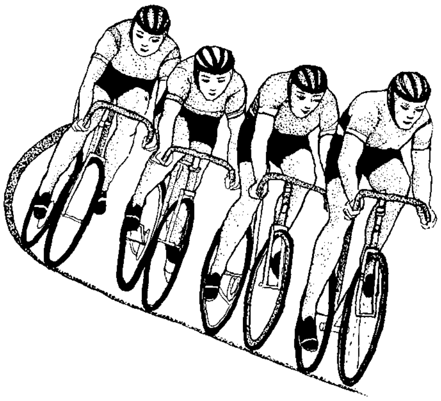
Trax, 100 W. 72nd St., near Columbus Ave. (799-1448)—Rock and roll on the upper West Side. Some of the musicians: Wednesday, Aug. 19, the Hellcats (at nine-thirty) and Fats Deacon & the Dumbwaiters; Thursday, Aug. 20, the Hardbeats and Neon; Friday, Aug. 21, the Sic F*cks and Root Boy Slim; Tuesday, Aug. 25, Shady (at nine-thirty) and the Elektrics; Wednesday, Aug. 26, the Darts; Thursday, Aug. 27, Blotto; and Friday, Aug. 28, Marshall Crenshaw. Music every night but Sunday after eleven. Dancing.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (475-5120)—On Mondays, the barnlike downstairs room is given over to salsa bands, which begin playing at nine. Out on the Terrace, jazz harpist **DAPHNE HELLMAN** and her trio are on duty on Tuesdays after nine.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (255-4037)—No mirrors or clean-line décor here in the most famous jazz club in the world. Tenor saxophonist **JAMES MOODY,** who also dabbles in singing and in telling one-liners, guides his quartet through Sunday, Aug. 23; on Tuesday, Aug. 25, alto saxophonist **ARTHUR BLYTHE** will bring in his quartet. Mondays are **MEL LEWIS** big-band blast-off nights. Music from ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (929-9645)—A surprising number of people know about this cozy little place situated just north of scores of meat-packing plants and truck docks—the live-in lofts of tomorrow. The jazz pianists are Esther Blue on Mondays, Tuesdays, and Wednesdays, and **SADIK HAKIM** Thursdays through Sundays. Music begins at eight-thirty. Dining.

West End, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—A loose and informal Columbia University neighborhood hangout for swing-music admirers and players. Saxophonist **HAROLD ASHBY'S** quartet is on hand through Sunday, Aug. 23; on Wednesday, Aug. 26, saxophonist and Satchmo-inspired vocalist **BIG NICK NICHOLAS** will come in with his quartet. On Mondays, saxophonist Percy France's quartet is present; and Tuesdays are claimed by master drummer **JO JONES** and his band. Music every night from nine. Steam-table dining.



JAZZ / FOLK / ROCK CONCERTS, PERSONAL APPEARANCES, ETC.

Christopher Cross and **America**—Radio City Music Hall, Sixth Ave. at 50th St. 246-4600. Thursday, Aug. 20, at 7:30.

Styx—Madison Square Garden, Seventh Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Friday, Aug. 21, at 8.

Latin-American Jazz Festival—Three benefit concerts. **BEACON THEATRE,** Broadway at 74th St. (874-1717). Thursday, Aug. 27, at 8: Ray Barretto, Max Roach, Mongo Santamaria, and Machito & Patato Valdez. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 28, at 8: Manny Oquendo's Libre & Jackie McLean, Ornette Coleman & Prime Time, and Paquito d'Rivera's New York/Havana Jazz Quintet & Chico Freeman. . . . **AVERY FISHER HALL** (874-2424). Sunday, Aug. 30, at 8: Willie Bobo, Tito Puente's orchestra, Buddy Rich's orchestra, and Mercer Ellington and the Duke Ellington Orchestra, with guest appearances by Dina Merrill, Chita Rivera, Rita Moreno, and others.

Jazz Forum—Jazz in a fifth-floor loft. Wednesdays at 10: Charli Persip & Superband. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 20, at 10: The Loft Band. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 21-22, at 10: Walter Bishop, Jr., & Fourth Cycle. . . . ¶ Tuesdays at 9: Jam session, featuring Jo Jones, Jr. (Jazz Forum, 648 Broadway, at Bleecker St. 477-2655.)

Savoy—Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 19-20, at 9: Melissa Manchester. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 22, at 9: Nancy Wilson and Monteith & Rand. . . . ¶ Monday and Tuesday, Aug. 24-25, at 9: Kim Carnes. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 26, at 9: Little River Band. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 27, at 9, and Friday, Aug. 28, at 8:30 and 11:30: Chaka Kahn. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 29, at 8:30 and 11:30: Judy Collins. (Savoy, 141 W. 44th St. 921-9490.)

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open Mondays through Fridays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES

Luis Benedit—Drawings and plastic sculptures by an Argentine artist. Through Aug. 30. (Center for Inter-American Relations, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. Daily, except Mondays, noon to 6.)

Dan Flavin—The gallery space is divided into alleyways that glow with one or another of this artist's fluorescent installations—pink, yellow, green, orange. Through Friday, Aug. 28. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway. Tuesdays and Fridays, 11 to 5.)

Art on the Beach—Battery Park is the setting for Creative Time's show of sculptures by twelve artists, among them Gina Wendkos (a painted-concrete pool, benches, umbrellas), Tim Watkins (fabric pinwheels), and Cathey Billian (vertical bundles of rough wood). Through Sept. 13. (Battery Park City, Gate 19, Chambers and West Sts. Wednesdays through Sundays, noon to 5:30.)

Sculpture—A summer selection of works by eight artists: Tony Berlant, Louise Bourgeois, William Crozier, Willem de Kooning, Raoul Hague, Michael Heizer, Tony Smith, and H. C. Westermann. Through Sept. 11. (Fourcade, 36 E. 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

Videotapes—A video setup that shows, one after another, tapes by eight painters, sculptors, photographers, and musicans—Robert Cumming, Brian Eno, Charles Frazier, Donald Lipski, Howardena Pindell, Judy Rifka, Allen Ruppersberg, and Irvin Tepper. Samples of their non-electronic works are also on view. Through Sept. 10. (The New Museum, 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St. Opens at noon.)

Group Shows—At the **CDS GALLERY,** 13 E. 75th St.: Botero, Marisol, and Robert Indiana are among the eighteen artists represented in a show of drawings. Through Sept. 4. . . . **CITY GALLERY,** second floor, 2 Columbus Circle: "Hispanic Artists in New York," a show of paintings and sculptures by fourteen artists. Through Sept. 4. . . . **GRAHAM,** 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Alice Neel, Elaine de Koo-

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ning, Robert De Niro, and the watercolorist Richard Segalman, who has also been trying his hand at pastels lately (peonies, recumbent cows), are among the gallery regulars in the summer show. Through Sept. 1. . . . **JACOBSON,** 24 W. 57th St.: Paintings, drawings, sculptures, and prints having to do with flying—i.e., Malcolm Morley's painting of a plane crash, Bryan Hunt's drawing of a Concorde window (interior), and Vito Acconci's twenty-two-foot, twelve-part photoetching of airplane wings. Through Sept. 11.

¶ Many galleries are closed in the summer. Others pull from their stock and mount shows by gallery artists or others, sometimes varying the content from week to week. Following is a purely arbitrary list of galleries that are open: **ACA,** 21 E. 67th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **ACQUAVELLA,** 18 E. 79th St. . . . **PAM ADLER,** 37 W. 57th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **ALEXANDER,** 20 W. 57th St. . . . **BORGENICHT,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St. (Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 4.) . . . **CRISPO,** 41 E. 57th St. (Weekdays, 11:30 to 4:30.) . . . **GALERIE ST. ETIENNE,** 24 W. 57th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **GLADSTONE,** 41 W. 57th St. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **MIDTOWN,** 11 E. 57th St. . . . **PACE,** 32 E. 57th St. . . . **WEINTRAUB,** 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.

PHOTOGRAPHY

Frederick Sommer—A review of the artist's career to date, extending from photographs of found-object assemblages, desert scenes, and portraits to *cliché-verre* prints, drawings, and musical scores. Through Sept. 20. (International Center of Photography, 1130 Fifth Ave., at 94th St. Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 8. A second show consists of forty *cliché-verre* prints by four photographers: John Bloom, Meg Ojala, Jack Sal, and Jaromir Stephany.)

Group Shows—At the **LIGHT,** 724 Fifth Ave., at 57th St.: Recent work by twelve photographers. Through Friday, Aug. 28. (Closed Mondays.) . . . **MUSEUM OF MODERN ART,** 11 W. 53rd St.: A survey show of photographs of the American landscape: Fifty-five prints by Timothy O'Sullivan, Carleton Watkins, Edward Weston, Dorothea Lange, Ansel Adams, Frank Gohlke, others. See below, under "Museums," for dates and times. . . . **NEW-YORK HISTORICAL SOCIETY,** 170 Central Park W., at 77th St.: Three hundred shots taken around Manhattan during the past decade, with an emphasis on architecture: bridges, buildings, subway stations, and the waterfront. Fourteen photographers (Mark Feldstein, Leon Supraner, Philip Trager) provide a variety of perspectives. Through Oct. 1. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.) . . . **THE URBAN CENTER,** 457 Madison Ave., at 51st St.: "New York's Historic Districts" and "The Upper East Side Historic District," a pair of photographic exhibits (with maps and other documentation) put together by the Municipal Art Society. Architectural styles found on the East Side are given some attention. Through Sept. 18. . . . **ZABRISKIE,** 29 W. 57th St.: "France Since the War: Photographs 1945-80" is the title of a show of a hundred prints by such French photographers as Brassaï, Cartier-Bresson, and Boubat. Through Sept. 11.

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—The Muriel Kallis Steinberg Newman collection of twentieth-century and primitive art is being exhibited here for the first time. Léger, Ernst, Pollock, Moore, and Lipchitz; work from Africa and Oceania dating from the past hundred years; and pre-Columbian jewelry and artifacts. Through Sept. 27. . . . ¶ An exhibit of traditional African masks and wood, ivory, and bronze sculptures arranged in geographical rather than chronological or stylistic groupings. The hundred and fifty articles, nearly all of which were created with a specific function in mind, are from the Tishman collection. Through Sept. 6. . . . ¶ A hundred and twenty-five nineteenth-century French drawings and prints, taken from the museum's collection; Ingres, Delacroix, Degas, Manet, and Gauguin are among the artists. Through Sunday, Aug. 23. . . . ¶ Twenty-two mid-nineteenth-century Baltimore album quilts (commemorating local people or events), in a show put together by that city's Museum of Art. Through Aug. 30. . . . ¶ An exhibition of Chinese robes from the Ch'ing Dynasty. Through Aug. 30. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

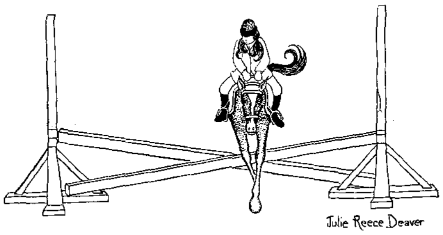
Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St.—"Marcel Breuer: Furniture and Interiors," a retrospective consisting of thirty-seven pieces of furniture (some shown with the working drawings), and photographic enlargements of interiors designed by this architect, who died July 1. Through Sept. 15. . . . ¶ In a show that deals broadly with the ways artists link words and pictures are illustrations for literary works (no texts); drawings that use words as either symbol or image; and artists' books that substitute pictures for words. Charles Demuth, Max Ernst, and Carl Andre are a few of the artists. Starts Thursday, Aug. 20. . . . **PHOTOGRAPHY:** "American Landscapes." Through Oct. 4. (Open daily, except Wednesdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9.)

Guggenheim Museum, Fifth Ave. at 89th St.—Jean Dubuffet's show of paintings, sculptures, and works on paper coincides with his eightieth birthday. . . . ¶ Abstract works from the thirties and forties by such Americans and Europeans as Albers, Pereira, Arp, and Kandinsky. Both shows through Sept. 27. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge from 5 to 8; Wednesdays through Sundays, 11 to 5.)

Whitney Museum of American Art, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A retrospective of the works of Philip Guston (1913-80): nearly a hundred paintings and drawings, beginning with the realism of the thirties and forties (studies for W.P.A.-commissioned murals), and moving to the Abstract Expressionism of the fifties and sixties, and the figurative style of the seventies. Through Sept. 13. . . . ¶ Lynda Benglis, Scott Burton, Donna Dennis, John Duff, and Alan Saret are the five contemporary sculptors showing a total of seventy-three pieces. Through Sept. 27. . . . ¶ "Disney Animations and Animators," a show of drawings and other film artwork. Also, short and full-length Disney films daily, except Mondays, at 1 and 3:30, and Tuesday evenings at 6:15. Through Sept. 6. . . . ¶ Nine works by Georgia O'Keeffe from the museum's collection. Through Oct. 4. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 11 to 8, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A show of African furniture and household objects. . . . ¶ Nineteen watercolors by Winslow Homer, twenty by John Singer Sargent, and a single painting each by a number of contemporary Americans, all from the museum's collections. . . . ¶ A survey of recent Korean drawing. (Open Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.) All three shows through Sept. 7.

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The Folger Shakespeare Library has installed a show that does its eponymous hero proud: walk-through recreations of Elizabethan Stratford, a model of the Globe Theatre, the first collected edition of his plays, as well as evidences of his legacy, extending from language (a list of quotations) to movie productions (Olivier as *Hamlet*) to T-shirts. An electronic scoreboard flashes up-to-the-minute computations of Shakespeare's popularity in the world. He is popular, it turns out. Through Sept. 20. (Open daily. Hours: Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 4:45, and Wednesday evenings until 8; Saturdays and Sundays, 10 to 5.)



Cooper-Hewitt Museum, Fifth Ave. at 91st St.—The main galleries and the garden here have been given over to a show reflecting the influence of horticulture on the decorative arts—drawings, prints, furniture, glass, ceramics, metalwork, and textiles. The first floor has been turned into an actual garden, complemented by garden plans (Versailles, for one). The second floor is narrowed to flowers—flowers in Tiffany lamps, Fabergé *objets*, Morris wallpaper, Louis Sullivan architectural details. Through Sunday, Aug. 23. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge after 5; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, noon to 5.)

Jewish Museum, Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.—A retrospective of Maurice Golubov's work, consisting of more than a hundred abstract paintings on paper. Through Sunday, Aug. 23. (Open daily except Fridays and Saturdays. Hours: Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 8; Sundays, 11 to 6.)

Museum of American Folk Art, 49 W. 53rd St.—Twenty-one items (mostly quilts but also coverlets and bedspreads) including one mid-nineteenth-century bridal quilt in a Bird of Paradise pattern, for which the templates, cut out of a Poughkeepsie newspaper, are intact. Through Sunday, Aug. 23. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays, 10:30 to 8, with no admission charge after 5:30; Wednesdays through Sundays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

National Academy of Design, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—Paintings by Barbara Adrian, Marcia Marcus, Harry Roseman, and Frank Stout are among works being considered for purchase and donation to museums, through the Henry Ward Ranger Fund. Through Sept. 13. (Open daily, except Mondays, noon to 5.)

New York Public Library, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—The Berg Collection's survey of satire begins with the classical poets, moves on to Chaucer, takes in Swift, Pope, and Johnson, and closes with Ogden Nash, James Thurber, E. B. White, and S. J. Perelman. Eighty-six authors, all told; manuscripts, first editions, drawings. (Open daily, except Sundays and Thursdays, 10 to 6.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Three artists—Jorge Rodriguez, Charles Abramson, and David Hammons—are exhibiting the works, primarily sculptures, they did as part of the museum's artists-in-residence program. In addition to individual shows of their works, they have jointly concocted a room installation that incorporates paint, old furniture, colored tiles, feathers, and string. Through Sunday, Aug. 23. (Open daily except Mondays. Hours: Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

New York City Opera—The season opens with six performances of Sigmund Romberg's "The Student Prince," to be followed by a two-week engagement of Wright and Forrest's "Song of Norway" (based on the life and music of Edvard Grieg), after which the company will move into its regular season, continuing through Sunday, Nov. 15. There will be alternating casts for "The Student Prince": Elizabeth Hynes, Nadia Pelle, Muriel Costa-Greenspon, Henry Price, William Eichorn, Dominic Cossa, and Jack Harrold, or Leigh Munro, the Misses Pelle and Costa-Greenspon, Jacque Trussel, Mr. Eichorn, Richard Fredricks, and James Billings. The conductor for both casts will be Brian Salesky. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. 870-5570. Thursday and Friday, Aug. 27-28, at 8; Saturday, Aug. 29, at 2 and 8; and Sunday, Aug. 30, at 1 and 7.)

Mostly Mozart Festival—Final performances of a season of orchestral, chamber-music, and recital programs. All programs start at 8, with pre-concert recitals at 7. Wednesday, Aug. 19: Jean-Pierre Rampal conducting the Mostly Mozart Festival Orchestra, with Russell Sherman, piano, and Robert Stallman and Mr. Rampal, flute. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug.

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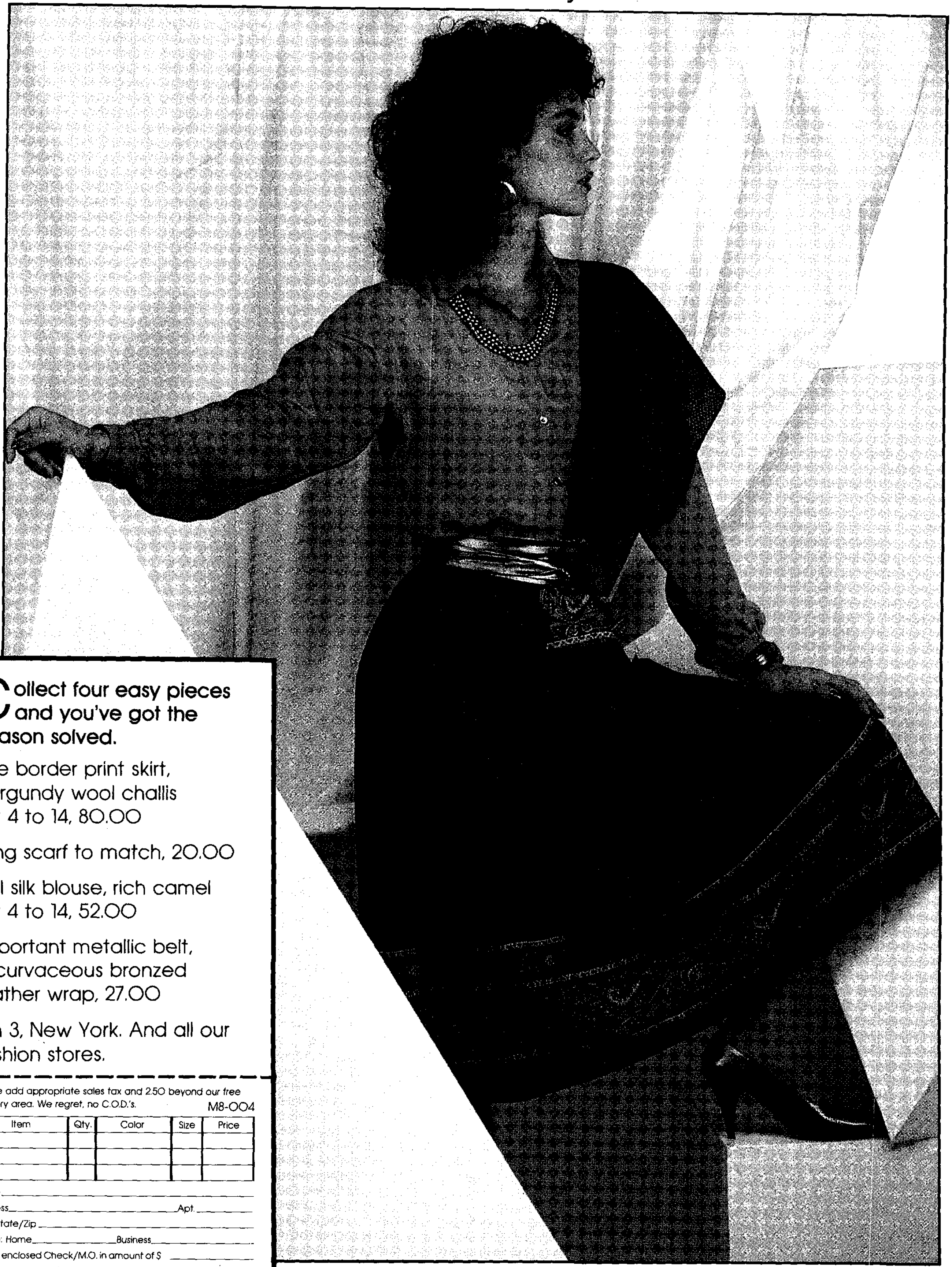

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20, and Sunday, Aug. 23: Mr. Rampal and Eugenia Zukerman, flute; Pinchas Zukerman, violin and viola; Leslie Parnas, cello; and John Steele Ritter, harpsichord. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 21-22: Jean-Pierre Rampal conducting the orchestra, and acting as flute soloist, with Paul Schenly, piano. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 24, and Wednesday, Aug. 26: Pinchas Zukerman conducting the orchestra and acting as violin soloist, with Ken Noda, piano. (No pre-concert recitals.) . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 25: Rudolf Firkusny, piano, and members of the orchestra in an all-Mozart program. (No pre-concert recital.) . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 27: Pinchas Zukerman and Arnold Steinhardt, violin; Michael Tree, viola; Lynn Harrell, cello; and wind instrumentalists from the orchestra in an all-Mozart program. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 28-29: Pinchas Zukerman conducting the orchestra, with the Messrs. Harrell and Tree. (Avery Fisher Hall. 874-2424.)

Peking Opera—Final performances of an engagement of traditional Chinese opera by the Shanghai Peking Opera Troupe, appearing here for the first time. Wednesday, Aug. 19, and Friday, Aug. 21, at 8; Saturday, Aug. 22, at 2:30; and Sunday, Aug. 23, at 8: "Blocking the Horse," "Chase Under the Moonlight," and "Secret Missive/Slaying of the Mistress." . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 20, and Saturday, Aug. 22, at 8, and Sunday, Aug. 23, at 2:30: "Lancing the Chariots," "The Four Scholars," and "Secret Missive/Slaying of the Mistress." (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911.)

Chamber Opera Theatre of New York—Rimski-Korsakov's "Mozart and Salieri" and Salieri's "Prima la Musica," two one-act operas (both in English), conducted by Ainslee Cox and staged by Thaddeus Motyka. (Marymount Manhattan Theatre, 221 E. 71st St. Thursday and Friday, Aug. 20-21, and Tuesday through Friday, Aug. 25-28, at 8. For tickets, call 496-0806.)

Santa Fe Chamber Music Festival—The first in a six-day series of concerts, this one performed by Yuuko Shiokawa, Daniel Phillips, Ani Kavafian, and Ida Kavafian, all violin; Walter Trampler and Heiichiro Ohyama, viola; Timothy Eddy and Ralph Kirshbaum, cello; and André-Michel Schub and Andras Schiff, piano. (Alice Tully Hall. 362-1911. Saturday, Aug. 29, at 8, with a pre-concert recital at 7.)

IN THE COUNTRY

Tanglewood Festival—Final performances of the season—Thursday, Aug. 20, at 8:30: The Boston Symphony Chamber Players and André Previn, piano. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 21, at 2:30: The annual "Tanglewood-on-Parade" program, including offerings by the student departments of the Berkshire Music Center, as well as a concert (at 9) by the Boston Symphony and the Berkshire Music Center Orchestra, conducted variously by Seiji Ozawa, Gunther Schuller, André Previn, and John Williams. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 22, at 8:30; Joseph Silverstein conducting the Boston Symphony in a Berlioz-Sibelius-Mendelssohn program, with Yuzuko Horigome, violin. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 23, at 2:30: Seiji Ozawa directing a performance of Mahler's Eighth Symphony, with Faye Robinson, Judith Blegen, and Deborah Sasson, sopranos; Florence Quivar and Lorna Myers, mezzo-sopranos; Kenneth Riegel, tenor; Benjamin Luxon, baritone; Gwynne Howell, bass; the Tanglewood Festival Chorus; and the Children Choirs. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 27, at 7: The Beach Boys. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 30, at 2: Keith Jarrett. . . . ¶ Saturday, Sept. 5, at 7: Bonnie Raitt. (Lenox, Mass. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

Caramoor Festival—Final performances of the season—Saturday, Aug. 22, at 8:30: Richard Stoltzman, clarinet, and Irma Vallecillo, piano. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 23, at 5:30: The New York Chamber Soloists in a performance of the complete Bach Brandenburg Concertos. (Katonah, N. Y. For information about tickets, call 1-914 232-4206.)

Saratoga Performing Arts Center—Final performances by the PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA. Wednesday, Aug. 19, at 8:15: Eugene Ormandy conducting a program of music by Schubert, Debussy, Richard Strauss, and Tchaikovsky; no soloists. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 20, at 8:15: William Smith directing a Richard Strauss-Hindemith-Orff program, with Ruth Welting, soprano; Mallory Walker, tenor; William Metcalf, baritone; and the Saratoga-Potsdam Chorus. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 21, at 8:15: Stanislaw Skrowaczewski conducting a Mozart-Bruckner program, with Elmar Oliveira, violin. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 22, at 8:15: Eugene Ormandy directing a Rachmaninoff-Prokofieff program, with Mignon Dunn, mezzo-soprano, and the Saratoga-Potsdam Chorus. . . . JAZZ, ROCK, AND POP CONCERTS. Sunday and Monday, Aug. 23-24, at 8:15: Liza Minnelli. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 25, at 7: The Little River Band and Pablo Cruise. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 26, at 8:15: Pete Fountain, Woody Herman, and Gerry Mulligan. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 27, at 7: Journey. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 28, at 7: George Jones. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 29, at 7: Three Dog Night. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 30, at 7: R. E. O. Speedwagon. (Saratoga Springs. Through Sunday, Sept. 6. For information about tickets, call 977-9020, in New York.)

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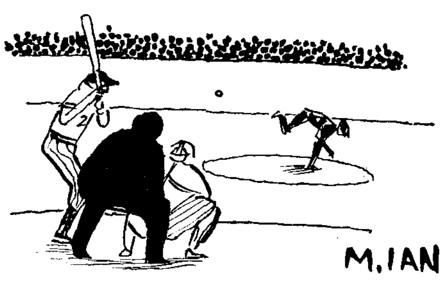
Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival—Programs of ballet and modern and ethnic dancing. Wednesday through Friday, Aug. 19-21, at 8:30, and Saturday, Aug. 22, at 3 and 8:30: Annabelle Gamson, Barton Mumaw, Clive Thompson, the Vanaver Caravan, the Berkshire Ballet, and others. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 23, at 7:30: A benefit performance by an ensemble of Cambodian dancers and musicians. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 28, at 8:30, and Saturday and Sunday, Aug. 29-30, at 3 and 8:30: Luis Rivera Spanish Dance Company, with Maria Alba. (Lee, Mass. For information about tickets, call 1-413 243-0745.)

SPORTS

Baseball—YANKEES at Yankee Stadium: Vs. Chicago, Wednesday, Aug. 19, at 8. . . . ¶ Kansas City, Friday, Aug. 21, at 8; Saturday, Aug. 22, at about 2:20 (the annual Old-Timers Day festivities start at 1, and will include a couple of innings involving Don Larsen and other members of the 1956 Yankee team who participated in Larsen's perfect World Series game); and Sunday, Aug. 23, at 2. . . . ¶ Minnesota, Monday through Wednesday, Aug. 24-26, at 8. . . . METS at Shea Stadium: Vs. Houston, Tuesday and Wednesday, Aug. 25-26, at 8:05, and Thursday, Aug. 27, at 2:05. . . . ¶ Cincinnati, Friday, Aug. 28, at 8:05, and Saturday, Aug. 29, at 7:05.

Professional Football—Exhibition games—At Giants Stadium, the Meadowlands: Giants vs. Jets, Saturday, Aug. 22, at 8. . . . ¶ Jets vs. Philadelphia Eagles, Saturday, Aug. 29, at 8.

Racing—At SARATOGA: Daily at 1:30; through Monday, Aug. 24. The West Point Handicap, Friday, Aug. 21; the Hopeful, Saturday, Aug. 22; the Spinaway, Sunday, Aug. 23; and the Seneca Handicap, Monday, Aug. 24. . . . BELMONT: Mondays and Wednesdays through Saturdays at 1, and Sundays at 1:05, from Wednesday, Aug. 26, through Monday, Oct. 12. The Forego Handicap, Wednesday, Aug. 26, and the Jerome Handicap, Saturday, Aug. 29. (Frequent trains will leave Penn Station for the track Mondays and Wednesdays through Fridays between 11 and 1:10, and Saturdays and Sundays between 11 and 1:15.) . . . MONMOUTH PARK, Oceanport, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Sept. 5. The Longfellow Handicap, Saturday, Aug. 29. (A special train leaves Penn Station for the track Saturdays at 11:15.) . . . ATLANTIC CITY, Mays Landing, N.J.: Weeknights, except Tuesdays, at 7:30; through Saturday, Sept. 12.



Tennis—AMF Head Cup U.S.A.: Guillermo Vilas, Ilie Nastase, Ivan Lendl, José Luis Clerc, and others. (Stouffer's Inn of Westchester, White Plains. Tuesday through Friday, Aug. 25-28, at 7; semifinals Saturday, Aug. 29, at 1; and finals Sunday, Aug. 30, at 1. For information about tickets, call 1-914 694-3446.)

Trotting—At YONKERS RACEWAY: Nightly at 8; through Saturday, Nov. 7. . . . SARATOGA RACEWAY, Saratoga Springs: Weeknights at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 21.

Yachting—Manhasset Bay Yacht Club Race Week. (Port Washington. Wednesday through Sunday, Aug. 19-23.)

ET ALIA

Auctions—At Sotheby's, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Friday, Aug. 21, at 10:15: American and European paintings, drawings, sculptures, and prints. Exhibition hours: Wednesday and Thursday, Aug. 19-20, from 10 to 5.

THE GREAT OUTDOORS

New York Shakespeare Festival—Free performances of HENRY IV, PART I, with John Vickery, Mandy Patinkin, and Kenneth McMillan. The second of two plays presented this summer. (Delacorte Theatre, Central Park near W. 81st St. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Closes Sunday, Aug. 30. For information about tickets, call 535-5630.)

Music Festival on the Pier—The Dr Pepper wingding, in a new location this year, Pier 84, Twelfth Ave. at 46th St. Wednesday, Aug. 19: Johnny Winter (with Sonny Terry and Willie Dixon) and the Fabulous Thunderbirds. . . . ¶ Friday, Aug. 28: Molly Hatchet and Johnny van Zant. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 29: The Ramones. (Evenings at 6:30; through Saturday, Sept. 12. For information about tickets, call 977-9020.)

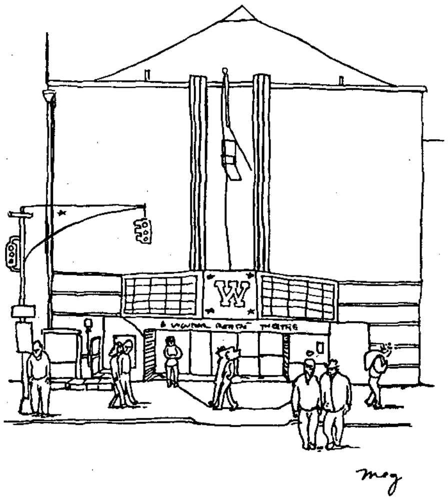
South Street Seaport Museum—Musical offerings on Pier 16, East River at Fulton St. BLUEGRASS: Thursday, Aug. 20, at 8: Johnson Mountain Boys. (For information about tickets, call 687-9000.) . . . JAZZ AND POP: Benefit concerts—Sunday, Aug. 23, at 8: Don McLean. . . . ¶ Wednesday, Aug. 26, at 7:30: Buddy Rich and his Big Band. (For information about tickets, call 766-9066.) . . . ¶ Free concerts—Friday and Saturday, Aug. 21-22, at 8: Mitchell Korn Ensemble. . . . ¶ Friday and Saturday, Aug. 28-29, at 8: Melba Liston & Company.

Lincoln Center Out-of-Doors—A three-week festival that includes music (jazz, classical, and bluegrass), dance, experimental theatre, Hispanic specials, mime, children's theatre, and so on. LINCOLN CENTER PLAZA: Wednesday, Aug. 19, the Off Center Theatre (for children) at 11, and the Puerto Rican Traveling Theatre at 5:30. . . . ¶ Thursday, Aug. 20, a Brazilian jazz program with Guanabara at 12:15, and the Joan Lombardi Dance Company at 5:30. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 22, mimes Jan Greenberg and Jane Adler at noon; the Salt & Pepper Mime Company at 2; mime Eric Bass at 4; and a program entitled "Mime Time" presented by the Youth Theatre Interactions at 6. . . . ¶ Sunday, Aug. 23, mimes, clowns, and musicians at noon; the Street Theatre, Inc., at 2:30; and Annabella Gonzalez Dance Theatre at 5:30. . . . ¶ Monday, Aug. 24, the Hannah Kahn Dance Company at 5:30. . . . ¶ Tuesday, Aug. 25, Melba Liston & Company at 12:15, and the Western Wind Vocal Sextet at 6. . . . DAMROSCH PARK: Thursday, Aug. 20, the Eleo Pomare Dance Company at 8:15. . . . ¶ Saturday, Aug. 22, Lotte Goslar's Pantomime Circus at 8:15. . . . ¶ Sunday through Friday, Aug. 23-28, the Unity Cultural Workshop's production of "Don't Bother Me, I Can't Cope" at 8:15. (Through Sunday, Aug. 30. For daily detailed information, call 877-5224.)

Jones Beach Theatre—A revival of DAMN YANKEES, with Joe Namath and Eddie Bracken, is this summer's production. (Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Closes Sunday, Sept. 6. For tickets, call 1-516 221-1000.)

GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES



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FILMS ACCOMPANIED BY A DAGGER ARE DESCRIBED IN THE "IN BRIEF" SECTION, STARTING ON PAGE 17.

EAST SIDE

Little Theatre, Public Theatre, 425 Lafayette St. (598-7171; theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

Through Aug. 23: "An Enemy of the People" (1977; directed by George Schaefer), with Steve McQueen, Bibi Andersson, and Charles Durning.

Aug. 24: Theatre closed.

From Aug. 25: "All Nudity Shall Be Punished" (1973; Arnaldo Jabor; a Brazilian *film, in Portuguese*).

Art, 36 E. 8th. (473-7014)

Aug. 19: "Words and Music" (†) and "Babes in Arms." (†)

Aug. 20-21: "Too Many Girls" (1940; George Abbott), with Lucille Ball, Richard Carlson, Ann Miller, and Desi Arnaz; and "Dancing Lady." (†)

Aug. 22-23: "South Pacific" (1958; Joshua Logan), with Rossano Brazzi, Mitzi Gaynor, John Kerr, Ray Walston, and Juanita Hall; and "Jumbo" (1962; Charles Walters), with Doris Day, Stephen Boyd, and Jimmy Durante.

Aug. 24-25: "Carousel" (†) and "State Fair." (†)

Aug. 26-27: "The King and I" (†) and "Pal Joey." (†)

Aug. 28-29: "Singin' in the Rain" (†) and "Broadway Melody." (†)

St. Marks Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (533-9292)

Through Aug. 20: "The Great Muppet Caper" (Jim Henson); and "Flash Gordon." (†)

From Aug. 21: To be announced.

Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd. (475-1660)

"Under the Rainbow" (Steve Rash), with Chevy Chase and Carrie Fisher.

Bay Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 32nd. (679-0160)

"Eye of the Needle" (Richard Marquand), with Donald Sutherland and Kate Nelligan.

Murray Hill, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)

"Superman II." (†)

Loews 34th Street Showplace, 238 E. 34th. (532-5544)

Theatre 1: "Blow Out." (†)

Theatre 2: "Tarzan, the Ape Man" (John Derek), with Bo Derek and Richard Harris.

Theatre 3: "Raiders of the Lost Ark." (†)

34th St. East, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)

Through Aug. 20: "Endless Love." (†)

From Aug. 21: "An American Werewolf in London" (John Landis), with David Naughton and Jenny Agutter.

Eastside Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)

Through Aug. 20: "Deadly Blessing" (Wes Craven), with Ernest Borgnine and Lois Nettleton.

From Aug. 21: "The Empire Strikes Back." (†)

Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (759-1411)

Through Aug. 20: "Under the Rainbow" (Steve Rash), with Chevy Chase and Carrie Fisher.

From Aug. 21: "The Night Porter." (†)

Gotham Cinema, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (759-2262)

Through Aug. 27: "Zorro, the Gay Blade." (†)

From Aug. 28: "Chu Chu and the Philly Flash" (David Lowell Rich), with Alan Arkin and Carol Burnett.

Plaza, 42 E. 58th. (355-3320)

"I Hate Blondes" (Giorgio Capitani; in Italian), with Enrico Montesano and Corinne Clery.

Manhattan 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (935-6420)

Theatre 1: "Eye of the Needle" (Richard Marquand), with Donald Sutherland and Kate Nelligan.

Theatre 2: "Superman II." (†)

Baronet and Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)

Theatre 1: Through Aug. 27: "Victory" (John Huston), with Sylvester Stallone and Michael Caine. From Aug. 28: "Gallipoli" (Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Mel Gibson.

Theatre 2: Through Aug. 20: "S.O.B." (†) From Aug. 21: "First Monday in October" (Ronald Neame), with Walter Matthau and Jill Clayburgh.

D. W. Griffith, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)

"The Trials of Oscar Wilde" (1960; Ken Hughes), with Peter Finch and James Mason.

Cinema I and II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (753-6022/0774)

Theatre 1: "Prince of the City." (†)

Theatre 2: "Prince of the City." (†)

Gemini 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)

Theatre 1: Through Aug. 20: "Endless Love." (†) From Aug. 21: "An American Werewolf in London" (John Landis), with David Naughton and Jenny Agutter.

Theatre 2: Through Aug. 20: "The Empire Strikes Back." (†) From Aug. 21: "Comin' at Ya!" (Ferdinando Baldi), with Tony Anthony. In 3-D.

Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (737-2622)

"Arthur." (†)

Loews New York 1 and 2, 2nd Ave. at 67th. (744-7339)

Theatre 1: "Tarzan, the Ape Man" (John Derek), with Bo Derek and Richard Harris.

Theatre 2: "Blow Out." (†)

68th St. Playhouse, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (734-0302)

"Stevie" (1978; Robert Enders), with Glenda Jackson, Mona Washbourne, and Trevor Howard.

Loews Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)

"Heavy Metal," an animated film.

72nd Street East, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (288-9304)

Through Aug. 20: "For Your Eyes Only." (†)

Aug. 21-27: "The Four Seasons" (Alan Alda), with Alda and Carol Burnett.

From Aug. 28: To be announced.

U. A. East, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)

Through Aug. 20: "Eye of the Needle" (Richard Marquand), with Donald Sutherland and Kate Nelligan.

From Aug. 21: "An American Werewolf in London" (John Landis), with David Naughton and Jenny Agutter.

Loews Orpheum 1 and 2, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)

Theatre 1: "Raiders of the Lost Ark." (†)

Theatre 2: "An Eye for an Eye" (Steve Carver), with Chuck Norris.

86th St. East, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)

"Deadly Blessing" (Wes Craven), with Ernest Borgnine and Lois Nettleton.

R.K.O. 86th St. 1 and 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)

Theatre 1: "Arthur." (†)

Theatre 2: Through Aug. 20: "Wolfen" (Michael Wadleigh), with Albert Finney and Gregory Hines. From Aug. 21: "Comin' at Ya!" (Ferdinando Baldi), with Tony Anthony. In 3-D.

WEST SIDE

Waverly, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (929-8037)

Through Aug. 20: "Wolfen" (directed by Michael Wadleigh), with Albert Finney and Gregory Hines.

From Aug. 21: "Heavy Metal," an animated film.

Greenwich Playhouse 1 and 2, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)

Theatre 1: "Arthur." (†)

Theatre 2: "Arthur." (†)

Quad Cinema, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)

Theatre 1: Through Aug. 20: "Atlantic City." (†) From Aug. 21: "S.O.B." (†)

Theatre 2: Through Aug. 20: "The Four Seasons" (Alan Alda), with Alda and Carol Burnett. From Aug. 21: "New York, New York." (†)

Theatre 3: "Blow Out." (†)

Theatre 4: "Moscow Does Not Believe in Tears" (Vladimir Menshov; in Russian).

Harold Clurman, 412 W. 42nd. (594-2370; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)

"The Uprising" (Peter Lilienthal; in Spanish).

Guild, 33 W. 50th. (757-2406)

"The Fox and the Hound," an animated film from the Disney studios.

Ziegfeld, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)

Through Aug. 20: "Beatlemania—The Movie" (Joseph Manduke).

From Aug. 21: "Honky Tonk Freeway" (John Schlesinger), with Beau Bridges and Hume Cronyn.

Festival, 6 W. 57th. (757-2715)

Through Aug. 27 (tentative): "S.O.B." (†)

From Aug. 28: "Victory" (John Huston), with Sylvester Stallone and Michael Caine.

57th St. Playhouse, 110 W. 57th. (581-7360)

"Blow Out." (†)

Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)

"Eye of the Needle" (Richard Marquand), with Donald Sutherland and Kate Nelligan.

Paris, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)

Through Aug. 22: "I Sent a Letter to My Love" (Moshe Mizrahi; in French), with Simone Signoret and Jean Rochefort.

From Aug. 23: "Heartland." (†)

Cinema 3, 2 W. 59th. (752-5959)

"Prince of the City." (†)

Loews Paramount, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)

"Victory" (John Huston), with Sylvester Stallone and Michael Caine. (The theatre will be closed all day on Monday, Aug. 24.)

Lincoln Plaza 1, 2, and 3, B'way at 63rd. (757-2280)

Theatre 1: Through Aug. 22: "The General" (†) and two Buster Keaton shorts—"Bellboy" (1918) and "The Love Nest" (1923). Aug. 23-25: "College" (†) and two Buster Keaton shorts—"Backstage" (1919) and "Haunted House" (1923). Aug. 26-29: "Steamboat Bill, Jr." (†) and two Buster Keaton shorts—"The Goat" (1921) and "Neighbors" (1922).

Theatre 2: "Lili Marleen" (Rainer Werner Fassbinder; in German), with Hanna Schygulla and Giancarlo Giannini.

Theatre 3: "The Last Metro" (François Truffaut; in French), with Catherine Deneuve and Gérard Depardieu.

Cinema Studio 1 and 2, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)

Theatre 1: "Cutter's Way" (Ivan Passer), with Jeff Bridges and John Heard.

Theatre 2: "Camouflage" (1977; Krzysztof Zanussi; in Polish).

Embassy 72nd St. 1 and 2, B'way at 72nd. (724-6745)

Theatre 1: Through Aug. 20: "Swiss Family Robinson" (1960; Ken Annakin), with John Mills and Dorothy McGuire; and "Alice in Wonderland." (†) From Aug. 21: "S.O.B." (†)

Theatre 2: "Moscow Does Not Believe in Tears" (Vladimir Menshov; in Russian).

Loews 83rd Quad, B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)

Theatre 1: Through Aug. 20: "Under the Rainbow" (Steve Rash), with Chevy Chase and Carrie Fisher. From Aug. 21: "An

American Werewolf in London" (John Landis), with David Naughton and Jenny Agutter.
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 27: "Arthur." (†) From Aug. 28: To be announced.
Theatre 3: Through Aug. 27: "Blow Out." (†) From Aug. 28: To be announced.
Theatre 4: Through Aug. 20: "The Four Seasons" (Alan Alda), with Alda and Carol Burnett. From Aug. 21: "Under the Rainbow."

New Yorker I and 2, B'way at 88th. (580-7900)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 27: "For Your Eyes Only." (†) From Aug. 28: To be announced.
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 20: "Wolfen" (Michael Wadleigh), with Albert Finney and Gregory Hines. From Aug. 21: "Heavy Metal," an animated film.

Olympia Quad, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Theatre 1: See listings under Revival Houses.
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 20: "Stripes." (†) From Aug. 21: "S.O.B." (†)
Theatre 3: Through Aug. 20: "The Four Seasons" (Alan Alda), with Alda and Carol Burnett. From Aug. 21: "Endless Love." (†)
Theatre 4: Through Aug. 20: "The Great Muppet Caper" (Jim Henson). From Aug. 21: "Superman II." (†)

TIMES SQUARE AREA

Criterion Theatres, B'way at 44th. (582-1795)
Theatre 1: Through Aug. 27: "The Empire Strikes Back." (†) From Aug. 28: "Chu Chu and the Philly Flash" (directed by David Lowell Rich), with Alan Arkin and Carol Burnett.
Theatre 2: Through Aug. 20: "Arthur." (†) From Aug. 21: "An American Werewolf in London" (John Landis), with David Naughton and Jenny Agutter.
Theatre 3: Through Aug. 20: "History of the World—Part I." (†) From Aug. 21: "Under the Rainbow" (Steve Rash), with Chevy Chase and Carrie Fisher.
Theatre 4: Through Aug. 20: "Wolfen" (Michael Wadleigh), with Albert Finney and Gregory Hines. From Aug. 21: "History of the World—Part I." (†)
Theatre 5: Through Aug. 20: "Zorro, the Gay Blade." (†) From Aug. 21: "Endless Love." (†)
Theatre 6: Through Aug. 20: "S.O.B." (†) From Aug. 21: "Wolfen."

Embassy I, B'way at 46th, east side. (757-2408)
"Heavy Metal," an animated film.

Embassy 2, 3, and 4, B'way at 47th. (730-7262)
Theatre 2: "For Your Eyes Only." (†)
Theatre 3: Through Aug. 20: "Blow Out." (†) From Aug. 21: "Stripes." (†)
Theatre 4: "Eye of the Needle" (Richard Marquand), with Donald Sutherland and Kate Nelligan.

Embassy 5, B'way at 46th, west side. (354-5636)
"Victory" (John Huston), with Sylvester Stallone and Michael Caine.

Loews Astor Plaza, B'way at 44th. (869-8340)
"Raiders of the Lost Ark." (†)

Loews State I and 2, B'way at 45th. (582-5060)
Theatre 1: "Tarzan, the Ape Man" (John Derek), with Bo Derek and Richard Harris.
Theatre 2: "An Eye for an Eye" (Steve Carver), with Chuck Norris.

Movieland, B'way at 47th. (757-8320)
Through Aug. 20: "Under the Rainbow" (Steve Rash), with Chevy Chase and Carrie Fisher.
From Aug. 21: "Arthur." (†)

National, B'way at 44th. (869-0950)
Through the afternoon of Aug. 20: "Stripes." (†) No evening performances on Wednesday, Aug. 19.
From Aug. 21: "First Monday in October" (Ronald Neame), with Walter Matthau and Jill Clayburgh.

Rivoli, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
Through Aug. 20: "Endless Love." (†)
From Aug. 21: "Comin' at Ya!" (Ferdinando Baldi), with Tony Anthony. In 3-D.

R.K.O. Cinerama I and 2, B'way at 47th. (975-8366/8369)
Theatre 1: "Deadly Blessing" (Wes Craven), with Ernest Borgnine and Lois Nettleton.
Theatre 2: "Superman II." (†)

REVIVAL HOUSES

Bleecker St. Cinema, 144 Bleecker St. (674-2560)
Aug. 19: "O Lucky Man!" (1973; directed by Lindsay Anderson), with Malcolm McDowell.
Aug. 20: "East of Eden" (1955; Elia Kazan), with Julie Harris, James Dean, Raymond Massey, and Richard Davalos; and "Badlands" (1973; Terrence Malick), with Martin Sheen and Sissy Spacek.
Aug. 21: "Mon Oncle d'Amérique" (Alain Resnais; in French), with Gérard Depardieu and Nicole Garcia.
Aug. 22: "Harold and Maude" (1971; Hal Ashby), with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort.
Aug. 23: "Fellini's Roma" (1972; Federico Fellini; in English and Italian).
Aug. 24: "The Lady Vanishes" (1938; Alfred Hitchcock), with Dame May Whitty, Margaret Lockwood, Michael Redgrave, Paul Lukas, and Cecil Parker; and "Nosferatu." (†)
Aug. 25: "Kirigakure, the Last Ninja Spy, Part 2" (1964; Kazuo Ikehiro; in Japanese); and "Kirigakure, the Last Ninja Spy, Part 3" (1966; Issei Mori; in Japanese).
Aug. 26: "Knife in the Water" (1962; Roman Polanski; in Polish); and "Repulsion" (1965; Roman Polanski), with Catherine Deneuve, Ian Hendry, Yvonne Furneaux, and John Fraser.
Aug. 27: "And Now for Something Completely Different" (1972), selected skits from the BBC-TV series "Monty Python's Flying Circus"; and "Touch of Evil" (1958; Orson Welles), with Welles, Charlton Heston, and Janet Leigh.
Aug. 28: "Steppenwolf" (1974; Fred Haines), with Max von Sydow and Dominique Sanda.
Aug. 29: "Take the Money and Run" (1969; Woody Allen), with Allen and Janet Margolin; and "Monty Python Meets Beyond the Fringe" (1979; Roger Graef).

Carnegie Hall Cinema, 7th Ave. at 57th. (757-2131)
Aug. 19: "Black Orpheus" (1959; Marcel Camus; in Portuguese), with Marpessa Dawn; and "The Wanderers" (1979; Philip Kaufman), with Ken Wahl.
Aug. 20: "I Love You Rosa" (1973; Moshe Mizrahi; in Hebrew), with Michal Bat-Adam; and "Madame Rosa" (1978; Moshe Mizrahi; in French), with Simone Signoret.
Aug. 21: "Amarcord" (1974; Federico Fellini; in Italian), with Bruno Zanin.
Aug. 22: "A Clockwork Orange" (1971; Stanley Kubrick), with Malcolm McDowell, Patrick Magee, and Adrienne Corri.
Aug. 23: "Children of Paradise" (1945; Marcel Carné; in French), with Jean-Louis Barrault, Arletty, Pierre Brasseur, and Maria Casarès.
Aug. 24: "A Separate Peace" (†); and "Murmur of the Heart" (1971; Louis Malle; in French), with Lea Massari.
Aug. 25: "Persona" (1967; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Bibi Andersson and Liv Ullmann; and "Hour of the Wolf" (1968; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Max von Sydow and Liv Ullmann.
Aug. 26: "The Marquise of O . . ." (1976; Eric Rohmer; in German), with Edith Clever and Bruno Ganz; and "The Story of Adèle H." (1975; François Truffaut; in French), with Isabelle Adjani.
Aug. 27: "Queen Christina" (1934; Rouben Mamoulian), with Greta Garbo and John Gilbert; and "Anna Karenina" (1935; Clarence Brown), with Greta Garbo, Fredric March, and Basil Rathbone.
Aug. 28: "The Bicycle Thief" (†); and "Taxi Driver" (1976; Martin Scorsese), with Robert De Niro, Harvey Keitel, Cybill Shepherd, and Jodie Foster.
Aug. 29: "Popeye." (†)

Cinema Village, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through Aug. 20: "Emmanuelle" (1974: Just Jaeckin; in French), with Sylvia Kristel and Alain Cuny; and "The Story of Joanna" (1975; X-rated).
Aug. 21-22: "Heat" (1972; Paul Morrissey), with Sylvia Miles and Joe Dallesandro; and "Women in Revolt" (1972; Andy Warhol and Paul Morrissey), with Candy Darling, Holly Woodlawn, and Jackie Curtis.
Aug. 23-25: "Our Hitler" (1980; Hans-Jürgen Syberberg; in German), Part 1 "The Grail" and Part 2 "A German Dream."
Aug. 26-27: "The Seventh Seal" (†); and "Wild Strawberries" (1957; Ingmar Bergman; in Swedish), with Victor Sjöström, Ingrid Thulin, Gunnar Björnstrand, and Bibi Andersson.
Aug. 28-29: "Greetings" (1968) and "Hi, Mom!" (1970), both films directed by Brian De Palma, with Robert De Niro.

8th St. Playhouse, 52 W. 8th. (674-6515; Mon-

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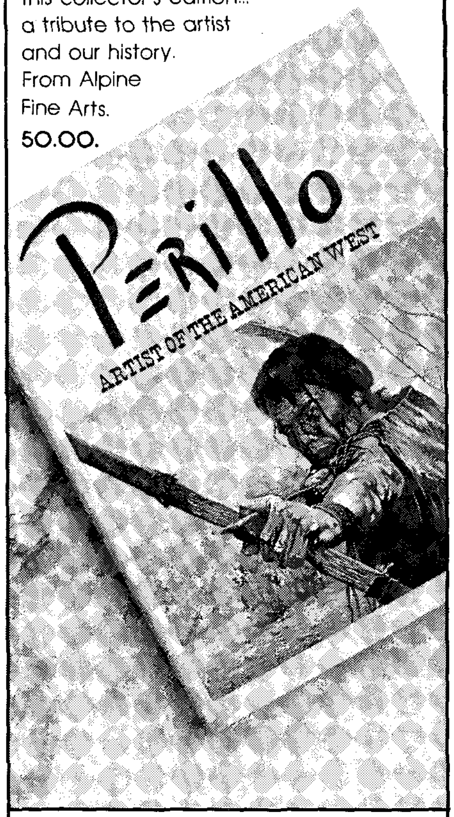
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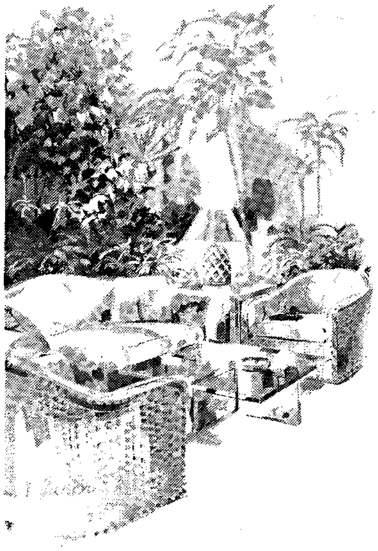

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days through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Aug. 20: "Alice in Wonderland." (†)
From Aug. 21: "Comin' at Ya!" (Ferdinando Baldi), with Tony Anthony. In 3-D.

Hollywood Twin Cinema 1, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through Aug. 22: "The Serpent's Egg" (1978; Ingmar Bergman), with Liv Ullmann and David Carradine; and "The Conformist" (1970; Bernardo Bertolucci; in Italian), with Jean-Louis Trintignant, Stefania Sandrelli, and Dominique Sanda.
Aug. 23-25: "Stormy Weather" (1943; Andrew Stone), with Bill Robinson, Fats Waller, Cab Calloway, and Dooley Wilson; and "Cabin in the Sky" (1943; Vincente Minnelli), with Ethel Waters, Eddie Anderson, Lena Horne, Louis Armstrong, and John Bubbles.
Aug. 26-29: "Breaker Morant" (1980; Bruce Beresford; an Australian film), with Edward Woodward; and "Picnic at Hanging Rock" (1975; Peter Weir; an Australian film), with Rachel Roberts and Dominic Guard.

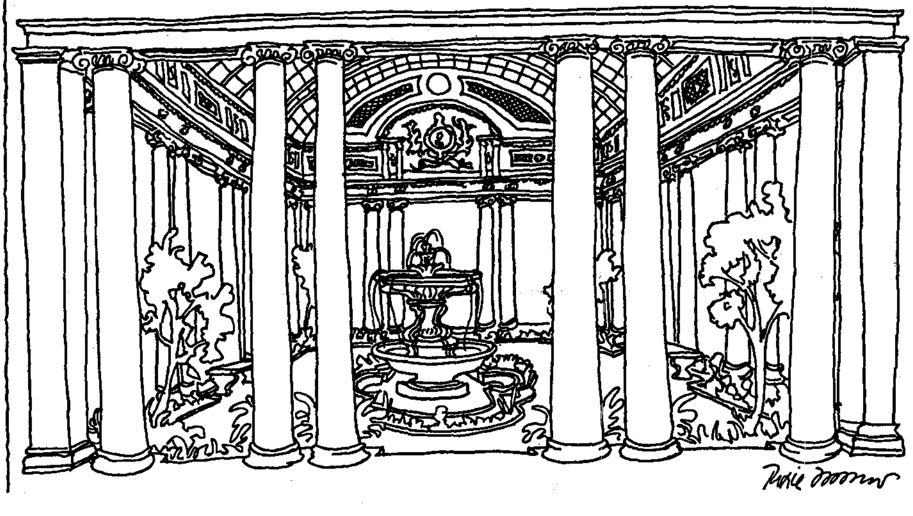
Hollywood Twin Cinema 2, 8th Ave. at 47th. (246-0717)
Through Aug. 22: "King of Hearts" (1967; Philippe de Broca; in French and English), with Alan Bates and Geneviève Bujold; and "Harold and Maude" (1971; Hal Ashby), with Ruth Gordon and Bud Cort.
Aug. 23-25: "Ordinary People" (1980; Robert Redford), with Donald Sutherland, Mary Tyler Moore, Timothy Hutton, and Judd Hirsch; and "Serial" (1980; Bill Persky), with Martin Mull and Tuesday Weld.
Aug. 26-29: "Altered States" (†) and "The Shining." (†)

Mini Cinema, 2nd Ave. at 65th. (650-1813; Mondays through Fridays, theatre opens in the late afternoon.)
Through Aug. 20: "A Free Soul" (1931; Clarence Brown), with Lionel Barrymore, Clark Gable, Norma Shearer, and Leslie Howard; and "The Divorcée" (1930; Robert Z. Leonard), with Norma Shearer, Chester Morris, Robert Montgomery, and Conrad Nagel.
Aug. 21-23: "Pride and Prejudice" (1940; Robert Z. Leonard), with Greer Garson, Laurence Olivier, and Edna May Oliver; and "Jane Eyre" (1944; Robert Stevenson), with Joan Fontaine and Orson Welles.
Aug. 24-26: "The Snake Pit" (1948; Anatole Litvak), with Olivia de Havilland and Mark Stevens; and "Anastasia" (1956; Anatole Litvak), with Ingrid Bergman, Yul Brynner, and Helen Hayes.
Aug. 27-29: "The Band Wagon" (1953; Vincente Minnelli), with Fred Astaire, Cyd Charisse, Nanette Fabray, and Jack Buchanan; and "Cabin in the Sky" (1943; Vincente Minnelli), with Ethel Waters, Eddie Anderson, Lena Horne, Louis Armstrong, and John Bubbles.

Olympia Quad 1, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through Aug. 20: "The Bride Wore Black" (1968; François Truffaut; in French), with Jeanne Moreau; and "Mississippi Mermaid" (1970; François Truffaut; in French), with Jean-Paul Belmondo and Catherine Deneuve.
Aug. 21-22: "Breathless" (1959; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Jean Seberg and Jean-Paul Belmondo; and "My Life to Live" (1962; Jean-Luc Godard; in French), with Anna Karina.
Aug. 23-25: "2001: A Space Odyssey" (1968; Stanley Kubrick), with Keir Dullea and Gary Lockwood.
Aug. 26-27: "L'Age d'Or" (1930; Luis Buñuel; in French), with Gaston Modot; and "Viridiana" (1961; Luis Buñuel; in Spanish), with Francisco Rabal and Sylvia Pinal.
Aug. 28-29: "King of Hearts" (1967; Philippe de Broca; in French and English), with Alan Bates and Geneviève Bujold; and "Where's Poppa?" (1970; Carl Reiner), with George Segal, Ruth Gordon, and Trish Van Devere.

Regency, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Aug. 19: "The Strong Man" (1926; Frank Capra; a silent film), with Harry Langdon, Priscilla Bonner, and Gertrude Astor; and "The Freshman" (1925; Sam Taylor and Fred Newmeyer; a silent film), with Harold Lloyd, Jobyna Ralston, and Brooks Benedict.
Aug. 20-22: "The More the Merrier" (1943; George Stevens), with Jean Arthur, Joel McCrea, and Charles Coburn; and "The Miracle of Morgan's Creek" (1944; Preston Sturges), with Betty Hutton, Eddie Bracken, Diana Lynn, and William Demarest.
Aug. 23-24: "The Ladykillers" (†) and "Kind Hearts and Coronets." (†)
Aug. 25-26: "Way Out West" (†), "Sons of the Desert" (†), and "The Golden Age of Comedy." (†)
Aug. 27-29: "Two-Faced Woman" (†) and "Ninotchka." (†)

Thalia, B'way at 95th. (222-3370)
Aug. 19: "Plan 9 from Outer Space" (1956; Edward D. Wood, Jr.), with Bela Lugosi; and "Maniac" (1935; Dwain Esper), with Bill Woods.
Aug. 20: "The Beast with Five Fingers" (1946; Robert Florey), with Peter Lorre, Robert Alda, and J. Carrol Naish; and "The Unsuspected" (1947; Michael Curtiz), with Joan Caulfield, Claude Rains, and Audrey Totter.
Aug. 21-22: "Andy Warhol's Frankenstein" (1974; Paul Morrissey), with Joe Dallesandro; and "The Bubble" (1966; Arch Oboler), with Deborah Walley and Johnny Desmond. Both films in 3-D.
Aug. 23: "Sympathy for the Devil" ("One Plus One;" 1968; Jean-Luc Godard), with the Rolling Stones; and "Masculine Feminine." (†)
Aug. 24: A program of animated films from different studios.
Aug. 25: "The Children's Hour" (†) and "Toys in the Attic." (†)
Aug. 26: "Los Olvidados" (†); and "Viridiana" (1961; Luis Buñuel; in Spanish), with Francisco Rabal and Sylvia Pinal.
Aug. 27: "Hard to Handle" (1933; Mervyn LeRoy), with James Cagney and Mary Brian; and "College Coach" (1933; William Wellman), with Pat O'Brien, Dick Powell, and Ann Dvorak.



Aug. 28-29: "North by Northwest" (1959; Alfred Hitchcock), with Cary Grant, Eva Marie Saint, James Mason, Leo G. Carroll, and Martin Landau; and "Kansas City Confidential" (1952; Phil Karlson), with John Payne, Coleen Gray, and Preston Foster.

Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)

Aug. 19: "Oliver Twist" (1948; David Lean), with Alec Guinness, Robert Newton, Kay Walsh, John Howard Davies, and Anthony Newley; and "Great Expectations" (1946; David Lean), with Valerie Hobson, John Mills, Martita Hunt, Finlay Currie, and Alec Guinness.

Aug. 20: "The Thief of Bagdad" (1940; Ludwig Berger, Michael Powell, and Tim Whelan), with Sabu, Conrad Veidt, June Duprez, and Rex Ingram; and "Jungle Book" (1942; Zoltán Korda), with Sabu, Joseph Calleia, and Patricia O'Rourke.

Aug. 21-22: "Charlie Chan on Broadway" (1937) and "Charlie Chan at Monte Carlo" (1937), both films directed by Eugene Forde, with Warner Oland as Chan.

Aug. 23: "Black Orpheus" (1959; Marcel Camus; in Portuguese), with Marpessa Dawn; and "Viridiana" (1961; Luis Buñuel; in Spanish), with Francisco Rabal and Sylvia Pinal.

Aug. 24: "Beauty and the Beast" (1946; Jean Cocteau; in French), with Jean Marais, Josette Day, Marcel André, and Michel Auclair; and "Orpheus" (1949; Jean Cocteau; in French), with Jean Marais, Maria Casarès, and François Périer.

Aug. 25: "Ninotchka" (†) and "Two-Faced Woman." (†)

Aug. 26: "All About Eve" (1950; Joseph L. Mankiewicz), with Bette Davis, Anne Baxter, Hugh Marlowe, Celeste Holm, and Thelma Ritter; and "Hush . . . Hush, Sweet Charlotte" (1965; Robert Aldrich), with Bette Davis, Olivia de Havilland, and Joseph Cotten.

Aug. 27: "I'm No Angel" (†) and "She Done Him Wrong." (†)

Aug. 28-29: "Ministry of Fear" (†) and "The Fallen Idol." (†)

FILM LIBRARIES, ETC.

Museum of Modern Art, Roy and Niuta Titus Auditorium, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—The final programs in a series of films from India: Aug. 20 at 2:30: Four films directed by S. Sukdhev. . . . Aug. 20 at 7: "Sholay" (1975; Ramesh Sippy; in Hindi, with English subtitles). . . . Aug. 21 at 2:30: "Sujata" (1960; Bimal Roy; in Hindi, with English subtitles). . . . Aug. 21 at 6: Four films by S. Sukdhev. . . . Aug. 22 at 2:30: "The Great Indian Film Bazaar" (1980; Sridhar Kshirsagar; in Hindi, with English subtitles). . . . Aug. 22 at 5: "Sujata." . . . Aug. 23 at 2:30: "The Great Indian Film Bazaar."

¶ The first programs in a series of films produced at the National Film Board of Canada: Aug. 24 at 2:30: "Saskatchewan Traveller" (1956; Donald Haldane) and "Drylanders" (1962; Donald Haldane), with Frances Hyland. . . . Aug. 24 at 6: "The Case of Charlie Gordon" (1939; Stuart Legg), "The Proudest Girl in the World" (1944; Julian Roffman), "The Plots Thicken" (1944; Stanley Jackson), and "R.C.M.P. File 1365—The Connors Case" (1974; Donald Mulholland). . . . Aug. 25 at 2:30: "O. K. Laliberté!" (1973; Marcel Carrière; in French, with English subtitles). . . . Aug. 25 at 6: "The Case of Charlie Gordon," "The Proudest Girl in the World," "The Plots Thicken," and "R.C.M.P. File 1365—The Connors Case." . . . Aug. 27 at 2:30: "Tale from My Village" (1946), "Referendum: Tempest in Town" (1953; Raymond Garceau), and "The Bird Fancier" (1952; Jean Palardy). . . . Aug. 27 at 6: "Saskatchewan Traveller" and "Drylanders." . . . Aug. 27 at 8: "Mission of Fear" (1965; Fernand Dansereau; in French, no English subtitles). . . . Aug. 28 at 2:30: "The Man on the Assembly Line" (1958; Morton Parker), "The Shop Steward" (1958; Morton Parker), and "Parliamentary Procedure" (1955; Morton Parker). . . . Aug. 28 at 6: "Mental Mechanisms" (1947-48; Robert Anderson), two parts of the series; and "What Do You Think?" (1948-55; Gudrun Parker), three parts of the series. . . . Aug. 29 at noon: "Ti-Jean Goes Lumbering" (1953; Jean Palardy), "The Huntsman" (1975; Donald Jackson), and "The Stowaway" (1960; Grant Crabtree). . . . Aug. 29 at 2:30: "Tale from My Village," "Referendum: Tempest in Town," and "The Bird Fancier." . . . Aug. 29 at 5: "O. K. Laliberté."

¶ Other, somewhat less exotic, films scheduled during this period: Aug. 22-23 at noon: "Duck Soup" (1933; Leo McCarey), with the Marx Brothers. . . . Aug. 23 at 5: "Now I'll Tell" (1934; Edwin Burke), with Spencer Tracy, Helen Twelvetrees, and Alice Faye. . . . Aug. 24-25 at noon: A program of short films by Charles and Ray Eames. (A limited number of tickets are available to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing.)

Whitney Museum, Madison Ave. at 75th St.—A summer-long series of short and full-length animated films from the Disney studios. Through Aug. 23: "Fantasia" (1940) is shown daily at 1, and "Mood Musicals," a program of ten short films, is shown daily at 3:30. . . . ¶ From Aug. 25: "Bambi" (1942) will be shown daily at 1 (and Tuesday at 6:15), and "Animal Movement," a program of ten short films, will be shown daily at 3:30. Call desk (288-9601) for ticket information. Closed Mondays.

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
IF A MOVIE HAS BEEN REVIEWED IN THESE PAGES DURING THE PAST TWO YEARS, THE DATE OF ITS REVIEW IS GIVEN.

Alice in Wonderland (1951)—A cartoon version from Disney that dilutes the material to a pale variety of whimsy and adds shiny little tunes. Not popular with children at the time of its release; because of the mushroom episode and the many transformations, it is now considered a turn-on for heads. (Embassy 72nd St., and 8th St. Playhouse; through Aug. 20.)

Altered States—An aggressively silly head-horror movie, the result of the misalliance of two wildly different hyperbolic talents—the director Ken Russell and the writer Paddy Chayefsky. The picture deals with the efforts of a psychophysiologist (William Hurt), who has lost his belief in God, to find the source and meaning of life by immersing himself in an isolation tank and ingesting a brew of blood and sacred mushrooms. Chayefsky's dialogue is like a series of position papers. Russell uses a lot of tricks to spare you the misery of hearing the words declaimed straight, but no matter how hopped up the delivery is, you can't help feeling that you're in a lecture hall and that the characters should all have pointers. There are some effectively scary Jekyll-and-Hyde devices, and Hurt, making his movie début, brings a cool, quivering untrustworthiness to his revved-up mad-scientist role; this young scientist is neurasthenic, charismatic, and ready to try anything. But Russell clomps from one scene to the next, the psychedelic visions come at you like choppy slide shows, and the picture has a dismal, tired humanistic ending. With Bob Balaban and Charles Haid, and with Blair Brown in an updated version of the thankless role of the worrying, hand-wringing wife. She's an anthropologist with a job at Harvard, but all she does is fret. (Reviewed in our issue of 1/19/81.) (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Aug. 26-29.)

Arthur—John Gielgud can steal a scene by simply wearing a hat; it's so crisply angled that you can't take your eyes off him—you want to applaud that perfect hat. As Hobson, the valet to a drunken millionaire playboy, he may be the most poised and confident funnyman you'll ever see. And as the top-hatted lush, Arthur, Dudley Moore has a mad sparkle in his eyes. There's always something bubbling inside Arthur—the booze just adds to his natural fizz. This is the first movie directed by Steve Gordon (who also wrote the script); he's a long way from being able to do with images what he can do with words, but there are some inspired bits, and his work has a friendly spirit, and with Moore and Gielgud bouncing off each other like Bertie Wooster and Jeeves the picture doesn't sag for long. But Gordon's attempt to reactivate the romantic mechanisms of the screwball comedies of the thirties doesn't work with the women characters—particularly with Liza Minnelli and Geraldine Fitzgerald. As the poor-girl heroine, Minnelli doesn't have her share of the good lines and she's electrifying when she only needs to be charming; as the playboy's grandmother, Fitzgerald has the worst scenes and the zest she gives them goes peculiarly wrong. Cinematography by Fred Schuler; he makes the New York locations look elegant, even when the staging suggests a waxworks museum. (7/27/81) (Beekman, R.K.O. 86th St., and Greenwich Playhouse. . . . ¶ Criterion Theatres; through Aug. 20. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through Aug. 27. . . . ¶ Movieland; starting Aug. 21.)

Atlantic City—This spa that became a racketeer's paradise during Prohibition and is now on its chaotic way to becoming Vegas with a beach is an improbable place, and in this lyric farce, directed by Louis Malle, from John Guare's script, it gives a hallucinatory texture to the lives of the characters. The story is a prankish wish-fulfillment fantasy about prosperity—what it does to cities, what it can do for people. It takes Malle a little while to set up the crisscrossing of the major characters, but once he does the film operates by its own laws in its own world, and it has a lovely fizziness. Everything goes wrong and comes out right. The casting is superb. As an old numbers runner who dreams of the days when he was a flunky and bodyguard for big-time racketeers, Burt Lancaster gives what is probably his funniest (and finest) performance. Susan Sarandon plays an uneducated girl studying to become a croupier, and for once her googly-eyed, slightly stupefied look seems perfect. With Kate Reid, Hollis McLaren, Robert Joy, Michel Piccoli, and many fine character actors. Cinematography by Richard Ciupka. (4/6/81) (Quad Cinema; through Aug. 20.)

Babes in Arms (1939)—This version of the Rodgers and Hart Broadway musical didn't retain much of their material, but it starred Judy Garland (it was her big year, the year of "The Wizard of Oz") and Mickey Rooney, and it has great charm. Busby Berkeley directed and choreographed; the direction is naïve and wobbly, the choreography is primitive-surreal. The songs (from an assortment of sources) include "Where or When," "The Lady Is a Tramp," "I Cried for You," and "You Are My Lucky Star." (Art; Aug. 19.)

The Bicycle Thief (1949)—Vittorio De Sica's story of a poor man's search for his stolen bicycle is deceptively simple. At first, there is ironic tenderness; humanity observed with compassion but without illusion. Then the search becomes an odyssey of poverty, and the richnesses and the enigmas sneak up on the audience. What is the meaning of the seeress's words? How is it that the hero who is searching for the bicycle thief becomes the bicycle thief? This neorealist classic is on just about everybody's list of the greatest films. Cesare Zavattini wrote the script. In Italian. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 28.)

Blow Out—What happens seems to go right to your head. It has a dreamlike clarity and inevitability, but you'll never make the mistake of thinking it's only a dream. John Travolta is Jack, a sound-effects man who happens to record the noise of a car speeding across a bridge, a shot, a blowout, and the crash of the car to the water below. The driver—the governor who is the most popular candidate for the Presidency—is dead, but Jack is able to rescue the governor's passenger, a cuddly blonde (Nancy Allen). On paper, this Watergate movie, written and directed by Brian De Palma, might seem to be just a political thriller, but it has a rapt intensity that makes it unlike any other political film. Playing an adult (his first), and an intelligent one, Travolta has a vibrating physical sensitivity like that of the very young Brando, and Nancy Allen, who gives her role a flirty iridescence, is equally vivid. It's as if De Palma had finally understood what technique is for; this is the first film he has made about the things that really matter to him. It's a great movie. With John Lithgow, Dennis Franz, and Deborah Everton as the unlucky hooker. Set in Philadelphia; cinematography by Vilmos Zsigmond. (7/27/81) (Loews 34th

Street Showplace, Loews New York, Quad Cinema, and 57th St. Playhouse. . . . ¶ Embassy; through Aug. 20. . . . ¶ Loews 83rd Quad; through Aug. 27.)

Broadway Melody (1929)—When talkies were new, this was the musical that everyone went to see. It's the one with "The Wedding of the Painted Doll" and "Broadway Melody," of course, and "You Were Meant for Me," by Arthur Freed and Nacio Herb Brown. It's the one with Anita Page and Bessie Love as the sisters from tank-town vaudeville whose hearts are broken in the big city. With Charles King, Jed Prouty, Kenneth Thompson, and Mary Doran. Directed by Harry Beaumont, with ensemble numbers staged by George Cunningham; produced by Harry Rapf. (Some sequences were in an early Technicolor process.) (Art; Aug. 28-29.)

Carousel (1956)—Henry King's version of the Rodgers and Hammerstein musical, with Gordon MacRae and Shirley Jones, who would have been acceptable enough as the leads in a bus-and-truck touring version of the stage production. (Art; Aug. 24-25.)

The Children's Hour (1962)—William Wyler, who in 1936 had made "These Three," a bowdlerized yet very fine version of the Lillian Hellman play "The Children's Hour," returned to the material in 1962 and, in the freer atmosphere of that period, remade it, with the charge of sexual deviation restored—that is, with the two schoolmistress heroines (Audrey Hepburn and Shirley MacLaine) accused of lesbianism by one of their pupils. The result is too self-conscious, though; the cinematography, by Franz Planer, may sometimes evoke Balthus, but the atmosphere is heavy and lugubrious. There were complaints at the time that the studio had hacked out the center of the film—which is a bit like complaining that a corpse has had a vital organ removed. With Miriam Hopkins, who had been one of the young teachers in the 1936 version, as the aunt; Fay Bainter as the rich old villainess; and James Garner. Hellman, who did the adaptation, is so rough on the Fay Bainter character (when the woman realizes her error and begs forgiveness, it is denied) that one develops a perverse sympathy for her. (Thalia; Aug. 25.)

College (1927)—A beautiful little comedy. Buster Keaton is a bookworm, working his way through college and determined to become a star athlete. The story line isn't as miraculously fresh as in a couple of his films, but it allows for some of his most startlingly inventive stunts. Despite the many pilferings from this film (it has been a gold mine for other comedians), the routines are executed with such impeccable precision and with such an air of confident innocence that they are charged with surprise—and probably will be forever. (Lincoln Plaza; Aug. 23-25.)

Dancing Lady (1933)—Fred Astaire's first movie. Joan Crawford is a dancer with her mind on her work; Franchot Tone loves her but is filthy rich; Clark Gable ignores her but agrees she should carry on at becoming a star overnight. Vivid and fun. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard. (Art; Aug. 20-21.)

The Empire Strikes Back (1980)—Darth Vader rallies his Star Ships, Probe Droids, and heavy-breathing malevolence to make more trouble for Han Solo, Princess Leia, C-3PO, R2-D2, and Chewbacca, while Luke Skywalker is detained on the planet Dagobah by his Force seminars with a two-foot-tall, eight-hundred-year-old Jedi master named Yoda. This second installment of the "Star Wars" saga is slightly encumbered by some mythic and neo-Sophoclean overtones, but its inventiveness, humor, and special effects are scarcely less inspired than those of its phenomenally successful predecessor. George Lucas, who is the Wagner of this intergalactic "Götterdämmerung," was the producer and presiding writer this time, and he and director Irvin Kershner have kept things moving at near-Hyper Drive speed, suggesting that the epic may hold us enthralled even through its promised seven further episodes. With Mark Hamill, Carrie Fisher, Harrison Ford, Frank Oz (as the voice of the manikin Yoda), and Sir Alec Guinness (as the shade of the fallen Obi-Wan Kenobi). (5/26/80) (Gemini; through Aug. 20. . . . ¶ Criterion Theatres; through Aug. 27. . . . ¶ Eastside Cinema; starting Aug. 21.)

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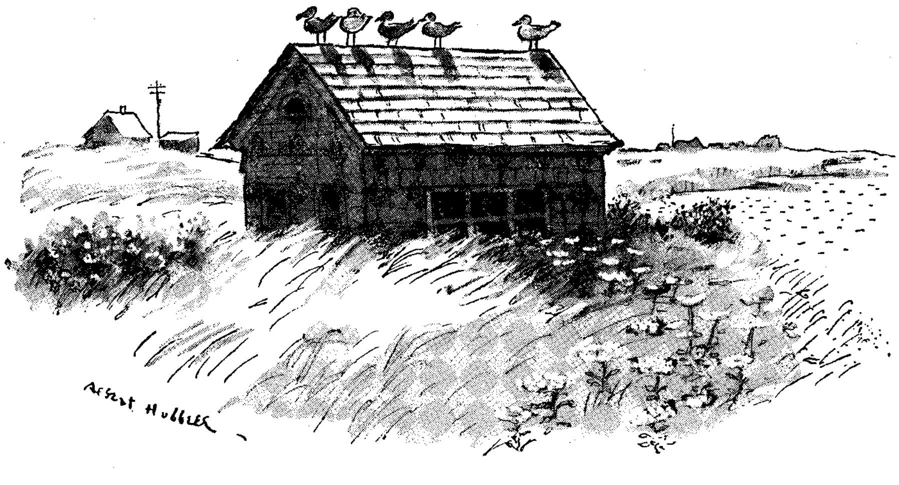
Endless Love—A predictable fiasco—still, it's considerably worse than you might have expected. Directed by Franco Zeffirelli, from Judith Rascoe's adaptation of Scott Spencer's novel about a teen-age boy's single-minded love for his young girlfriend, the movie is an icky, shapeless mess. The novel was a purplish glorification of the hero's masochism, and it was purplish in a violent way. The love that was endless was a physical addiction. The two kids fornicated furiously and just about constantly; they went at each other like battle-scarred veterans of the sex wars. And the boy's passionate love resulted in his being sent to an insane asylum. Even in the fifties, when movies were full of misunderstood young heroes, no boy had ever suffered so much for love. Zeffirelli has turned this love into tender, gentle romance, with the scenes of intercourse so "tastefully" rendered that nothing in the movie makes much sense, not even the graceful sexual position of the two young actors—Martin Hewitt as David and Brooke Shields as Jade. If people's early encounters were this refined, sex wouldn't have got a bad name. Maybe teen-agers will be touched by the sensitivity and devotion of the pair; adults may go a little giggly-crazy, especially since the parents are a quartet of leches and bores—reminiscent of the parents in "Splendor in the Grass," where a passionate girl (Natalie Wood) was packed off to the loony bin. Shirley Knight, who acts by smacking her lips, is Jade's mother; Don Murray, who even at first sight seems viciously deranged, is her father; and, as David's parents, Beatrice Straight and Richard Kiley are a left-wing Maggie and Jiggs. This may be the silliest-looking movie ever lighted by a first-class cinematographer (David Watkin); it's all bathed in a Zeffirellian golden glow. When David and Jade are at the Planetarium and he says, "I'm going to name a star after you," a voice in the theatre piped up, "Brooke Shields is already a star." (34th St. East, Gemini, and Rivoli; through Aug. 20. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad, and Criterion Theatres; starting Aug. 21.)



The Fallen Idol (1949)—Carol Reed and Graham Greene collaborated on this tricky, highly original thriller. It's about the muddled attempt of a small boy (Bobby Henrey), an ambassador's son, to protect the butler (Ralph Richardson), whom he idolizes, from a charge of murder. With Michèle Morgan, Denis O'Dea, Jack Hawkins, Dora Bryan, and Bernard Lee. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 28-29.)

Flash Gordon—It's like a fairy tale set in a discothèque in the clouds. Up there, the archfiend Ming the Merciless (Max von Sydow) toys with Earth until three Earthlings—Dr. Zarkov (Topol), the golden-haired Flash Gordon (Sam J. Jones), and the cuddly Dale Arden (Melody Anderson)—go up in a rocket and crash-land at Ming's palace in Mongo. This picture has some of the knowing, agreeable giddiness of the fast-moving Bonds. The images are flooded with the primary colors of comic strips—blue and, especially, red at its most blazing; the designer, Danilo Donati, and the cinematographer, Gil Taylor, make the colors so ripely intense that they're near-psychedelic. Ming's daughter, the tiny, voluptuous Princess Aura (Ornella Muti), wiggles and slinks through the palace wearing a shimmering scarlet jump suit; she's a flaming nympho and a perfect little emblem of camp. The director, Mike Hodges, gets right into comic-strip sensibility and pacing. With Brian Blessed as Prince Vultan, the leader of the hawk men (who have huge wings), Timothy Dalton as Prince Barin, and Mariangela Melato and John Osborne. From a script by Lorenzo Semple, Jr.; produced by Dino De Laurentiis; music by the rock group Queen. (1/5/81) (St. Marks Cinema; through Aug. 20.)

For Your Eyes Only—The twelfth James Bond film goes through the motions, but not only are we tired of them, the actors are tired of them—even the machines are tired. It has got to the point where if the machines do something they haven't done before, we've seen it before anyway. Roger Moore, who is Bond again, is a dutiful, passive actor; his idea of Bond's imperturbable cool is the same as playing dead. And the producers have erred in deciding on a simpler, more realistic package, without dazzling sets or a big, mad, supervillain. The heroine (Carole Bouquet) is a lovely tall brunette who photographs like a goddess but has no more animation than the hero; the only jazziness in the movie comes from Lynn-Holly Johnson, playing a teen-age trollop who's a champion ice skater. With Topol, Julian Glover, Jill Bennett, Cassandra Harris, and Janet Brown as the Prime Minister. Directed by John Glen; written by Richard Maibaum and Michael Wilson. (Embassy. . . . ¶ 72nd Street East; through Aug. 20. . . . ¶ New Yorker; through Aug. 27.)

The General (1926)—Buster Keaton at his very greatest, except perhaps for "The Navigator." He did it all himself: stunt jobs, props, script, the lot. The film has all the sweet earnestness in the world. It is about trains, frontier America, flower-faced girls. (*Lincoln Plaza; through Aug. 22.*)

The Golden Age of Comedy (1957)—These sequences from Mack Sennett and Hal Roach two-reelers made between 1923 and 1928 show off the talents of Ben Turpin, Harry Langdon, Will Rogers, the Keystone Cops, the Sennett Bathing Beauties, etc., and, best of all, they exhibit Stan Laurel and Oliver Hardy in several classics of demolition-style silent comedy. Their custard-pie sequence is perhaps the high point of the collection—a demonstration that throwing a pie can be both art and science. In "The Cosmological Eye," Henry Miller called it "the ultimate in burlesque" and "the greatest comic film ever made—because it brought pie-throwing to apotheosis." Their paint-brush routine is a beauty, and there is also a methodical, fatalistic car-wrecking ritual. Jean Harlow makes a stunning appearance in black teddies, but Carole Lombard is, unfortunately, not at her best. Robert Youngson compiled these clips (the original directors include Frank Capra, Leo McCarey, and George Stevens); Youngson added a tireless narrator, who lards the clips with a layer of sentiment about how "beloved" these players were and what "tragic" fates they met and with explanations of gags that are perfectly clear to the eye. But the irritations are minor when you are looking at what is possibly the best collection of sight gags ever brought together. (Regency; Aug. 25-26.)

Heartland (1979)—An account of early-twentieth-century ranching in a bleak Wyoming, with good performances from Conchata Ferrell, as a Denver widow who undertakes keeping house for a beleaguered rancher, and Rip Torn, as the stoic cattleman whom she eventually marries. The film is straightforward and compelling—a real triumph for the director, Richard Pearce, and for the National Endowment for the Humanities, which put up the bulk of the financing. (10/8/79) (Paris; starting Aug. 23.)

History of the World—Part I—An all-out assault on taste and taboo. Mel Brooks is the writer, the director, and the star of this series of bawdy sketches. It's a floating burlesque show that travels from one era to the next, lampooning the particular infamies of each age. Brooks is Moses, a singing and dancing Torquemada, Louis XVI, and Comicus, a standup philosopher who performs for Nero—played by Dom DeLuise, embracing rottenness with blissful abandon. Also with Gregory Hines, Bea Arthur, Madeline Kahn, Paul Mazursky, Ron Carey, Sid Caesar, Cloris Leachman, Harvey Korman, Spike Milligan, and John Hurt. (6/29/81) (Criterion Theatres.)

I'm No Angel (1933)—Mae West as a lion tamer, Cary Grant as a society lion, lots of adenoidal innuendo, and some good honky-tonk songs ("That Dallas Man," et al.). Arguably West's best film, certainly one of her funniest. When she isn't wiggling in her corsets and driving men wild, she's sashaying around and camping it up for her plump black maids (Hattie McDaniel, Libby Taylor). With Edward Arnold, Gregory Ratoff, Kent Taylor, Ralf Harolde, Gertrude Michael, Nat Pendleton, Dennis O'Keefe, Irving Pichel, and Dorothy Peterson. Directed by Wesley Ruggles; the story, screenplay, and dialogue are by Mae West, with continuity by Harlan Thompson. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 27.)

Kind Hearts and Coronets (1950)—This tart black comedy on the craving for social position and the art of murder has a brittle wit that came as a bit of a shock: such amoral lines were not generally spoken in forties movies. The film is heartless, and that is the secret of its elegance. Ninth in line to inherit a dukedom, the insouciant young hero (Dennis Price) systematically eliminates the intervening eight—a snob, a general, a photographer, an admiral, a suffragette, a clergyman, a banker, and the duke—all, by a casting stroke of genius, played by Alec Guinness. Secure in the knowledge that Guinness will return in another form, the audience suffers no regret as each abominable D'Ascoyne is coolly dispatched. And as the murderer takes us further into his confidence with each foul deed, we positively look forward to his next success. With purring little Joan Greenwood as the minx-nemesis Sybilla, Valerie Hobson as the high-minded Edith, Miles Malleson as the poetasting executioner. Based upon the 1907 novel "Israel Rank," by Roy Horniman, adapted by Robert Hamer and John Dighton. Hamer directed. (Regency; Aug. 23-24.)

The King and I (1956)—Dopey but musically invigorating film version of the dopey musical about a king of Siam and a prissy English widow who finds the number of his wives and children amazing. Yul Brynner and Deborah Kerr play the dopes. The music is by Rodgers and Hammerstein, as if you didn't know. (Art; Aug. 26-27.)

The Ladykillers (1956)—This sinister black comedy of murder accelerates until it becomes a grotesque fantasy of murder. The actors seem to be having a boisterous good time getting themselves knocked off. Alec Guinness, almost done in by great, hideous teeth—so enormous they give him master-criminal status—is the leader of a horrendous gang that includes Peter Sellers as Harry, the plump, awkward teddy boy. Katie Johnson is the cheerful old lady who upsets their fiendish plans simply by living in a world of her own. As her victims are, in some ways, even less real than she (she, at least, is as real as a good fairy), the disasters that befall them are extravagantly funny. With Cecil Parker, Herbert Lom, Danny Green, Jack Warner, and Frankie Howard as the barrow boy. Directed by Alexander Mackendrick, written by William Rose. (Regency; Aug. 23-24.)

Masculine Feminine (1965)—Jean-Luc Godard's graceful, intuitive examination of the courtship rites of "the children of Marx and Coca-Cola." The boy, a pop revolutionary (Jean-Pierre Léaud), is full of doubts and questions. The girl (Chantal Goya) is a yé-yé singer with a thin, reedy little voice; her face is haunting just because it's so empty—she seems alive only when she's looking in the mirror toying with her hair. The film—a combination of journalistic sketches, love lyrics, and satire—is about the differing attitudes of the sexes toward love and war in an atmosphere of total and easy disbelief, when government policies are accepted with the same contempt as TV commercials. The two lovers and their friends are united by their disdain for the world of adults, and by the pop culture that they love. The film includes informal boy-to-boy conversations about women and politics; there is a phenomenal six-minute single-take parody interview conducted by the hero with a Miss Nineteen; and there are two boy-girl sessions which define the contemporary meaning of masculine and feminine. Godard captures the awkwardnesses that reveal—the pauses, the pretensions, the mannerisms. He gets at the differences in the way girls are with each other and with boys, and boys with each other and with girls. Not just what they do, but how they smile and look away. In French. (Thalia; Aug. 23.)

Ministry of Fear (1945)—Very little of Graham Greene's mystery novel survives in this unmemorable Paramount picture, directed by Fritz Lang. As melodramas of the period go, however, this one is better made than most. Ray Milland has just been released from an insane asylum, where he was confined for murdering his wife, when he is drawn into a plot by a gang of German spies who are after defense plans. The heroine is the unimposing Marjorie Reynolds; the villain is that falsetto cutthroat Dan Duryea. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 28-29.)

New York, New York (1977)—An honest failure. This United Artists big-budget musical film, directed by Martin Scorsese, suffers from too many conflicting intentions. Scorsese works within the artifices of forties movie-musical romances and stylizes the sets in order to emphasize the shot-on-a-soundstage look. Evoking the movie past, he's trying to get at the dark side that was left out of the old cliché plots. But the improvisational, Cassavetes-like psychodrama that develops between the stars (Robert De Niro and Liza Minnelli) seems hollow and makes us uneasy, and sequences go on covering the same uncertain ground. De Niro plays a restless hipster, a tenor-sax player who's frustrated in the big-band era—he's already into the progressive bop that's not yet accepted. Minnelli is a big-band singer who becomes popular with a wide audience through records and in musical movies. The story is about their meeting at a VJ Day celebration, their marriage, its dissolution, and their diverging musical paths. With Diahnne Abbot as the Harlem Club singer, Lionel Stander, Barry Primus, Mary Kay Place, Lenny Gaines, George Memmoli, and George Auld, who gives a good, sour performance as the jaundiced bandleader and also dubs De Niro's sax. In addition to some mellow big-band standards, there are new songs by John Kander and Fred Ebb. The screenplay started with Earl Mac Rauch, then Mardik Martin, the cast, and others worked on it. The cinematography is by Laszlo Kovacs; Irving Lerner and Marcia Lucas were the editors. (The film is dedicated to Lerner, who died during the final editing stages.) (Quad Cinema; starting Aug. 21.)

The Night Porter (1974)—A porno gothic, set in Vienna in 1957 and veneered with redeeming social values. As Max, a former Storm Trooper, Dirk Bogarde presides over an s.-m. Grand Hotel; Charlotte Rampling, who got her sexual education from him when she was a fourteen-year-old in a concentration camp, arrives and wants more of Max's brand of love. The film's claim that it's saying something important is offensive, but the picture is too crudely trumped up to be a serious insult. Directed by a woman, Liliana Cavani—which proves no more than that women can make junk just as well as men. (Sutton; starting Aug. 21.)

Ninotchka (1939)—"Garbo Laughs," said the original ads, but there is by now a wide-

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Also makers of
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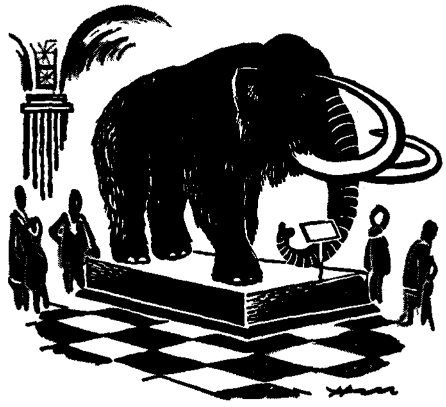
spread story that when the time came for her laughing scene she pantomimed laughter beautifully, but no sound emerged; it was later provided by someone anonymous in the lab. The rest of her performance is her own, and she brings her incredible sensual abandon to the role of a glum, scientifically trained Bolshevik envoy who succumbs to Parisian freedom—i.e., champagne. The film includes a historic encounter, when the great instinctual artist of the screen meets the great stylist and technician of the stage—Ina Claire, as a Russian grand duchess. The fur flies exquisitely. Directed by Ernst Lubitsch, this light, satirical comedy has the nonchalance and the sophistication that were his trademark—but it also reveals that this time the trade marked him too high. There's an obviousness here; we can feel that we're being played down to. With Melvyn Douglas, Sig Rumann, Felix Bressart, Bela Lugosi, Alexander Granach, and George Tobias. Screenplay by Charles Brackett, Billy Wilder, and Walter Reisch, from a screen story by Melchior Lengyel. (The material is no more than a musical-comedy turn, which it became in the stage musical "Silk Stockings," filmed in 1957.) (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 25. . . . ¶ Regency; Aug. 27-29.)

Nosferatu (1922)—Directed by F. W. Murnau, the original, superbly loathsome German version of Bram Stoker's novel "Dracula" is a concentrated essay in horror fantasy, full of weird, macabre camera effects. Though ludicrous at times (every horror film seems to become absurd after the passage of years, and many before—yet the horror remains), this first important film of the vampire genre has more spectral atmosphere, more ingenuity, and more imaginative ghoulish ghastliness than any of its successors. The movie often seems more closely related to demonic painting than to the later, rather rigid vampire-movie genre. Because Murnau concentrated on scenes of suggestive and horrible beauty and didn't make the narrative line very clear, those who have had little contact with bloodsuckers may be helped by a bit of outline. Henrik Galeen's adaptation of the novel changes the setting from Victorian England to Bremen in 1838. A real-estate agent in Bremen sends his young, recently married clerk to the Carpathian woods to settle some property matters at the castle of Nosferatu (the Vampire). An emaciated skeleton of a man with a rodent face, Nosferatu spends his days in his coffin, his nights sucking blood. The clerk, though weakened by the nightly loss of blood, escapes and returns to his wife. But Nosferatu follows: he boards a sailing ship for Bremen and, incarnating and carrying pestilence, he infects the whole crew. The phantom ship reaches Bremen, and Nosferatu meets the wife, who, knowing that vampires cannot survive the dawn, surrenders herself to him. As the morning sun breaks into her bedroom, Nosferatu dissolves. The influence of this film can be seen in movies as disparate as Bergman's "The Magician" (the opening sequences of the coach) and Godard's "Alphaville" (the use of negative film). With Max Schreck as Nosferatu. (Bleecker St. Cinema; Aug. 24.)

Los Olvidados (1950; "The Young and the Damned")—Set in Mexico, Luis Buñuel's ruthless—almost surgical—examination of how the poor prey on one another is the most horrifying of all films about juvenile crime. The one masterwork on this subject, it stands apart from the genre by its pitilessness, its controlled passion. Buñuel doesn't treat his characters as ideas but as morally responsible human beings; there is little of the familiar American-movie cant that makes everyone responsible for juvenile crimes except the juveniles. There's no pathos in this film; it's a squalid tragedy that causes the viewer to feel a moral terror. Buñuel, whose early work fascinated Freud, creates scenes that shock one psychologically. Among them here is the celebrated dream sequence—perhaps the greatest of all movie dream sequences; it is disturbing long after the lacerations of the more realistic material have healed. Buñuel had intended much more in this surreal vein, but he did not have a completely free hand. For example, in the scene in which one of the boys goes to beat up and kill another boy, the camera reveals in the distance a huge eleven-story building under construction; Buñuel had wanted to put an orchestra of a hundred musicians in the building. The cast includes Estela Inda and Roberto Cobo; cinematography by Gabriel Figueroa. In Spanish. (Thalia; Aug. 26.)



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Pal Joey (1957)—Blighted Hollywoodization of the musical by John O'Hara, Richard Rodgers, and Lorenz Hart, with the score purified along with Joey's character. The hell-hero has been changed from a hoofer to a crooner—in line with the talents of Frank Sinatra. His singing helps things along, and he also does the only acting, though Kim Novak's vacuity is rather touching and is certainly not as laborious as Rita Hayworth's misconceived performance. This sad botch was directed by George Sidney. (Art; Aug. 26-27.)

Popeye—Sometimes the components of a picture seem miraculously right and you go to it expecting a magical interaction. That's the case with "Popeye," with Robin Williams as the squinting sailor, and Shelley Duvall as the persnickety Olive Oyl, and Robert Altman directing, from a screenplay by Jules Feiffer. The picture doesn't come together, though, and much of it is cluttered, squawky, and eerily unfunny. But there are lovely moments—especially when Olive is loping along or singing, and when she and Popeye are gazing adoringly at the foundling Swee'-Pea (Wesley Ivan Hurt). The songs—an uneven collection—are by Harry Nilsson. With Paul Dooley as Wimpy, Paul L. Smith as Bluto, and, as Pappy, Ray Walston, whose rambunctious Broadway pizzazz cheapens everything. (1/5/81) (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 29.)

Prince of the City—Treat Williams has a very closed face—the kind of opaque face that is like a brick wall in front of the camera. And that may be why Williams, as a New York police officer who agrees to be wired and to obtain evidence about corruption in his unit, plays each scene as an acting exercise—going through so much teary, spiritual agony that you want to throw something at him. He acts all over the place, yet the movie—two hours and forty-seven minutes of pseudodocumentary seriousness—is so poorly structured that you keep wondering what's going on and why he has agreed to inform on his friends. Things don't begin to come together until you're heading into the third hour, when the cross suspended from Williams' neck lights up, like a balloon above his head, announcing "Penance! Absolution!" There's one remarkable performance, mostly in the last section: Jerry Orbach, as the tough-minded cop Gus Levy, acts with such sureness and economy that while Williams is flailing about, Orbach magnetizes the camera. Directed by Sidney Lumet, the film has a super-realistic over-all gloom, and the people are so "ethnic" and yell so much that you begin to long for the sight of a cool blonde in bright sunshine. Lumet and Jay Presson Allen wrote the screenplay, based on the book by Robert Daley about the New York City police officer Bob Leuci. With Lindsay Crouse, who's stuck with one of those speeches about how we're all guilty, Bob Balaban, and Ron Maccone, as Nick. The cinematography is by Andrzej Bartkowiak; the music, by Paul Chihara, suggests an existentialist fugue by Schubert. (Cinema I, Cinema II, and Cinema 3.)

Raiders of the Lost Ark—Steven Spielberg directed this high-powered cliff-hanger about the exploits of Indiana Jones (Harrison Ford), an adventurer-archeologist. The time is 1936, and Indy, working for the United States government, is trying to find the Ark of the Covenant (a chest holding the broken stone tablets of the Ten Commandments) ahead of his arch-enemy, the suave, amoral Belloq (Paul Freeman), who is in cahoots with the Nazis. Kinesthetically, the film gets to you, but there's no exhilaration, and no surge of feeling at the end. With Karen Allen as Marion, John Rhys-Davies as Sallah, and Ronald Lacey as Toht. Written by Lawrence Kasdan, from a story worked up by George Lucas and Philip Kaufman. (6/15/81) (Loews 34th Street Showplace, Loews Orpheum, and Loews Astor Plaza.)

A Separate Peace (1972)—John Knowles' prep-school novel hasn't been dramatized; the director, Larry Peerce, seems to think that conversations in lyrical places are all that's needed to make a movie. It's all chatter. The nonprofessional cast acts "natural" enough, but there's no depth of character to this kind of acting, and no excitement. John Heyl, who plays Fearless Finny, bears an amusing resemblance to Burt Lancaster. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; Aug. 24.)

The Seventh Seal (1956)—Ingmar Bergman's medieval morality play about man in search of the meaning of life is set in fourteenth century Sweden. But it's a magically powerful film—the story seems to be playing itself out in a medieval present. A knight (Max von Sydow), tormented and doubting, returns from ten wasted years in the Crusades, and Death (Bengt Ekerot) comes to claim him. Hoping to gain some revelation or obtain some knowledge before he dies, the knight challenges Death to a game of chess. As they play, the knight observes scenes of cruelty, rot, and suffering that suggest the tortures and iniquity that Ivan Karamazov described to Alyosha. In the end, the knight tricks Death in order to save a family of strolling players—a visionary, innocent, natural man, Joseph (Nils Poppe), his wife (Bibi Andersson), and their infant son. The knight, a sane modern man, asking to believe despite all the evidence of his senses, is childlike compared with his carnal atheist squire (Gunnar Björnstrand). The images and omens are medieval, but the modern erotic and psychological insights add tension, and in some cases—as in the burning of the child-witch (Maud Hansson)—excruciation. The actors' faces, the aura of magic, the ambiguities, and the riddle at the heart of the film all contribute to its stature. In Swedish. (Cinema Village; Aug. 26-27.)

She Done Him Wrong (1933)—Mae West, wiggling, singing "Easy Rider" and seducing virtuous young Cary Grant. A classic comedy and a classic seduction. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 27.)

The Shining (1980)—Stanley Kubrick's gothic about the primal fear of a five-year-old boy (Danny Lloyd) that his father (Jack Nicholson) will hurt his mother (Shelley Duvall) and him. The father, who wants to write, brings his wife and child to spend the winter in an isolated, snowbound, haunted hotel in Colorado, where he is to be the caretaker—and where he goes mad and acts out his son's fears. Taken from Stephen King's pulp best-seller, the movie isn't the scary fun one might hope for from a virtuoso technician like Kubrick. It has a promising opening sequence, and there is some spectacular use of the Steadicam, but Kubrick isn't interested in the people on the screen as individuals. They are his archetypes, and he's using them to make a metaphysical statement about the timelessness of evil. He's telling us that man is a murderer through eternity. Kubrick's involvement in technology distances us from his meaning, though, and while we're watching the film it just doesn't seem to make sense. Nicholson gives the first hour its buzz, but then his performance begins to seem cramped, slightly robotized; Duvall's performance, however, becomes stronger as the film goes on, and she looks more like a Modigliani than ever. With Scatman Crothers, Joe Turkel, Barry Nelson, and Anne Jackson; script by Kubrick and Diane Johnson. (6/9/80) (Hollywood Twin Cinema 2; Aug. 26-29.)

Singin' in the Rain (1952)—This exuberant and malicious satire of Hollywood in the late twenties is perhaps the most enjoyable of all movie musicals. Gene Kelly, Donald O'Connor, and Debbie Reynolds are the stars, assisted by Jean Hagen as an imbecilic movie queen, Millard Mitchell as a producer, Cyd Charisse as a dancer, and Rita Moreno as a flapper-actress. Kelly and Stanley Donen directed the Comden and Green script. With music by Nacio Herb Brown, lyrics by Arthur Freed. (Art; Aug. 28-29.)

S.O.B.—A sour mixture of slapstick, cynicism, and sentimentality. Robert Preston covers his thick head of graying hair with glory in the role of a hearty, imperturbable Dr. Feelgood, who gives all-purpose injections; Larry Storch has a bright scene as a guru; and Robert Mulligan is involved in a few funny sight gags. He plays a producer who cracks up after his hugely expensive film starring his wife (Julie Andrews) opens and closes practically simultaneously; wandering about his Malibu home in a suicidal stupor, he sinks through a hole in the second-story bedroom floor that has been covered with a large rug and lands gracefully in the middle of an orgy. But Blake Edwards, who wrote and directed this broadside against Hollywood, uses a tired plot about turning the disastrous picture into a hit by having Julie Andrews bare her breasts; he's snide in a square, unfunny way—he thinks he's showing us how corrupt the movie business is by casting Shelley Winters as a treacherous woman agent who wears tent-size caftans and shares her bed with a cutie-pie black woman. The picture is acknowledged to be based on Edwards' own experiences when his picture "Darling Lili" was a colossal flop. But "Darling Lili" wasn't a flop for the reason suggested—that it was innocent and charming at a time when the dirty-minded public wanted nudity and sex. (As a matter of bleak record, Julie Andrews did a striptease in "Darling Lili" that wasn't so very different from the breast-baring here.) With William Holden, Marisa Berenson, Larry Hagman, Stuart Margolin, Robert Loggia, Loretta Swit, Benson Fong, Robert Vaughn, Robert Webber, and John Pleshette, and the director's daughter, Jennifer Edwards, as Lila. (Coronet, and Criterion Theatres; through Aug. 20. . . . ¶ Festival; through Aug. 27, tentative. . . . ¶ Quad Cinema, Embassy 72nd St., and Olympia Quad; starting Aug. 21.)

Sons of the Desert (1933)—Laurel and Hardy at their peak. The title refers to a lodge rather like the Masons, and there is a great convention sequence. With Charley Chase. (Regency; Aug. 25-26.)

State Fair (1945)—Rodgers & Hammerstein. Cheerful is probably the word for it—if you're in the mood for cheerful. The story (from Phil Stong's novel) has lost the folk humor it had in its 1933 version, featuring Will Rogers, and the Americana has been poured on. Everything is too clean and bright and smily; it all reeks of manufacture, especially Charles Winninger. The principal actors trying to fake their way through are Fay Bainter, Jeanne Crain, Dana Andrews, Dick Haymes, and Vivian Blaine. Walter Lang directed. The score includes "It Might As Well Be Spring" and "It's a Grand Night for Singing." It would have been a better musical if the lyricist hadn't been fond of words like "grand." (Art; Aug. 24-25.)

Steamboat Bill, Jr. (1927)—One of the least known of the Buster Keaton features, yet it possibly ranks right at the top. It is certainly the most bizarrely Freudian of his adventures, dealing with a tiny son's attempt to prove himself to his huge, burly rejecting father. Ernest Torrence is the father—a tough Mississippi-steamboat captain, who does not conceal his disgust when Junior (Keaton) arrives to join him, nattily dressed in bell-bottoms, a polka-dot tie, and a beret. When the father is in jail, Keaton tries to hand him a gigantic loaf of bread containing tools for breaking out, but the father doesn't understand what's in it and refuses the bread; Keaton mutters, "My father's ashamed of my baking." The film features a memorable comic cyclone and a peerless (and much imitated) sequence in which Keaton tries on hats and changes personality with each, becoming a series of movie stars of the period. Directed by Charles Riesner. (Lincoln Plaza; Aug. 26-29.)

Stripes—Bill Murray as a wreck of a hipster who has screwed up his life and is in terrible physical condition. Having nothing better to do, he enlists in the Army to get back in shape, and he cons his buddy, played by Harold Ramis, into joining up, too. The picture is just a flimsy, thrown-together service comedy about smart misfits trying to do things their own way in the Army. But it has a lot of snappy lines (the script is by Len Blum, Dan Goldberg, and Ramis), the director, Ivan Reitman, keeps things hopping (it's untidy but it doesn't lag), and the performers are a wily bunch of professional flakes. The story comes to a natural end with the recruits' commencement exercises; afterward, when the platoon is whipping around Europe, the action is standard farce. Yet even when the plot goes all over the place some funny lines turn up. With John Candy (the big-blob charmer from the Second City revue), Warren Oates as the drill sergeant, Sean Young, and P. J. Soles. (7/13/81) (National; through the afternoon of Aug. 20. No evening performances on Wednesday, Aug. 19. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; through Aug. 20. . . . ¶ Embassy; starting Aug. 21.)

Superman II—It has charm and a lot of entertaining kinkiness, too. Richard Lester, who directed this sequel to "Superman," brings it one light touch after another, and pretty soon the movie has a real spirit—what you wished the first had had. Christopher Reeve, who brings emotional depth to Superman, pulls a switch on the material: Kryptonian that he is, Superman is the only human being in the movie. By the end, he's no longer a square; he has suffered humiliation and grown up—you come out of the picture thinking about Superman's feelings. And Reeve has become a smoothie: his transitions from Clark Kent to Superman and back are now polished comedy routines. Gene Hackman gives a juicy performance as the bald, shyster clown Lex Luthor, who tries to make a deal with the three arch-fiend Kryptonians in their black high-punk jumpsuits—Terence Stamp as General Zod, Jack O'Halloran as Non, and Sarah Douglas as the sadistic tease Ursa. This Ursa has the kind of face cameras worship, and she does her dirty deeds with blasé nonchalance and the merest flick of a malicious smile. The picture grows faster and quirkier as it moves along. With Margot Kidder as Lois Lane. (7/13/81) (Murray Hill, Manhattan, and R.K.O. Cinerama. . . . ¶ Olympia Quad; starting Aug. 21.)

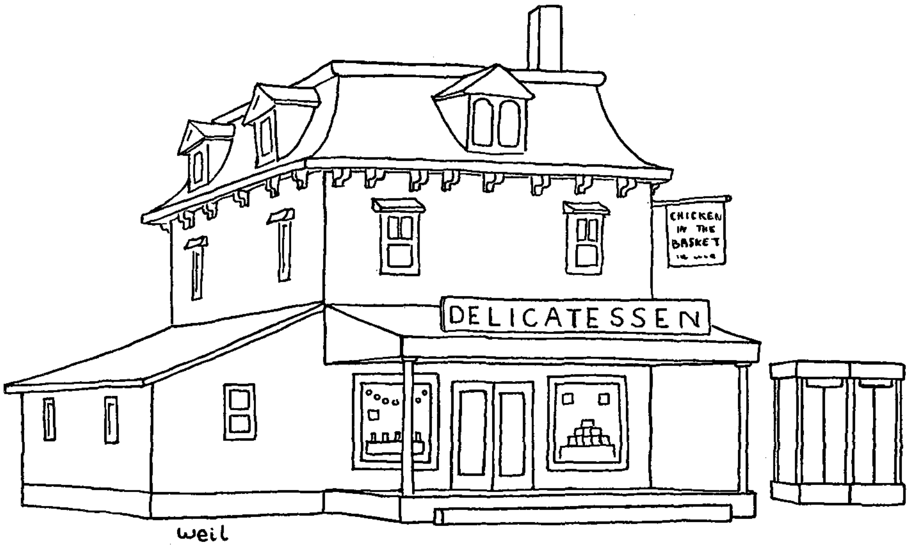
Toys in the Attic (1963)—One of those unflinching movies in which a family that is "living a lie" suddenly finds its glass house crashing down in a crescendo of furious accusation. ("You never really loved me. . . . It was Jed, your own father, you really wanted. . . . Go on, say it.") The main characters in this adaptation of Lillian Hellman's play are an incestuous trio of two sisters (Geraldine Page and Wendy Hiller) and a brother (Dean Martin). Page has considerable brio, but her transitions from fluttering Dixie charm to obsidian cruelty are confusingly melodramatic; Hiller has the trembling-lip role; and the miscast Dean Martin is more wooden than ever before or since. They're all at work against a crippling dramatic deadline: they have to exhibit the faults in their characters almost at once so that the "powerful" finale will come off. George Roy Hill directed; with Yvette Mimieux and Gene Tierney. (Thalia; Aug. 25.)

Two-Faced Woman (1941)—Greta Garbo's last film, with M-G-M trying to Americanize the unmistakable Viking. George Cukor directs her, Melvyn Douglas, Ruth Gordon, and Constance Bennett, who blandly steals the whole comedy of errors. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; Aug. 25. . . . ¶ Regency; Aug. 27-29.)

Way Out West (1937)—This satire of Westerns is probably Laurel and Hardy's most comically sustained feature, and it shows off their vaudeville skills in a couple of musical interludes. They do a classic soft-shoe shuffle outside a saloon; Hardy's lolling elephantine grace has never been more ingratiating. And they sing "In the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia." As Mickey Finn, the villain in love with his own villainy, James Finlayson is practically a co-star, and Sharon Lynne is the voluptuous blond saloon girl. The film is leisurely in the best sense; you adjust to a different rhythm and come out feeling relaxed, as if you'd had a vacation. James Horne directed. (Regency; Aug. 25-26.)

Words and Music (1948)—Disastrous double bio of Richard Rodgers and Lorenz Hart, with Tom Drake and Mickey Rooney insanely miscast in the roles. The story part is painfully embarrassing to watch, but some of the musical numbers aren't bad. The huge cast includes Judy Garland, Cyd Charisse, Perry Como, Janet Leigh, Gower Champion, Gene Kelly (who choreographed the "Slaughter on Tenth Avenue" ballet, which he dances with Vera-Ellen), and June Allyson (whose "Thou Swell," with the Blackburn Twins, is a bright spot in her career). Norman Taurog directed. (Art; Aug. 19.)

Zorro, the Gay Blade—A wonderful giddy farce. If you could combine the screen images of Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., and Peter Sellers, the result might be pretty close to the slinky, self-mocking George Hamilton as Zorro. This gleaming-eyed Zorro, with his idiotic leering grin and his idiosyncratic Spanish accent, and Paco (Donovan Scott), his plump, Teddy-bear servant, set out to help the people of old Los Angeles, who are being taxed to death by the villainous Esteban (that actory actor Ron Leibman, sporting a thick head of hair and a full beard, and giving a rambunctious, likable performance). Directed by Peter Medak, from Hal Dresner's script, this is the kind of farce at which you laugh so hard that when something misfires it's just a little rest. With Brenda Vaccaro (doing a Madeline Kahn), Lauren Hutton, James Booth, and Clive Revill. (7/27/81) (Criterion Theatres; through Aug. 20. . . . ¶ Gotham Cinema; through Aug. 27.)



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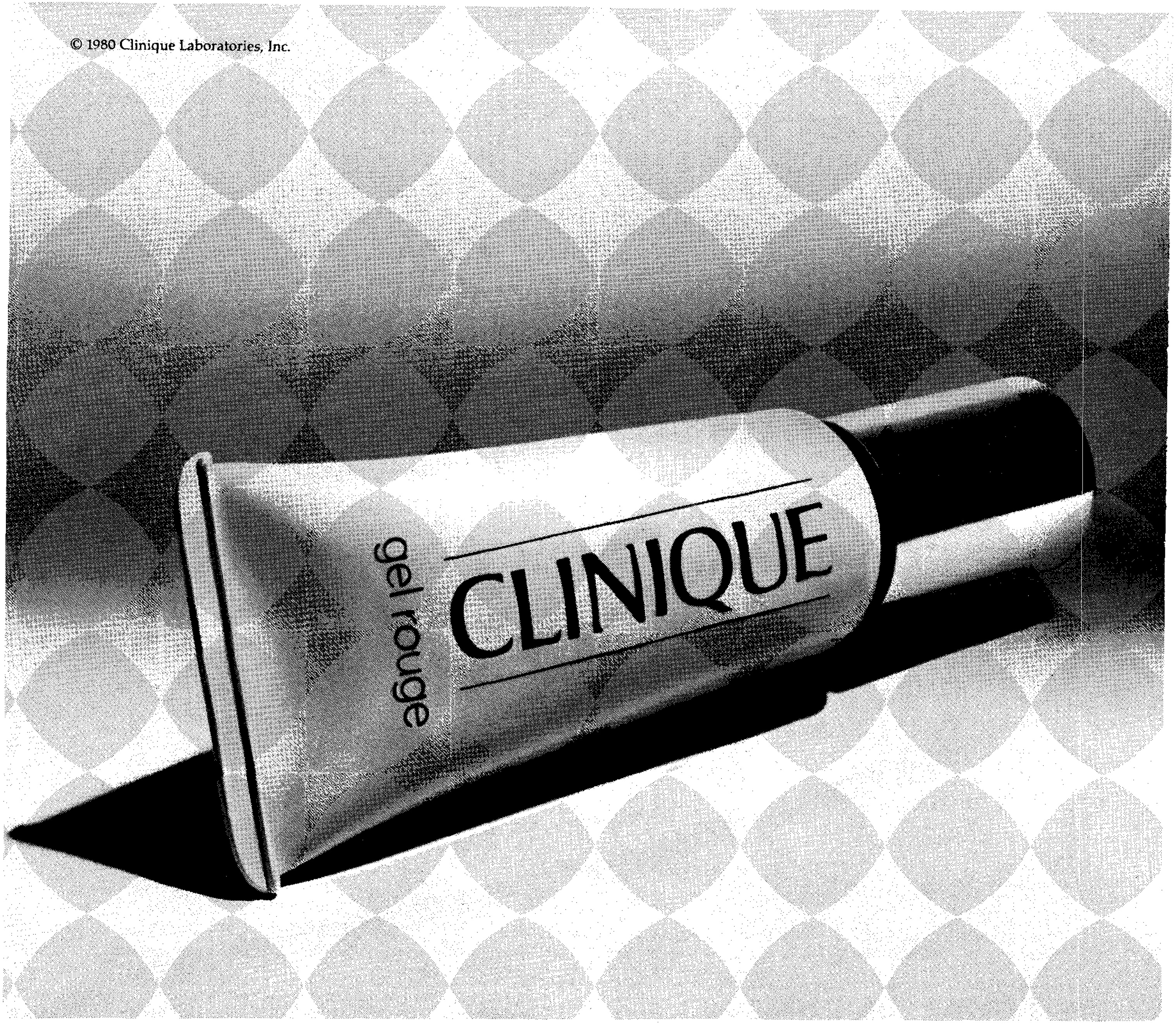

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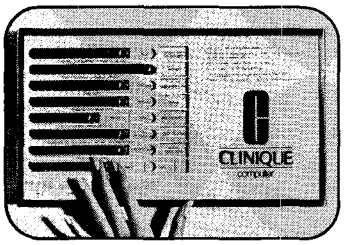

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THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

WE have heard from a friend who is spending the summer in Wellfleet, on Cape Cod:

Nothing quite so lovely and varied, if the day is right, as a day in Boston—over by air from Provincetown in the morning, a visit to the new I. M. Pei West Wing of the Museum of Fine Arts, and back by air in the evening light. The day I went was right: a cloudless sky, a piercing light, a bright-blue Massachusetts Bay. Cape Cod light is a light of definition and emphasis. Trees, houses, roads, the bay itself—everything is clarified. There is a *distinctness* to everything: tiny houses on the South Shore, and hundreds of tiny boats tilting on the bay. I passed a cultural note on the way in from Logan Airport—a sign welcoming visitors to the just opened West Wing. My cabdriver at once picked up the theme. "A thousand people an hour went through yesterday," he said, "and there have been forty thousand over the past few days." He was full of local pride. Would he go himself? Certainly, when there was a break in the rat race. He was a skillful driver, knowing exactly where to twist and turn: a glimpse of the North End from the taxi, a glimpse of the Bunker Hill Monument, a turn along the Frederick Law Olmsted arboreal Fenway (landscape magic), and, quite suddenly, the new West Wing, a striking geometrical granite structure (gleaming white in today's sun) around the corner and behind the Guy Lowell 1909 Beaux Arts old building. The entrance seemed both inviting and forbidding, with only one hint of Pei surprises within: a curved wall near the entrance and a solitary dark pillar disturbing the rectangular symmetry of the façade.

I was met at the entrance by John Walsh, curator of paintings. A tall, personable young man, he quickly made it apparent that he enjoyed a form of symbiosis with the building. "We all feel that Pei has given us a jewel here," he said. "A benign jewel." I had much the same instantaneous reaction—not very common in modern buildings. At the far end of a hall, I saw a striking Morris Louis, its bright stripes bleeding from the edges of the canvas and heading off into some special space all its own (like the music of the spheres, which can be heard throughout eternity if one gets out far enough, holds good thoughts, and has good ears). "You've noticed that gleaming David Smith sculpture, 'Cubi XVIII,' with one metal arm pointing directly at the escalator," said Walsh. "We were lucky enough to have it in our permanent collection, and we put it here as a marker, pointing the way to the delights upstairs." The escalator ascended in what appeared an especially majestic fashion. At the bottom, the bannisters were gracefully curved. I ascended, at a moderate, pleasant speed, to face a long, narrow, high sheer-white space, with an arched roof, where white light streamed through many louvered segments. I was immediately reminded of the Galleria in Milan, and said so to Walsh. He seemed pleased. "Pei calls this his galleria. I think it sets the quiet, soaring tone of the whole building," he said. I spotted what some catalogue reader might take for an anachronism hanging on a wall of a passageway leading toward the old building: a Thomas Sully, called "The Passage of the Delaware"—a huge, heroic picture, with a young and totally confident George Washington in total command. "Most fortuitous," said Walsh. "We have had this Sully rolled up in storage for years. Didn't know where to hang it, and it fits perfectly here. No clash whatsoever of schools or ages."

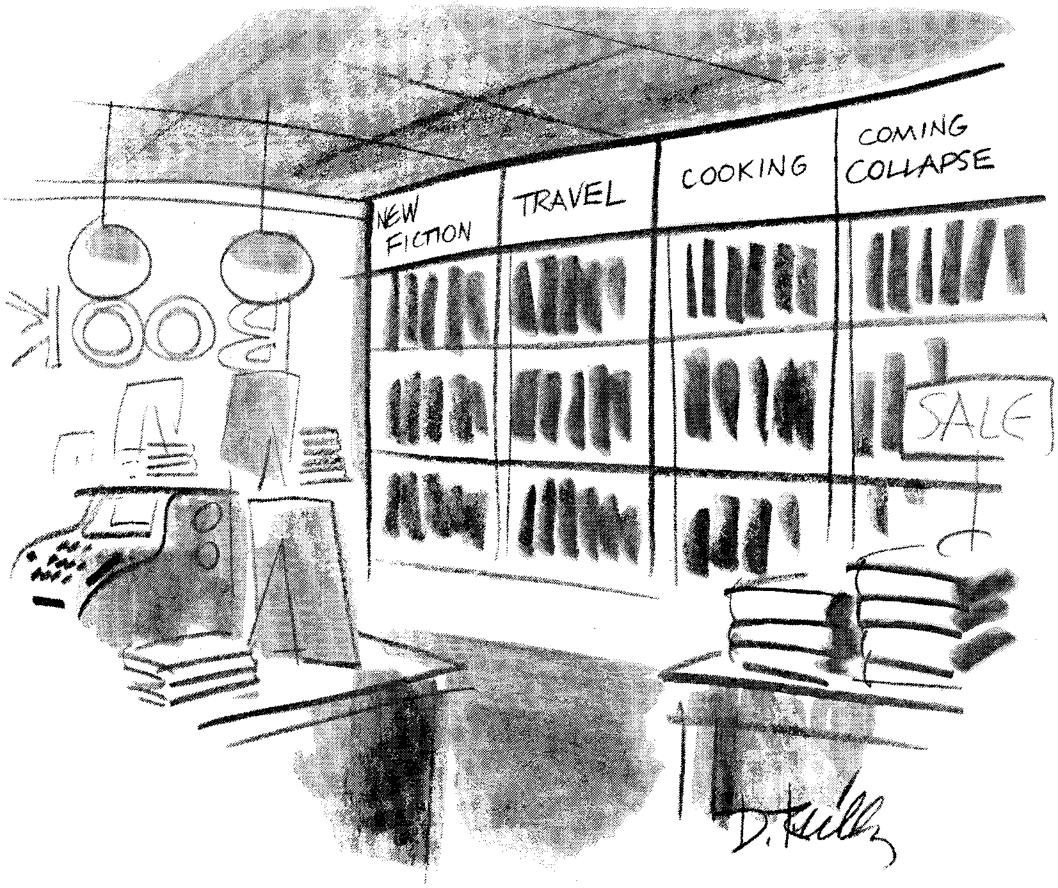
To our right was a glass railing,

below which I could see ficus trees, a bustling bookstore, and a handsome café. On the left wall, at regular intervals, were extremely simple and beautiful lighting fixtures designed by Pei—metal discs, discreetly holding lights. Shadows from the louvered ceiling fell everywhere. The place seemed smaller than it really is (fifty-two feet high and two hundred and twenty-five feet long, Walsh told me): Pei has gracefully given the impression of diminishing his space. All is in scale. "Now into the Graham Gund Gallery," said Walsh, with the excitement of someone offering a treat. "It's the main exhibition space in this wing. What we want to do in this building is draw off some of the commotion from the old building, pull things off into here, and into public spaces such as the bookstore and the restaurants. Incidentally, a stonecutter working on this building spotted the origin of the granite the moment he saw it. 'This granite is from Crotch Island, Maine, near Stonington,' he said. It's the same stone that was used on the original building, and will take on the same coloration in time. The stonecutter went on to say that the stonecutting term for a grain in granite is a 'horse'—technically, an interruption in the vein. I have been led to believe that this is the origin of the phrase 'horse of a different color.' Maybe so."

When we walked into the large gallery, Walsh became highly animated. "Our opening show here is the Great Bronze Age of China. You had it in New York last year, but I daresay it has never been shown under such ideal lighting conditions. The Chinese who came over for the show were tickled by our emphasis on light. Boston believes in daylight. Pei has achieved this light by an ingenious arrangement of layers of light. First, there is a clear dome—a square hole in the roof. Below that is a layer of laylight, a clear sheet of Plexiglas treated to keep out ultraviolet rays. And at the bottom there is a web of prisms—plastic—which directs light to the walls and diffuses it." We stopped in front of a heavy vessel from the second half of the second century B.C. which was inlaid with the most delicate ornamental writing in gold and silver. "That's called bird script," said Walsh. "Look how that bronze makes itself felt here! The scrollwork is gusty and heartwarming—it reads, 'Let delicacies fill the gates and increase our girth, and give us long life without illness for ten thousand years and more.' "

Walsh said that in the new Fine Arts Restaurant, opposite the Graham Gund Gallery, they were experimenting with Chinese food, in keeping with the spirit of the opening exhibit. He had not tried the food yet, so he led me up there, where, at a table overlooking the inner court of the old building, I ordered something called Wushe Yingwu Five-Colored Parrot—stir-fried spinach and tofu wrapped in thin yellow pancakes, topped with Cantonese sauce and strips of sweet red pepper—and Walsh, equally game, ordered tofu Hsiajen: Sichuan-style stir-fried shrimp with tofu and pea pods. Walsh told me that he had studied at Columbia and had worked at the Frick and the Metropolitan before coming to Boston. He said he hoped to get in some sailing off Newfoundland this summer, now that the new building was completed. He told me that Pei had loved the Museum of Fine Arts when he was a student at M.I.T. and at Harvard, and had haunted the place. When he came to design the West Wing, he remembered the numerous culs-de-sac in the old building—down a corridor and then a retracing of steps. He had always wanted a flow of traffic in the museum, he said. He also said that Boston had nurtured him, and he wanted to repay in some way what he saw as a personal debt to the city. I realized while Walsh was talking how fortunate some of the architect's details had been. The bannisters on the escalators, I thought as I managed my Wushe Yingwu Five-Colored Parrot, had the graceful, flowing lines of the Morris Louis at the end of the corridor. After lunch, I stepped into a gallery in the old building to admire the Pissarro beauties of France (Pissarro light)—riverside scenes, Paris streets, and a penetrating portrait of a clear-eyed Cézanne. An utterly different world, but in a museum one can experience a sense of timelessness without disturbance or disequilibrium.

On the way back to the



plane, I stopped off (one should be ashamed if one doesn't) to put away a dozen oysters at Ye Olde Union Oyster House, near Faneuil Hall. Down the block from the Oyster House there stands a statue of James Michael Curley, looking very small and insignificant. So much for politicians on a day like this. When the plane landed again on the Cape, the light had become a warm pink (the earth itself had turned pink), and within minutes it became a dark, inviting vermilion. End of excursion.

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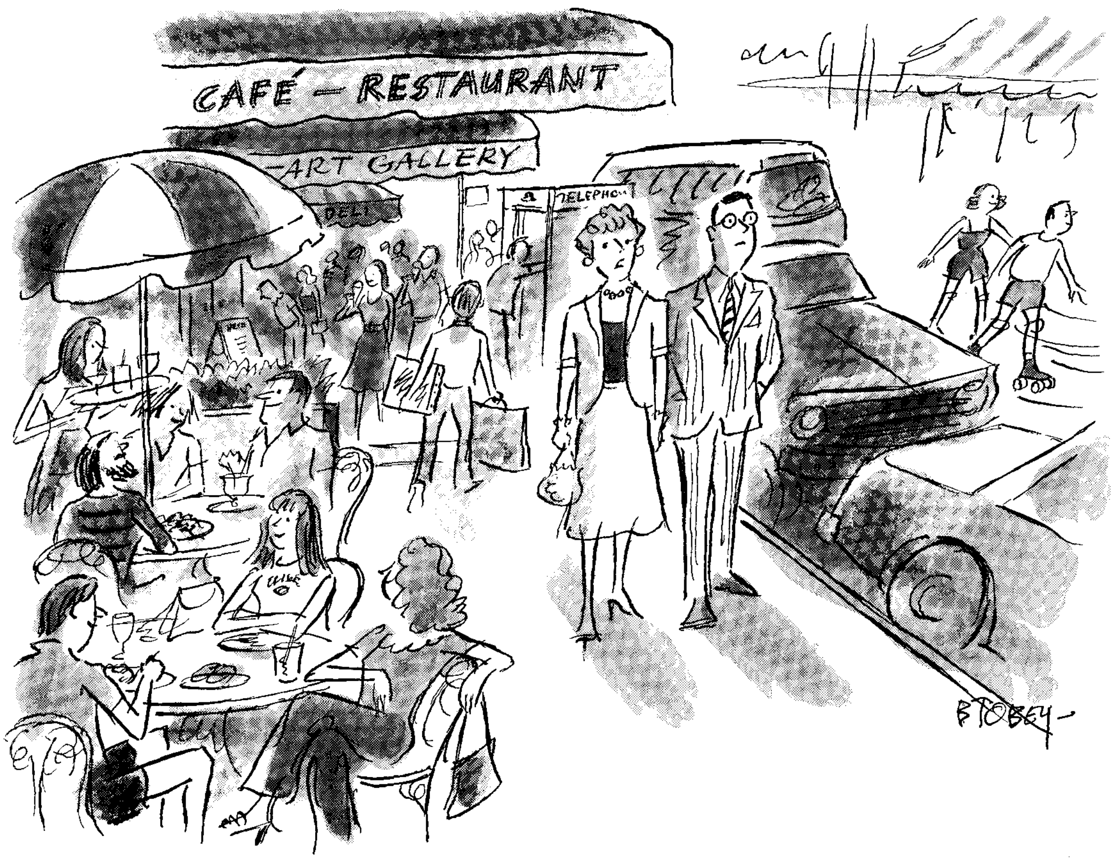


"I've seen enough, Orville. Now I want to go back to the East Side."

• •

Kit

WE had a chat the other day with Dr. Thomas Dailey, a mountain-climbing surgeon we know who lives in a Manhattan brownstone and is assembling a medical kit for a two-and-a-half-week trek through the Tibetan plateau in China. When we arrived at the Dailey house one evening last week, Denise Dailey, the Doctor's wife, handed us a drink, and Tom Dailey, a cheerful, bearded giant (he stands six feet six in his stocking feet), showed us a map of China and explained that his expedition, which so far consists of eight Westerners, to be supplemented by Chinese guides and porters, was heading for some virtually untravelled country at the eastern edge of the Tibetan plateau.

"Our group was organized by Mountain Travel Nepal, which has four trekking permits issued by the Chinese government," he said. "We touch down briefly at Canton and Peking and then fly to Chengdu, the capital of Sichuan Province. There we get into small buses to drive two hundred and fifty kilometres northwest through the Wolong Natural Reserve, a two-thousand-square-kilometre area that includes a valley where giant pandas live and the eastern escarpment of the Tibetan plateau—some of the mountains there are about twenty thousand feet high. After Wolong, we drive through the Pa Lung Pass, at about fourteen thousand feet, to the Zelun commune, a settlement of ethnic Tibetans and Chinese, which seems to be the last outpost of civilization. There we switch over to porters and pack animals, supplied by the Chinese. We're giving ourselves four or five days to get used to the higher altitudes—it's the medically intelligent thing to do. From Zelun on, we'll be walking mostly above the tree line, in a deserted area that contains a few semi-nomadic Tibetans and some animals. Jack Turner, one of our leaders, has been in the area before and says that we may be lucky enough to run across snow leopards, large deer, and packs of bharal sheep that live above the tree line. Our main project is to circumnavigate Mount Siguniang, a twenty-thousand-foot mountain. All this, of course, depends on our getting hold of an accurate map and a good guide who speaks Tibetan, and on the weather. The trek is planned to take advantage of the good weather that comes between the end of the monsoon and the beginning of the snows, but if snow comes early we may have to turn back. Another problem is that there is absolutely no medical backup. We will be completely out of touch for about three weeks—no helicopters, no radios. If there's an emergency, we'll have to send runners back to Zelun or Wolong to bail us out. My responsibility as the doctor on the trek is to treat minor ailments and to keep anybody who gets sick or has a bad accident alive until he can be carried back to Zelun or Wolong, which might take a week or more."

"Just what are you planning for and what are you taking with you?" we asked.

"Bear in mind that this entire kit has to fit into one large canvas case and one small metal box," Dr. Dailey said, showing us a collection of medicines. "Basically, my list is divided into two parts—medicine for the lowlands, where urban populations breed infections of various kinds, and medicines and equipment for the wilderness, where infections are rare at high altitudes and the major problems are likely to be accidents. For the cities, I'm taking tetracycline and penicillin, two broad-spectrum antibiotics; Flagyl, an anti-amoebic; Tylenol; aspirin;

Lomotil, for dysentery; Metamucil, for constipation; and ointments for infections of the eye and ear. I'm also taking an electrolyte solution, in case somebody gets such a bad case of dysentery that he has to be rehydrated. Once we're up on the plateau, we have to plan for accidents—falling down a ravine or over a cliff and breaking an arm or leg. A mild concussion could probably be handled, but a severe skull fracture, with the patient unconscious, could be rough, because it's hard to support respiration at high altitudes. For fractures, I'm taking a new kind of space-age resin, Scotchcast, which can be reconstituted with local water to form a water-resistant cast in five minutes. I'm taking a scalpel, so if there are dirty tissue injuries I can débride them out and treat them with an iodine solution before putting on a bandage. I'm taking Novocain, codeine, and morphine, because you have to administer strong analgesics before you can really work on a fracture or a bad wound. And I'm taking cortisone, in case somebody gets a bad asthma attack, and Benadryl and epinephrine for minor allergic reactions."

"How do you treat altitude sickness?" we asked.

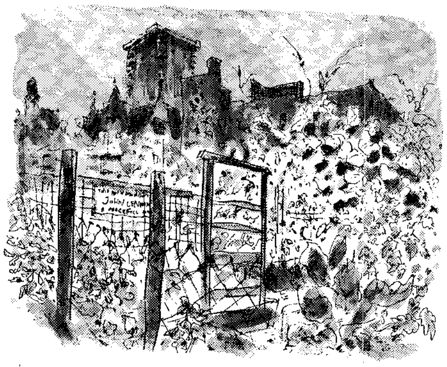
"You descend as fast as you can," Dr. Dailey replied. "We don't know a great deal about what happens to your body at very high altitudes, but we do know that the ability to use energy effectively just about disappears in most people above twenty-five thousand feet unless they have additional oxygen. Some people can handle high altitudes better than others; Reinhold Messner, for example, climbed to the top of Everest without oxygen, and from the physiological standpoint that seems an impossible thing to do. We don't know the answers yet, but it helps if you have a healthy body and a high hemoglobin, enabling you to hold more useful oxygen in your system at high altitudes."

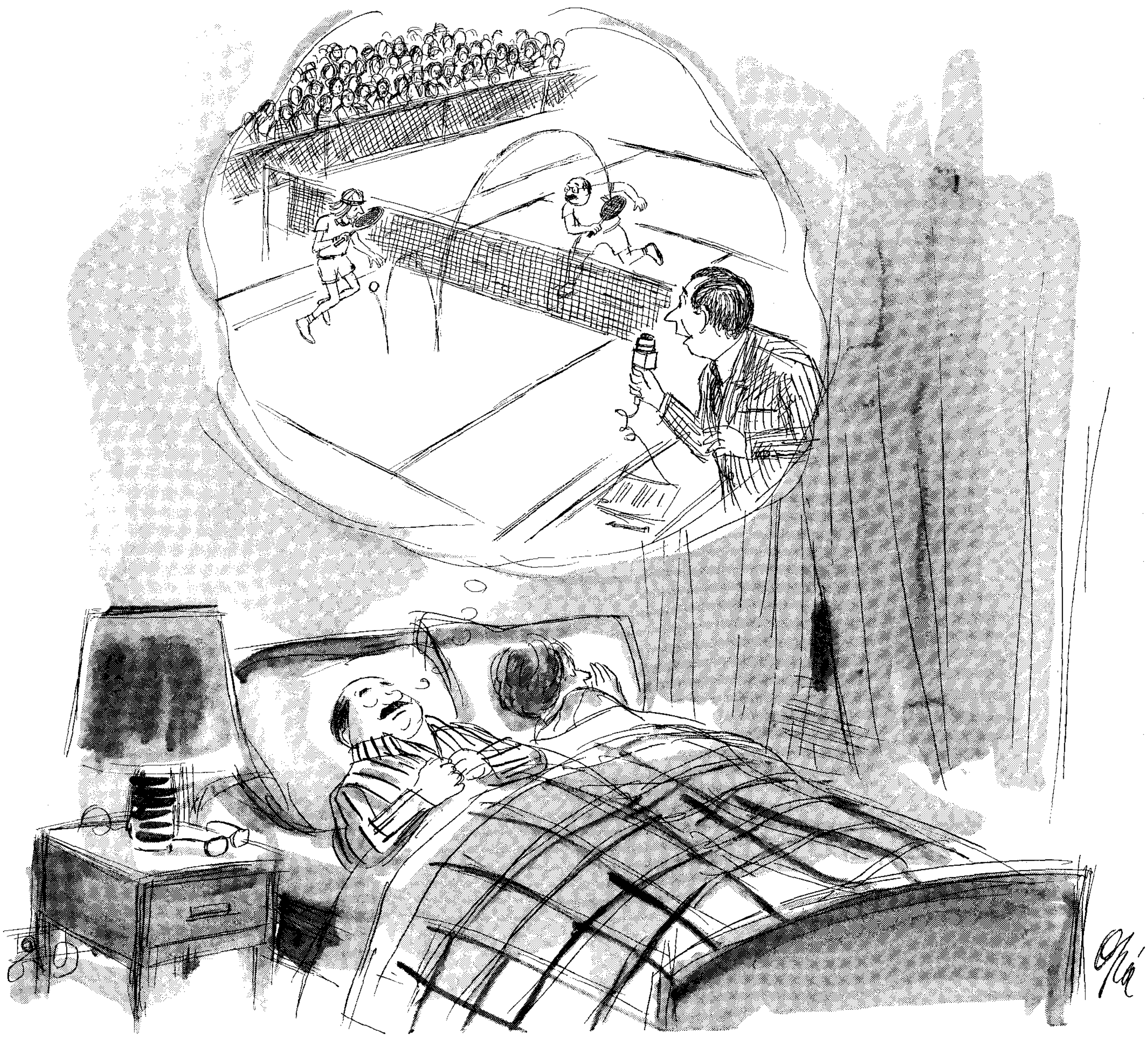
We asked Dr. Dailey if he had ever had to deal with a major medical emergency on one of his treks, and he told us that a colleague had nearly died a few years ago during an expedition to the Karakoram Range, in northern Kashmir. "He was a sixty-year-old man who suddenly developed an incarcerated hernia," Dr. Dailey said. "Which means that he got a kink in a portion of the small bowel near the groin, so that nothing could get through. He began to vomit perniciously and became very dehydrated, so we put him into the back of a truck and drove two and a half days to Srinagar, the capital of Kashmir. The operating facilities there were so awful that I decided to sustain him with intravenous fluids until we could fly him out to Delhi, where I planned to operate at a Catholic hospital. On the way down, using Novocain and lots of morphine, I was able to get the hernia partially reduced, so in the end I didn't have to operate. As a matter of fact, my patient recovered completely, and he's coming along on the Tibetan trek."

The Good Hello

Frank Julio, a lean, dark man with a gray mustache and curly gray hair, walked into a large open lot west of Columbus Avenue between Eighty-ninth Street and Ninetieth Street which is dense with vegetable gardens. He was carrying a package. He looked around him—at a hodgepodge of small plots, each with its own crop and its own handmade fence, and each completely different from its neighbors—to see how things were coming along. He took his time. It was Sunday morning. Presently, Julio bent down, put the package on the ground, and unwrapped it, revealing a sizable fish head. "That's for the cats," he told us, leaving it. Then he strolled over to his own garden plot. It was next to the sidewalk on Ninetieth Street, and it occupied a space about twenty by thirty feet. There were some old brown banquette seats from a restaurant in one corner; the rest of it was teeming with corn, tomatoes, cantaloupe, cucumbers, watermelon, zucchini, among many other things. There was one plant that had enormous leaves and climbed a frame twelve feet into the air. "I don't know exactly what that's called, but it's some kind of an Italian green squash," said Julio. "The squash starts out looking like a little tiny stringbean, then it grows to be four or five feet long." We had been wandering around on narrow, mazelike paths between the individual plots when Julio arrived. The paths were mostly crushed pink brick, left over from the tenements that had once stood there; now there was only one tenement left on the Columbus Avenue end of the block—it stood on the southeast corner, dark and gloomy on an overcast morning. Some of the gardens featured corn; others exuded the warm, strong smell of ripening tomatoes; some had tall yellow sunflowers in bloom. Blue-lavender morning glories climbed a wire fence, intertwining with fuchsia; purple cabbages flourished near pumpkins and zucchini; small red, white, and yellow flowers were blooming, jumbled together, within a border of small stones and brick.

"This lot belongs to the city, but now there are developers who want to build town houses here," Julio told us. "We worry about when they're going to take over, and *they're* probably worrying about the prime rate." He pointed to the south. "That part over there, behind the fence, is the Westside Community Garden. A woman named Dee Parisi started it about six years ago, a while after the first tenements here were knocked down. She got funds from H.P.D.—Housing Preservation and Development—and people who wanted to make a garden were given land. You got a four-by-five lot if you were one person, and a





"Sensational! Gavrilovic is just toying with Borg!"

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foot of length is added for each person in your family. It's very neat. Here we have no regulations. I started this part a couple of years ago, when they knocked down some more tenements, along Ninetieth Street here. People called it the squatters' garden, but I got a sign painted that says 'The People's Garden.' We had no grants. All we had was a pick, a shovel, a rake, and a wheelbarrow. Everybody took turns borrowing them." He laughed. "The wood for the fences and around the edges came from the tenements. I asked the bulldozer operator to save some of the planks. Look at these—they're three inches thick and fourteen inches wide. To nail them together, you have to use a five-inch spike. The bulldozer operator pushed them to one side, and I gave him a bag of cherry tomatoes. He said they were delicious."

Julio examined the leaves of a cucumber plant. "I'm no expert," he said. "All I do is plant seeds and add water. I get some manure from a man who cleans up the riding stable here on Eighty-ninth Street. He keeps it for a year, then sells it to me. It will make anything grow." Julio pointed to one of the newer apartment buildings to the north. "I live there," he said. "A lot of the Spanish people look out the window at me working in the garden, but they ignore me. They don't want to go back to the old times. They don't want to be seen working in a garden—it reminds them of poverty. But when I carry my harvest in, they're drooling, and they talk to me nice, and they give me the good hello." He paused. "When I was a kid in Puerto Rico, there was lots of rain and everything grew. You ate a fruit and you threw part of it away—the rain would sink it, and five weeks later you got a mango tree or an avocado." He smiled. "Here," he said, breaking a huge cucumber from a vine. "Take this. It's good!"

CERTAIN QUESTIONS IN THE HISTORY OF THE PARTY

BEFORE COCKTAILS

DESPITE the clarity and correctness of the invitation issued by our host, Moo Vingvan, for seven, Mr. Bo Tai and Mrs. Bo appeared at six-thirty, throwing matters into discontent and confusion at the outset. However, at that time, as at so many times before, Moo was able to temper principle with pragmatism, and gave Bo and Mrs. Bo productive things to do, such as arranging the canapés correctly and helping Moo to devise a seating plan for dinner which would maximize pleasant conversations and simultaneously distribute the party's two left-handers to his right and to the right of Mrs. Moo. This strategy, which had been pioneered by Moo, helped to avoid contention and "kept a lot of peas off the floor."

Also, Moo put some beer in the cooler and filled the ice bucket with ice for mixed drinks while Mrs. Moo set up the croquet course and, with the help of Mrs. Bo, generally tidied the house, so as to accomplish what Moo called "getting everything really ready before the guests arrive." Unfortunately, Moo was unable or unwilling to take similar foresighted steps to check Mrs. Moo's flirtism, which, as we can see now, had recently been undermining his judgment and proved "to be very bad" for the party.

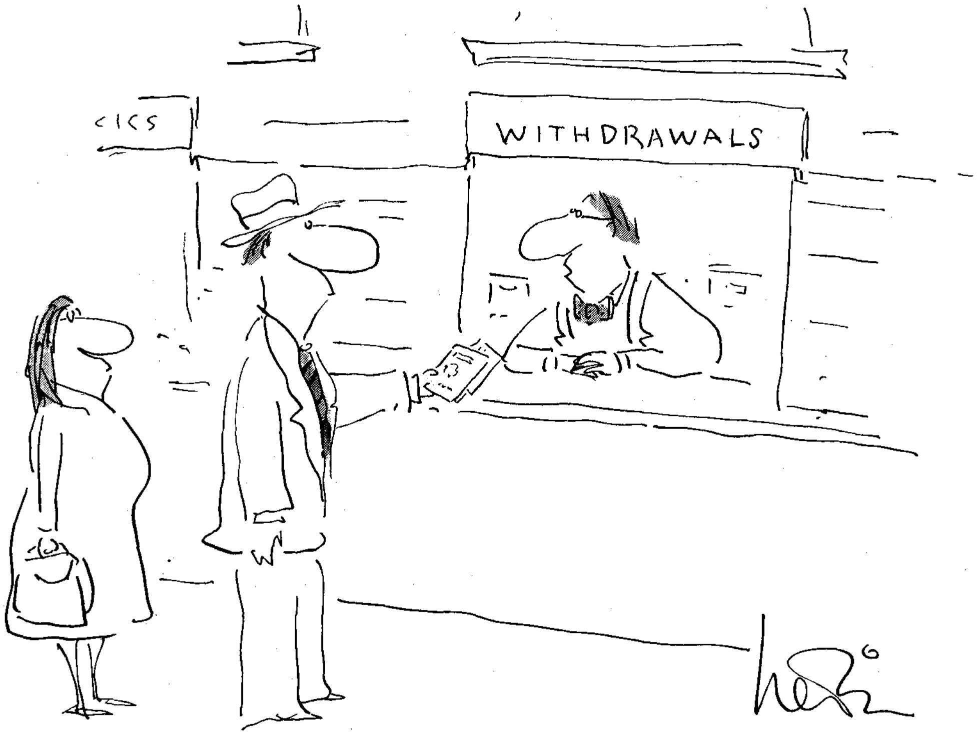
BEFORE DINNER

At seven, Moo welcomed Mr. Don Wenow and Mrs. Don, and made a completely correct introduction of Don and Mrs. Don to Mr. Bo Tai and Mrs. Bo, since they all "seemed more than a few feet up in the air" about whether they had met before. Don overcame a brief moment of difficulty in "starting things off in a good way" by initiating a discussion of ridiculism in mortgage rates. It was clear even at this early stage that Don was utterly devoted to the success of the party. The humorous twins Mr. No Go and Mr. No Weh arrived next, and after they were carefully and accurately introduced by our respected host, Mr. No Weh said, "It is a much more difficult task to tell us apart than to tell us the location of the bar," which caused some big groans and "kept things rolling in a great manner." Then came Mr. Hai Enlo and Mrs. Hai and their elderly cousin, Mr. Ah Choo; the writer Mr. Hao Yubin and his most recent fiancée, Miss Shi Zaten; Mr. Mee Omai and Mrs. Mee, from next door; and the young schoolteacher Mr. Ti Fatoo and his wife, Ms. Hoo Mi, who practiced the approved social variationism of retaining her maiden name. Miss Dun Merong, who lived in the city and was the last to arrive, explained that she had taken several incorrect turns.

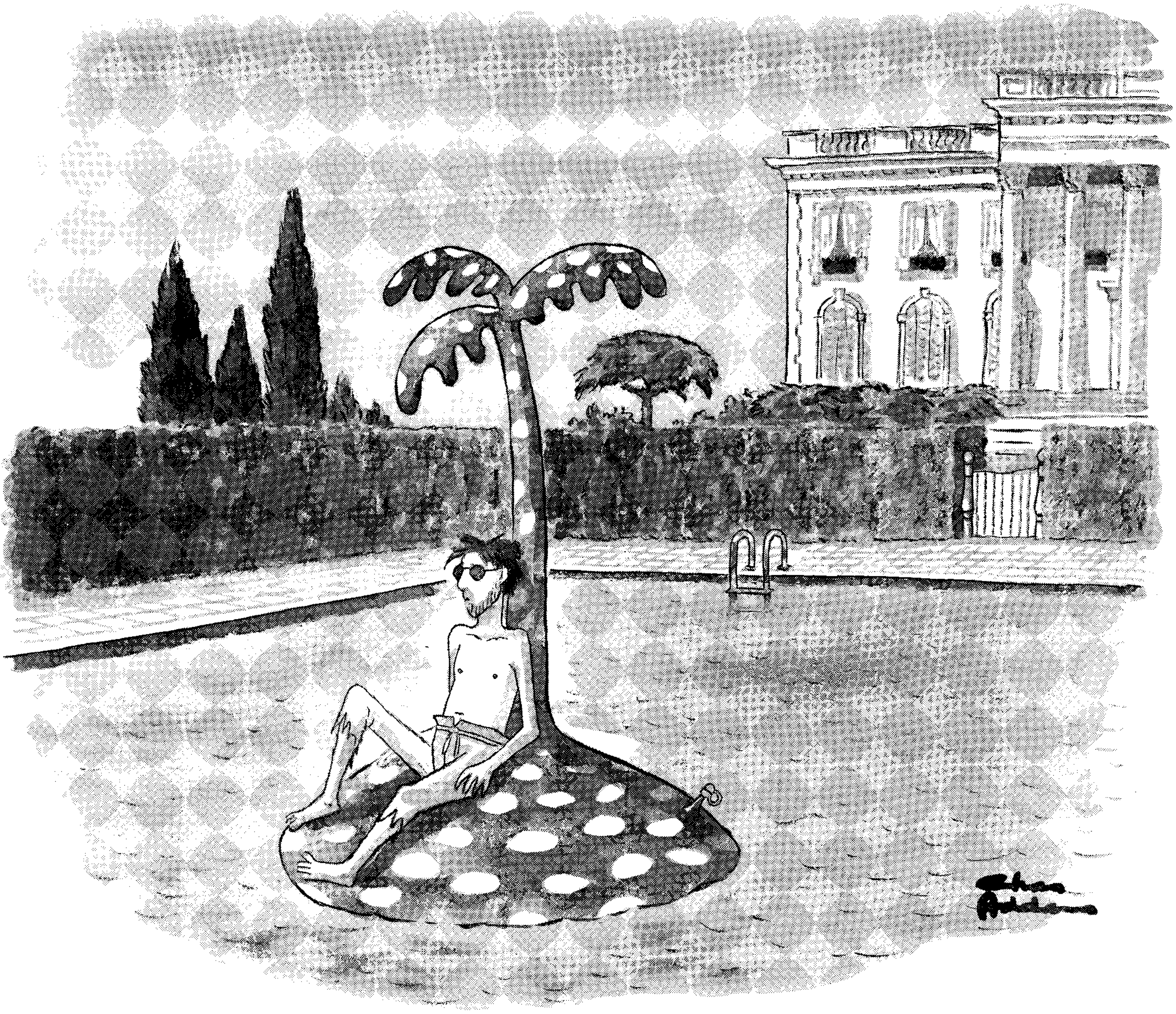
Moo picked up the thread started by Don and steered the course of many conversations toward real estate. This was in principle the right thing to do for that phase of the party, but Moo could not seem to "leave it alone and change the subject in a subtle fashion," thus committing the error of monotonism and trying arbitrarily to impose his personality on the development of the party. The drinks were correctly mixed, the Bucheron was entirely without the taint of the barnyard, and the Kavli Flatbrød was crispily fresh. Thus Moo made vital contributions to the party, rectifying, for instance, the stoned-wheat-thinism that characterized so many previous parties, and for these and his numerous past contributions we revere and respect him to this day. But his prying questions to Miss Dun Merong about what she paid for her co-op on West End Avenue in '78 and his interruption of the croquet match between the Mees and the Hais with repeated invectives against owner financing subverted the party, despite all of Mr. Don Wenow's efforts to "close the lid on that one and try some pickles from another jar." Mrs. Moo analyzed the stalemate for her own purposes, drawing the young schoolteacher Mr. Ti Fatoo into the kitchen, where she tried to arrange a private party with him for a later date. The end result of these bad, incorrect, and wrong errors was that Moo neglected to ignite the charcoal in a timely fashion, forcing his guests to endure the Long Wait for dinner.

AT DINNER AND AFTERWARD

The meal itself progressed along a basically admirable line—avocado vinaigrette, steak, shoestring potatoes, cucumber salad, and a muscular Burgundy. But Moo became increasingly difficult and capricious in his conversation and behavior. Mr. Don Wenow, by making a graceful transition between group-occupancy restrictions and "Animal House," at last managed to switch the topic from real estate to movies—a fully acceptable topic for any party. However, perhaps because he became aware that Mrs. Moo was attempting to commit serious leg and



"Would you mind coming back Tuesday? Money's a bit tight today."



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feet errors with Mr. Ti Fatoo, Moo spoiled matters here again by "a big failure to realize that he wasn't a four-year-old." He cackled in a rude manner at the opinions of others, and then became morose about being forbidden to attend movies as a child. When others, led as always by the dedicated Mr. Don Wenow, tried to "get off the bus and go their own way," Moo atrociously butted in with more tales of childhood deprivations, and denounced his father, Mr. Moo Cao, for being too proud and severe to make enough money, and for never playing catch with him in the back yard. Finally, in a desperate attempt to keep himself at the center of things, Moo indulged in clownism, playing foolish tricks with his silverware and, during coffee and dessert, tossing grapes up and catching them in his mouth.

These discourtesies gave rise to the notoriously embarrassing Six-Minute Liqueur, after which the guests "fled from the wreckage in a quick manner," leaving Moo sullen and withdrawn. Mr. Don Wenow convened the intelligently strategic and now famous Meeting on the Sidewalk Outside Moo's House, and, ever loyal to Moo, explained to the others that perhaps his friend and teacher had given one party too many, and that Mrs. Moo's liaisonism might be the cause of Moo's mercurial actions. While not exonerating Moo for his mistakes, Don reminded us again that in the past Moo had blazed the trail in many party areas and had straightened out a large number of errors, such as charadism, fondueism, and hosts getting up in the middle of the meal and "fiddling with the dimmer in an ostentatious way."

This analysis was so correct and balanced that it gave us a whole lot of understanding of Moo and a good perspective on his contributions and failings. In the new spirit of things, Don invited everyone to join him and Mrs. Don for what he called "a late breakfast" a week from the following Sunday, thus advising us "in a gentle and easy-to-take style" to reject brunchism, and at the same time obtaining agreement that the next party would be his.

—DANIEL MENAKER

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Colors are also making headlines out of San Francisco. Although lots of backgrounds are camouflage shades of khaki and moss these are shot with hot flashes of tropical sun-baked brights and earthy vegetable tones. Gone are the misty shades of seasons past. Enter the honest colors—pure and clear as bugle tones—with wisteria, claret and moonbeam blue being favorites.—*Sacramento Bee.*

Those hot flashes—do they come before or after the bugles?

THE GIRL NEXT DOOR

THREE summers ago, I fell in love with the boy next door. It was the summer my brother moved to New Mexico, taking all he wanted of what he owned. He did not want his kayak, a wood-and-canvas affair that he had built himself. It was pretty, and porous, and its keel was warped.

"It's all yours, Annie," he said, laying his hand on my head in mock-knightly benevolence. "Just promise me you'll wear a life jacket, and please don't take it out on the Hudson by yourself."

I was surprised and flattered by the bequest. My brother had plenty of friends in the neighborhood who would have been happy to take the kayak off his hands. More than once he had promised to take me out in it, but some friend of his had always turned up on the appointed day, and he had felt obliged to be hospitable.

The morning he left, as I struggled to maneuver the kayak out of the garage, Matt Fowler rounded the bend. He was wearing bluejeans, black sneakers, and a white T-shirt, and he was carrying a bottle of Japanese beer. As far back as I could remember, Matt had worn bluejeans, black sneakers, and a white T-shirt, except when I invited him to go swimming with me at the yacht club's pool; then he would change into jeans cut off at the knees, and his exposed shins and torso were so pale they seemed to glow. It was after he went off to college in Boston that he began to drink Japanese beer. He told me that he bought it by the case.

"Am I ever glad to see you," I said. The kayak, tilting in my unsteady grasp, was threatened by jutting rakes and shovels—but my relief went beyond that. I was glad to have Matt just happen on my project; that way he would never guess that he was my only candidate for bowman.

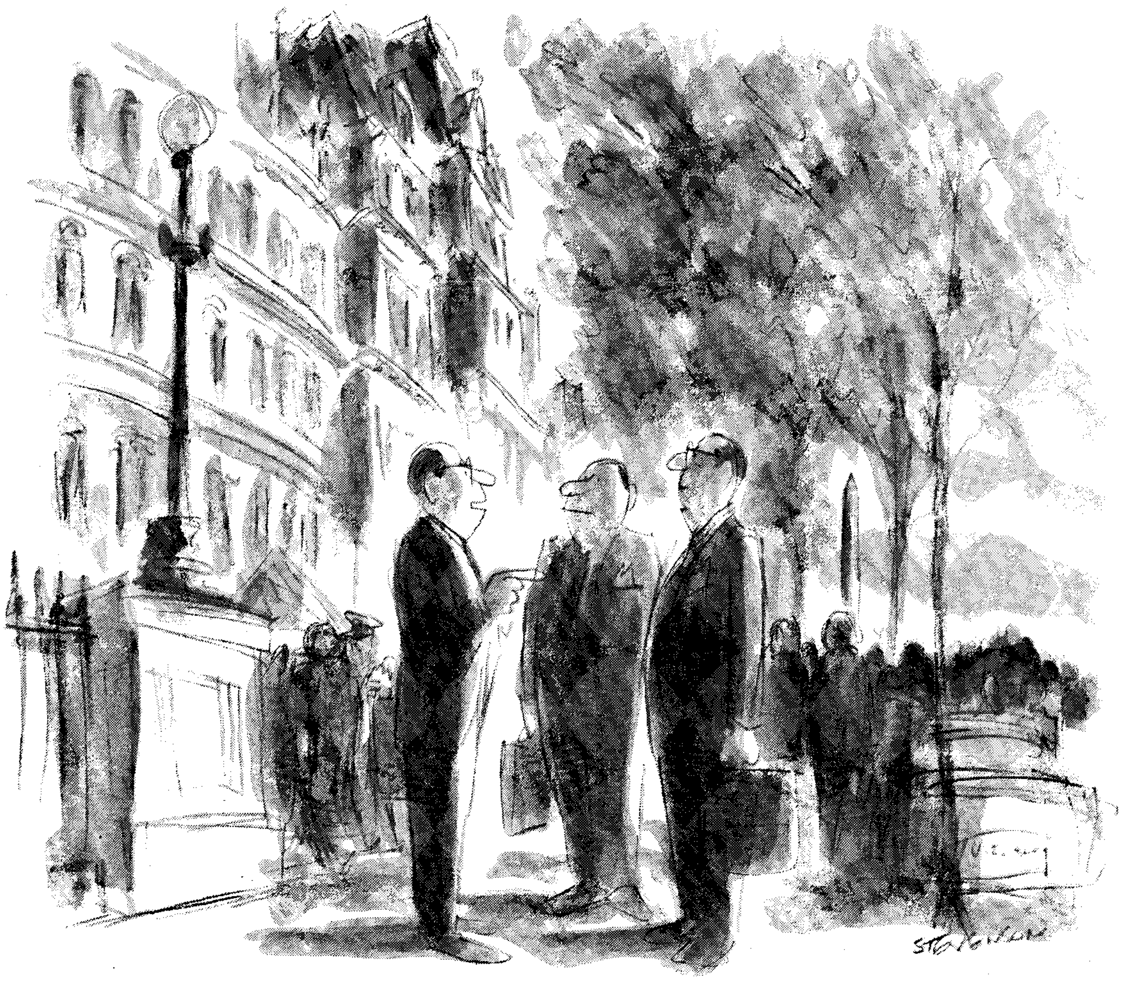
We squeezed the kayak past my parents' car, propped it on sawhorses I had set up in the driveway, and stepped back, our hands on our hips. It was a lovely sight: long and tapered, like a tiny airplane fuselage; yellow, with fine green stripes. The warp gave it a nice naturalistic touch.

A week later, we were standing in about the same positions and the kayak, though it, too, looked the same, was now well waterproofed. I was sorry to see the operation completed; there had been a peaceful, pleasing symmetry to it. Every other day (each coat took a full day to dry), we would poise our brushes on opposite sides of the prow and set to work. I had adopted Matt's uniform after dripping some sealer on a favorite blouse, and we both tied our hair back in ponytails.

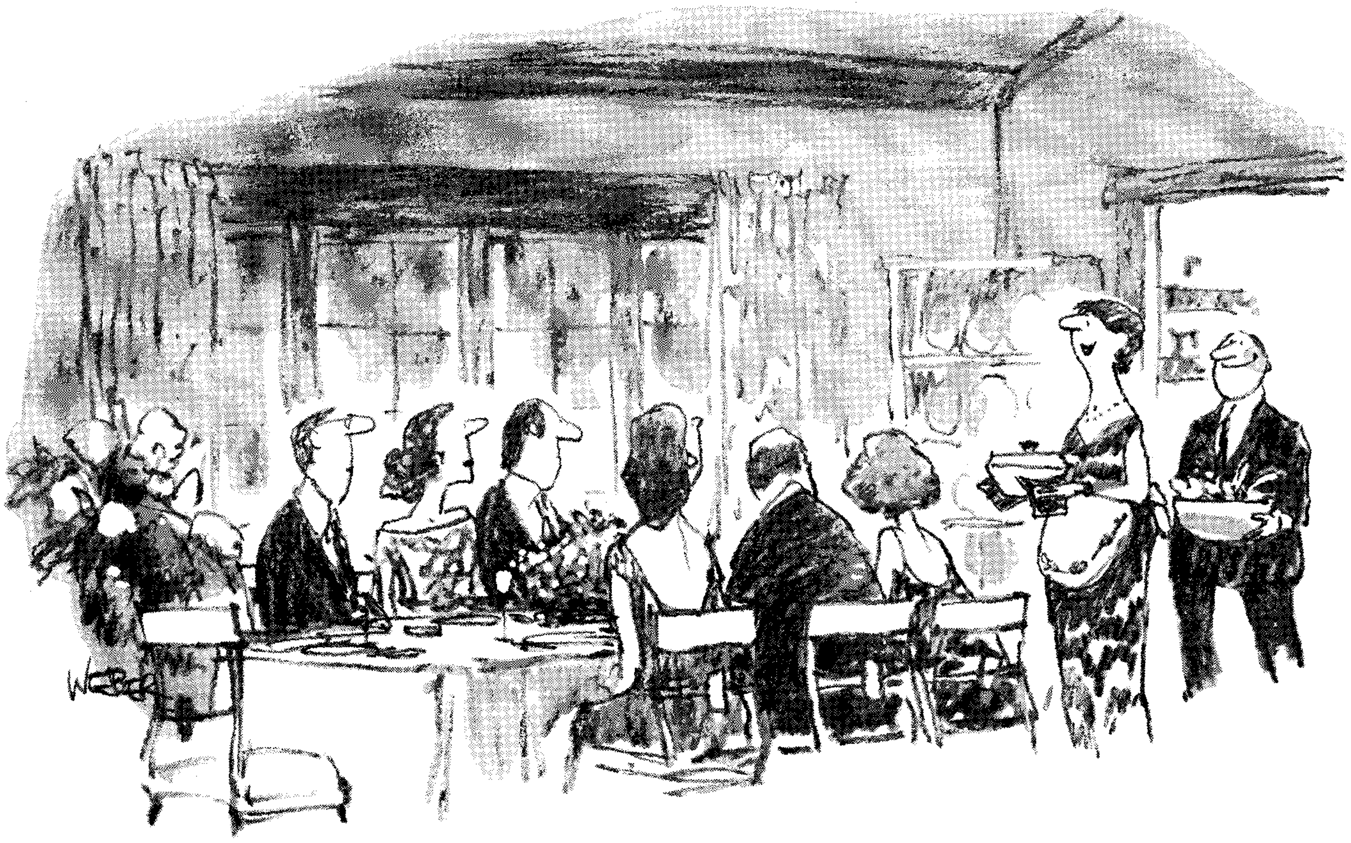
It nearly killed us to haul the kayak (loaded with the paddles and life jackets) through the woods and then across the railroad tracks, but we did it, and then got the kayak into the river, and ourselves into the kayak without capsizing.

"You start paddling, and I'll try to keep in tandem," I suggested, hoping that Matt did not mind that I had not offered him the steersman's position. We paddled warily, awed by the river's hush and breadth. In no time we were miles upstream. The Tappan Zee Bridge was heading for us at a rapid pace, and the George Washington Bridge was shrinking fast. Matt confessed that it was making him queasy. I turned us around, and we paddled for shore.

A few minutes later, we found ourselves parallel to a new shoreline; the current was so strong that we had done no more than slow our northward drift. Bits of garbage were barely outpacing us on their way to the Catskills. Matt rested his paddle on the plywood gunwales and his forehead on the paddle. I stopped, too, and stared ahead, first blank-



"Let's switch. I'll make the policy, you implement it, and he'll explain it."



"A show of hands, please. How many have never tasted an absolutely fresh-off-the-vine stringbean?"

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ly, then with interest, and then with alarm.

From the back Matt seemed utterly unfamiliar. I closed my eyes and tried to picture the face I knew—freckled and pink, with pale lashes and green eyes—but all I could come up with was a snapshot of him, moon-faced and grinning, at the age of ten. I opened my eyes and focussed again on the back before me: curved and soft, with a ring of pudge, below the life jacket, resting on the waistband of his jeans.

"You know, this part of the Hudson isn't really a river," I said.

"Salt water," Matt said, panting. The voice restored the face, as I'd hoped it would.

"It's not a river right here," I repeated. "That's why we're floating upstream. It's the goddam Atlantic Ocean."

I dipped my paddle into the water and the kayak veered. Matt moaned. I dug my paddle in deep and heaved a load of water down his neck.

"Paddle, you sluggard!" I shouted. "Left, right! Heave ho! Come on and sing it! Sing it!" Matt sang it, I sang it, and we paddled as hard as we could.

Water was seeping through the hull, and the warp in the keel kept aiming us at New Jersey. There was little reason to imagine that we would ever again walk on dry land. But the tide did begin to turn, after about a half hour, and we eventually managed to dock, blistered and sweaty, at the north end of the club.

Gentlemen in tennis whites, ladies in bathing suits, and small children with Styrofoam bubbles belted to their backs leaned on the moorings and watched in silence as Matt and I tied up, crawled out, and staggered off toward the clubhouse on the far side of the lawn. Before the tide chose to turn, I had promised Matt highballs, Daiquiris, gin-and-tonics, even champagne. This promise was a measure of my desperation; I had always taken care to keep a low profile whenever I brought Matt to the club.

"I'm sorry," I said, limping behind Matt, carrying my soaked sneakers and my life jacket. "I'm sorry I kept yelling nasty things at you."

No answer.

"I'm sorry I poured all that foul water down your neck."

No answer.

"I shouldn't have teased you with all those threats and promises."

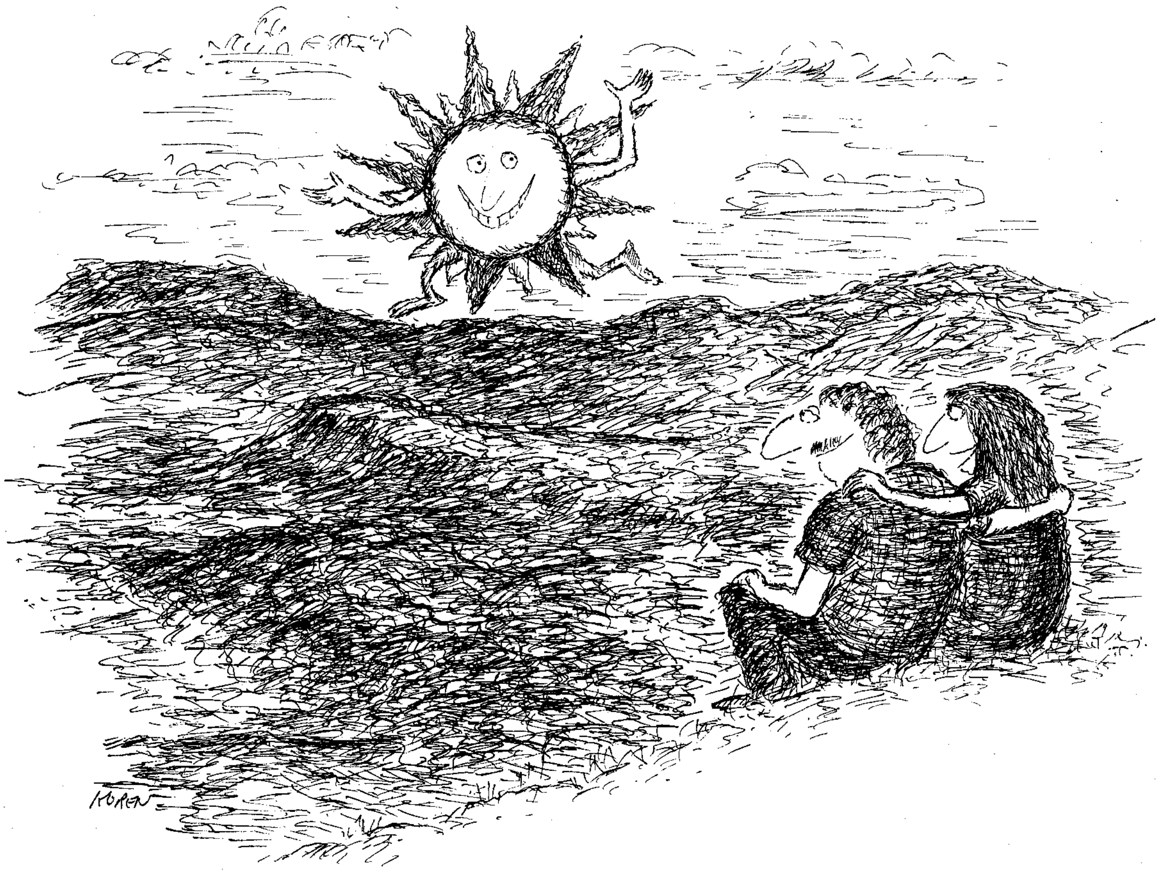
No answer.

"You were very patient, and I'm really very sorry."

Matt stopped, and I almost bumped into his back. He was soaked from his shoulders to the seat of his pants. He turned around and fixed me with his eyes.

This was not the first time that I had tried to tease an apology from Matt by baiting him with one of my own, but it was the first time he had crossed me in my attempt. "Please, Annie," he said, "please stop apologizing."

AS a child I had had nothing to lose in being friends with Matt Fowler, but as I grew into adolescence I began to see that the Fowlers were considered outsiders, and that this might make life difficult for me. I had been a pretty child, but my delicate features started to fade as most of my classmates came into their own. I



"The sunsets here are amazing."

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knew that plain girls could be popular if they tried, but, then, I'd never tried. I could have started by breaking my ties with the Fowlers, but Matt had always been like a member of the family, and he was the only boy my age I felt easy with. So I chose to spend my summers with Matt rather than, say, on the tennis courts at the club.

Why were the Fowlers considered outsiders? An answer would not be complete without an inventory of their ramshackle house and a chronicle of their behavior, but one item is typical and, being mobile, became widely known as the Fowler trademark: their aged Dodge pickup. Its grinding gears and noxious exhaust announced, day and night, that Mr. Fowler was coming or going. Just what he did with his time was never explained to me, but the Dodge got him there and back year after year.

When Matt was fourteen, Mr. Fowler died—quite suddenly, it seemed to me, until I overheard my father say that anyone with a heart like that knows his days are numbered. Mrs. Fowler never learned to drive, and the Dodge was left to sink into the rising weeds in the Fowlers' back yard.

When Matt turned sixteen, he took possession of the Dodge. No one was happy, at first, to have it back in operation, but after he bought a snowplow and kept the local driveways and roads passable whenever the municipal plows forgot to clear them, no one complained.

Matt took the Dodge with him when he went off to college each fall, and he brought it home each summer, and spent his days inside it or under it. By the third summer—the summer of the kayak—the Fowler yard had come to resemble an auto-repair shop: the ground was packed as hard as cement and was littered with tools and chunks of machinery.

By this time, I could see that Matt was not about to change his family's ways. But it was not until the day of the kayak, when he asked me to stop apologizing, that I knew that he knew that our friendship had become, for me, a liability.

LABOR DAY that year—every year—was the last day for a swim at the club; the next day the pool would be drained. I had taken to bringing Matt over to the pool around six o'clock, after the lifeguard and the kids my age had left. That Labor Day, we had the pool to ourselves.

Water was Matt's medium; his solid, fleshy form was perfectly suited to floating and sounding. This last night, I got out of the water before he did, and watched his antics from a chaise. He stayed in longer than usual; by the time he was ready to go, my suit was almost dry, so I just pulled on my jeans and packed my T-shirt along with my towel. As we walked up to the road, the street lamps began to flicker on. The scene seemed exceptionally peaceful, and only a little sad. It could have been dawn, and I imagined that this was how it would be to wake up with Matt in a cottage in the country, and then to wander out to the garden with him, still sleepy and warm.

We were almost home when about a dozen people emerged from a trail that led down to the river. They were dressed in shorts and sandals and bathing suits, and were carrying picnic baskets and towels. A girl about my age called out to Matt by name.

"I don't believe this," Matt whispered. "They're from my high-school class."

The boys circled around Matt, shaking his hand and giving him friendly little punches. Matt cupped his fist and shouted through it, as if it were a bullhorn: "Back, back! Free kisses to babies only! No questions from the press!"

I sat down on a log by the road and watched as the excitement slowly died down. The girl who had called out, a pretty blonde in short shorts, came over and sat beside me. "I don't really know Matt," she said. "I wasn't really one of the gang back then."

"He's certainly popular," I said.

"How long will you be here?"

"Here?" I said, puzzled.

"Before you leave for Boston."

"Oh, no, I don't go to college with Matt." I decided not to say where I did go. "I've lived here all my life. Matt and I grew up together." I paused. "You thought I was his guest?"

"The girl next door?" she asked.

I grinned foolishly.

There was talk (as I knew there would be) of celebrating with a beer. I was still in my bathing suit, and my hair and skin were sticky with chlorine, and I was ready to tell Matt to go along without me. But he declined, and nobody argued. Vague promises were exchanged, and then goodbyes.

We walked along in silence until they were out of earshot as well as out of sight. Matt laughed quietly.

"What's so funny?" I asked.

"Oh, I don't know," he said. "That was strange, to meet that gang like that, here in our territory."

"Well, all I know is that you handled it beautifully," I said.

"Beautifully?" Matt said, and shook his head. "That's going too far."

"How do you do it? I mean, how do you know what to say, and what to ask, and how to say no?"

"I didn't want to drink a beer with them tonight, or tomorrow night, or any night. We have absolutely nothing to talk about."

"You wouldn't have to talk," I said. "They're old friends."

"No," Matt said. "They're friends from the past." He stopped, and I stopped, and he touched my damp, sticky hair. "You're my old friend."

THE next morning, I drove to the dry cleaner's and picked up some winter clothes that I would need to take back to college. It was extremely humid and the traffic was heavy; every housewife was driving her husband to the train station or heading for the shops. It was a relief to get off the main streets and onto the quiet back roads. My favorite stretch was a narrow, shady lane that went straight up and over a steep hill and was bordered by a meadow. I slowed almost to a stop as I reached the top, to look across to the Hudson.

A blue-and-white figure was hiking along the meadow's far border. I honked the horn lightly and called out.

Matt hurried across to the road and came around to the driver's side. Leaning one hand on the hood, to catch his breath, he said that he was heading for the bus stop. I offered him a ride. He protested: he was taking me out of my way. I ordered him to get inside.

The car was a subcompact. Matt slid the seat back on its runners as far as it would go, but even then his knees bumped against the dashboard. His jeans were stained with oil and grease, and his T-shirt was none too white. I asked him what bus he was taking. The Dodge, he explained, was at a garage in Yonkers, getting a tuneup and a new electrical system.

"Sounds serious," I said.

"It's the sort of thing I can't do myself," he said. "She's basically in good shape, but I can't very well drive at night with no headlights." He paused. "I sure hope they didn't find anything else. They said they'd be ready by the time I get there."

"What's the rush?" I asked. "If she's not ready, I'd be glad to chauffeur you around. You don't have to leave for school till the end of the month."

"Well, that's the thing," he said. "I'm planning to leave tonight."

I didn't say anything. I didn't know what to say.

"And I want you to come up, as soon as you can," he added quickly, turning, as much as he could, in his seat. "Tell your parents anything—say you're checking out some hot new graduate program. You can take the train to Boston. I'll pick you up at the station. Or take a bus. You will come, won't you? Please."

"You know I'd love to," I said, and I sped past the bus stop, despite Matt's halfhearted gesture of protest. "But where will you put me? I mean, won't you have roommates?"

"I've got the whole thing planned perfectly," Matt said. "I get a single room this year, because I'm a senior. And no one in his right mind will be there until registration. Best of all, there's a kitchenette down the hall, so we can fix our own food if we like."

"I get it," I said. "No one in his right mind will be around to ask where you picked up the girl with the dog's face, and if any crazy does see me you can pretend I'm your cook."

"Don't talk like that," Matt said.

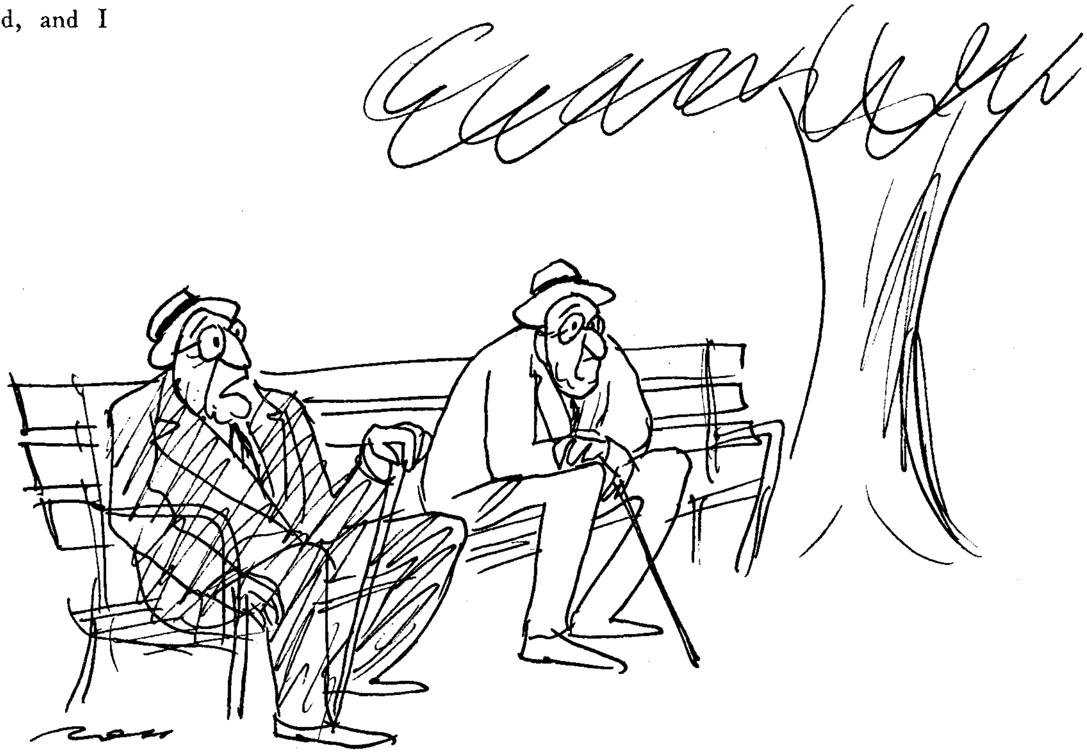
"Just kidding."

"Don't kid like that."

"Is the invitation still on?"

"Still on," Matt said. "Just pray that the Dodge can make it."

I let Matt off at one end of the



"Nobody sings 'Polly wolly doodle all the day' anymore."

ELEGY FOR A DEAD LABRADOR

Here there may be, in the midst of summer,
a few days when suddenly it's fall.
Thrushes sing on a sharper note.
The rocks stand determined out in the water.
They know something. They've always known it.
We know it, too, and we don't like it.
On the way home, in the boat, on just such evenings,
you would stand stock-still in the bow, collected,
scouting the scents coming across the water.
You read the evening, the faint streak of smoke
from a garden, a pancake frying
half a mile away, a badger
standing somewhere in the same twilight
sniffing the same way. Our friendship
was of course a compromise; we lived
together in two different worlds: mine,
mostly letters, a text passing through life;
yours, mostly smells. You had knowledge
I would have given much to have possessed:
the ability to let a feeling—eagerness, hate, or love—
run like a wave through your body
from nose to tip of tail, the inability
ever to accept the moon as fact.
At the full moon you always complained loudly against it.
You were a better Gnostic than I am. And consequently
you lived continually in paradise.
You had a habit of catching butterflies on the leap
and munching them, which some people thought disgusting.
I always liked it. Why
couldn't I learn from you? And doors.
In front of closed doors you lay down and slept,
sure that sooner or later the one would come
who'd open up the door. You were right.
I was wrong. I ask myself, now this
long mute friendship is forever finished,
if possibly there was anything I could do
which impressed you. Your firm conviction
that I called up the thunderstorms
doesn't count. That was a mistake. I think
my certain faith that the ball existed,
even when hidden behind the couch,
somehow gave you an inkling of my world.
In my world most things were hidden
behind something else. I called you "dog."
I really wonder whether you conceived of me
as a larger, noisier "dog,"
or as something else, forever unknown,
something that is what it is, existing in that attribute
it exists in, a whistle
in the nocturnal park one has got used to
returning to without actually knowing
what it is one is returning to. About you,
and who you were, I knew no more.
One might say, from this more objective
standpoint, we were two organisms. Two
of those places where the universe makes a knot
in itself, short-lived, complex structures
of proteins that have to complicate themselves
more and more in order to survive, until everything
breaks and turns simple once again, the knot
dissolved, the riddle gone. You were a question
asked of another question, nothing more,
and neither had the answer to the other.

—Lars Gustafsson

(*Translated, from the Swedish, by Yvonne L. Sandstroem.*)

• •

garage's lot and watched him strut across the asphalt and greet a cluster of mechanics. Together, Matt and the mechanics ambled over to the Dodge, raised the hood, and began to gesture energetically, thrusting hands and heads into the pickup's interior.

Slouched behind my wheel, I thought about the trip to Boston: the train, the other passengers. I'd take a bottle of wine and a round of cheese and some fruit. No, that would mean carrying an extra bag. I'd just take shorts and T-shirts and a big towel. And scented soap and fancy shampoo.

The heat began to make me drowsy, but my eyes were not completely closed when Matt hoisted himself into the Dodge's driver's seat, revved the engine, and drove off down the street. Smart boy, I said to myself; always test the machine before you accept the charges.

As minutes passed—twenty slow ones—I did less and less daydreaming. I squirmed, and craned my neck, and checked my watch. I checked in the rearview mirror one last time, then tilted it so I could examine my face. My bangs had splintered into a dozen sweaty spears, and my upper lip had sprouted a neat mustache of sweat. Matt had gone on home without me—without even stopping to thank me for the lift.

As I readjusted the mirror, one of the mechanics came out of the garage. "Fill 'er up?" he called, grinning.

I started the car and checked the gauge; the needle grazed E. I pulled over to the pumps.

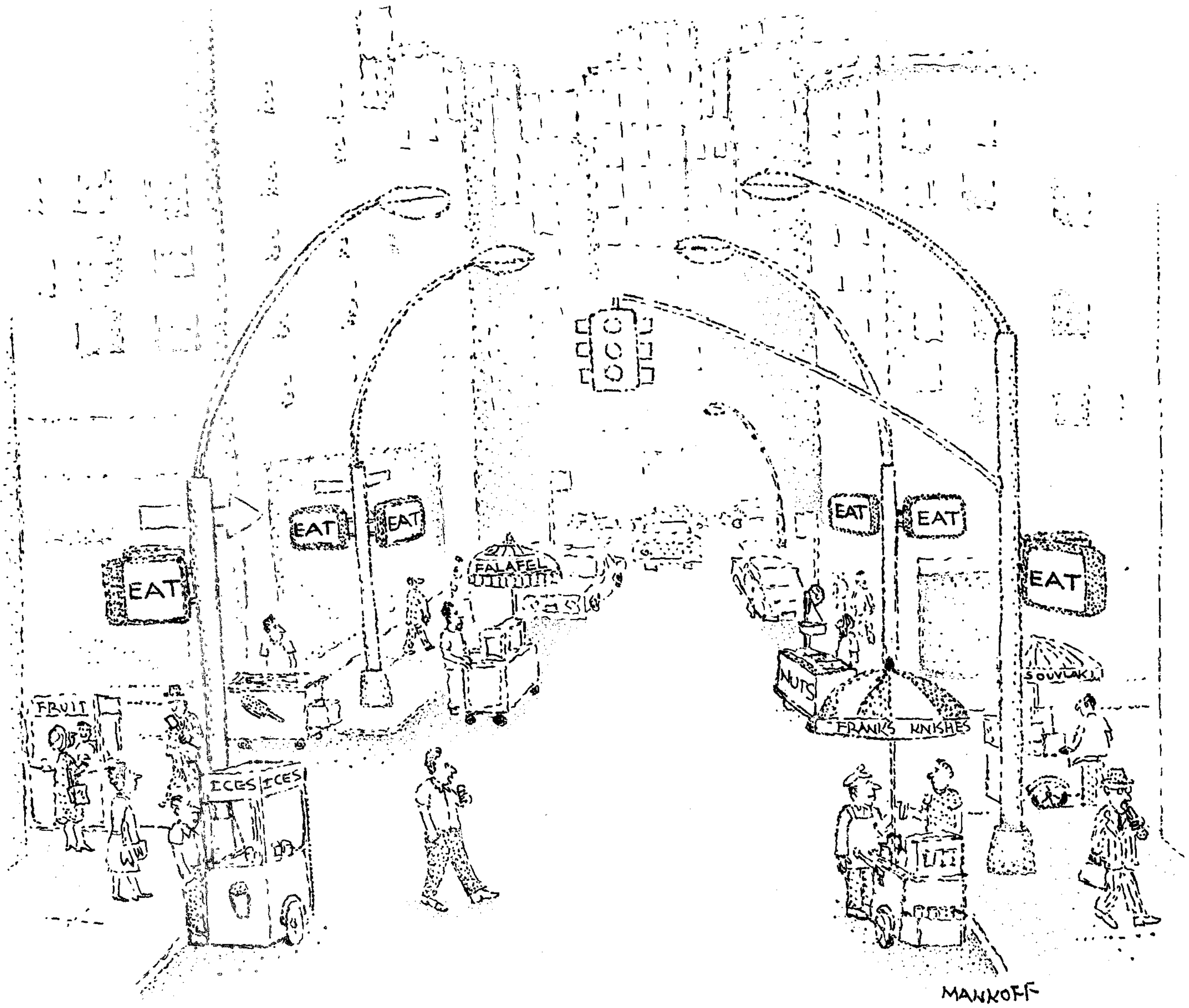
He accepted my expired credit card. "You have an honest face," he said.

Matt dropped by that evening as I was sitting down to dinner with my parents. He said he'd just stopped in to say goodbye. I ushered him into the living room. He flopped down on a sofa, popped the cap off his bottle of beer, and offered me the first swig. I lowered myself into an easy chair in silence. He looked confused.

I described my recent ordeal. "And now, if you don't mind too terribly, I'd like to return to my dinner," I said. "I'd rather not keep my parents waiting."

"Listen," Matt said. "I'm sorry. I really am sorry. I didn't mean to hurt your feelings. I guess I was—"

"Hurt my *feelings!*" I shouted. "Listen to me. We're not talking about feelings! Tender, touchy feelings! We're talking about stewing at



approximately three hundred degrees Fahrenheit for almost thirty minutes on a slab of asphalt in outer Yonkers because you thought it would damage your standing with a bunch of grease monkeys you knew in high school if you let on that you knew who that was in the four-cylinder crate over by the rest rooms. But I'm not interested in what you thought you were doing."

"I wish I could tell you—" he began.

I crossed my arms and looked at the wall above his head.

"You're the only one—" he began again, and looked at me for a long moment. Then he got up and left.

I WORKED like a demon my senior year, and managed to accumulate enough credits to graduate in January, one semester early, thereby saving my parents a sizable tuition fee. Perhaps that made it easier for me to accept their invitation to live at home for a while, until I could save enough money to pay for the city clothes that my new job (in a book publisher's publicity department) required, and for the initial costs of furnishing an apartment.

I was also hoping, in the back of my mind, that Matt might return, if only for a visit, come June. I had not seen him since the Dodge fiasco, and I needed some sort of reconciliation. The more I thought about it, the more absurd my impatience seemed. If he had only dropped by a half hour earlier—if my parents hadn't been sitting down to dinner—I wouldn't have had an excuse to usher him out the door.

But a chance meeting in May with Mrs. Fowler, at the bus stop, confirmed my growing suspicion. Matt had just telephoned home to ask her to send him all of his T-shirts and jeans. He was not coming back home. There would be no reconciliation.

One evening that June, after a week of bribing doormen for information on upcoming vacancies, I took a look at the *Times'* apartment listings. At the bottom of the first column, a two-line notice caught my eye: 1 YR SUBLET—OPTION TO RENEW E 80S $300. There was also a telephone number, and I telephoned. A Miss Peabody answered. The apartment was still available; since she would be legally responsible for the place for the first year, she was being choosy, and everyone who had called so far had struck her as less than ideal. I did my best to sound more than ideal, and the result was that Miss Peabody asked me to come down and take a look. An hour later, I was buzzing her on her intercom.

A YEAR, almost to the day, after I got that apartment, I got a call from my mother, who had got a call from Matt.

"At first, I had no idea who it was," she said. "This beautiful baritone said, 'Hello, this is Matthew,' and I said to myself, 'Who is Matthew?' And then it dawned on me."

"Why was he calling you?"

"His mother died, and the funeral is on Thursday at ten o'clock. I promised him I would let you know right away."

She gave me the address of the chapel, which was, conveniently, next door to my office. We speculated on the possible causes of Mrs. Fowler's demise, and then agreed that there was really little room for speculation: heart trouble afflicted both sides of the family.

"Matt does have a deep voice," I added—a non sequitur, but I wanted to find out what she thought of him.

"He certainly does," my mother said. "I only wish he had the looks to match it. You should see him. I gave him a lift to the bus stop just a few minutes ago."

"Well, he never was much of a dresser—"

"No, no, that's not what I mean. It's the weight! He used to be beefy in a handsome way, like a young cop. But now he's just enormous. He's also cut his hair and gotten wire-rimmed glasses. I think they make his face look even rounder than it is."

Bearing these details in mind on Thursday, I nevertheless failed, at first, to spot him. It was only after the big man with Mrs. Fowler's brother lumbered down the aisle and seated himself in the front pew that I knew it had to be Matt.

After the service, I inched along a line of Fowlers, mumbling condolences and squeezing hands. Matt was at the end.

"Hey, how are you?" he said, and the women within earshot gave us the once-over. Someone nudged me in the back. I pretended that I was too sad to stand and talk, and let myself be shunted aside. "I'll call you," Matt said, over the heads of two old ladies, each one reaching for one of his lapels. "Would that be all right?"

"All right," I said.

Matt did call me, at the office, the next morning, and asked if he could meet me for dinner, but I made up some excuse. It would have meant an awkward scene when it came time to say good night. I could not picture him in my tiny, tidy apartment. I suggested that we meet for lunch. "Dress casually," I said, and then wondered if he had anything besides dirty jeans and a dark suit.

He had clean jeans and a clean T-shirt, which were perfectly acceptable at the restaurant I had selected. I met him at Grand Central (he took the train in), and we walked the few blocks to the restaurant.

"You don't happen to have Japanese beer?" I asked the waitress, as she seated us.

She shook her head. "Didn't know they made it."

We waited for our German beer to come, and then Matt asked me to tell him about everything: my job, my apartment, my life.

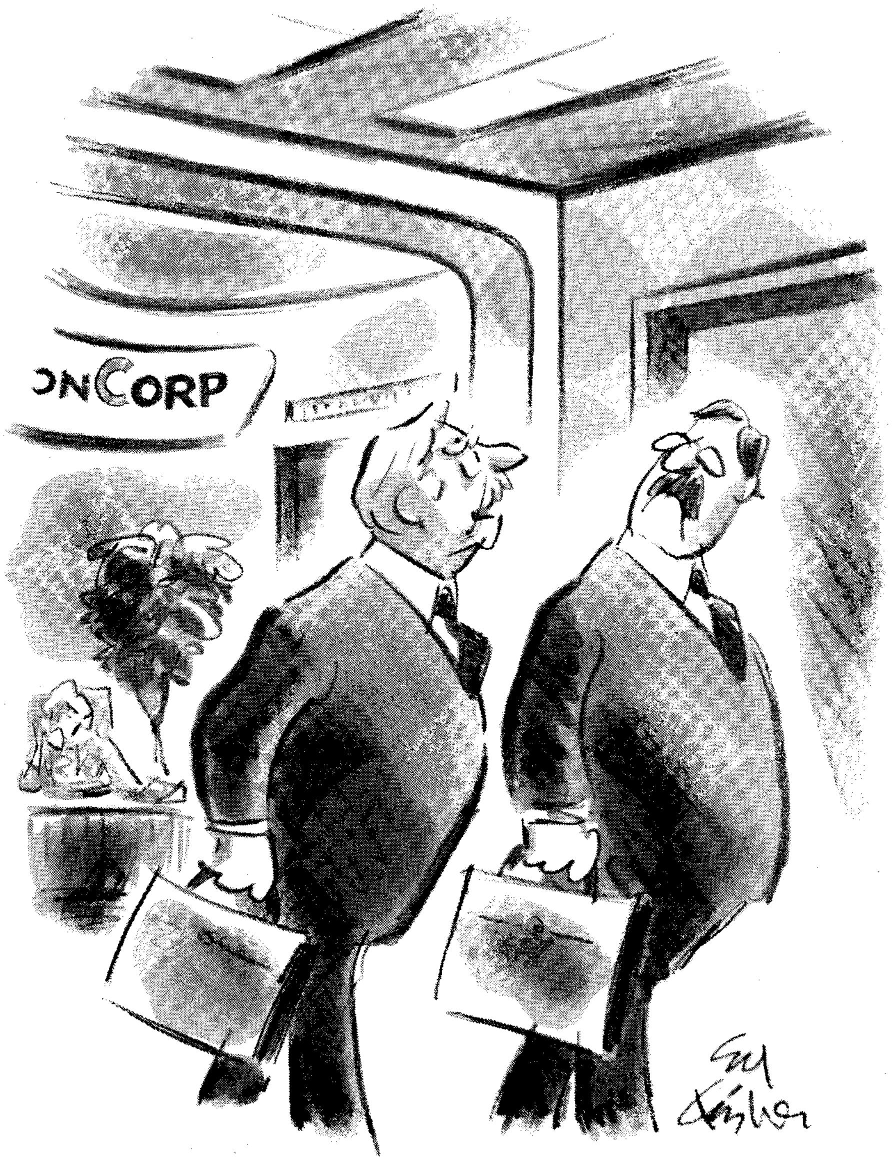
I tried to keep it brief and upbeat. "I don't know how long my luck will last," I began. "First I got a good job, then I found a decent apartment, and then I got a promotion."

"Have you made any friends at the office?"

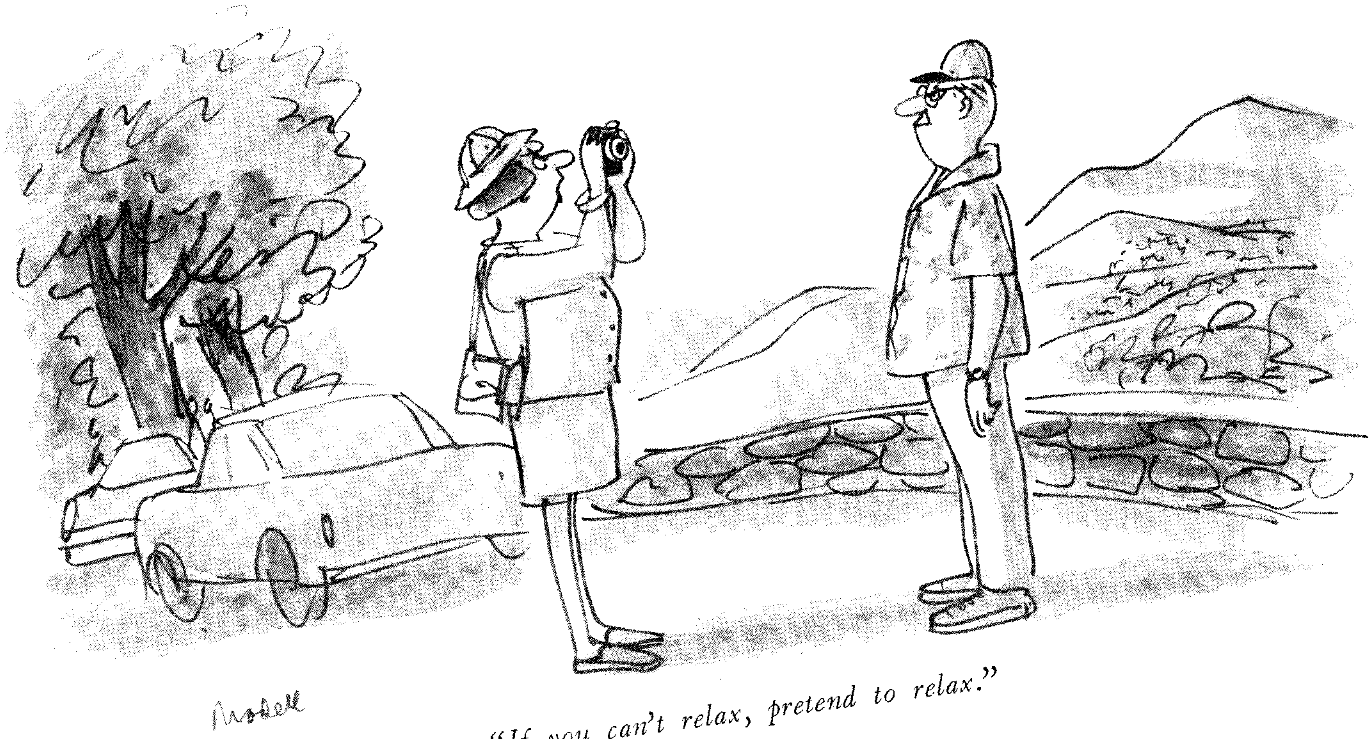
"Of course I've made friends at the office. In fact, I've got more friends now than I had at college."

"I mean friends you see after work, on weekends."

"Yes, of course," I said. "We go to movies, eat dinner out, meet for a



"We keep taking all these 'giant steps.' How come we haven't been getting anywhere?"



"If you can't relax, pretend to relax."

drink sometimes." The two or three friends I was describing were women, and the occasions numbered no more than five or six. I knew what he was getting at—was I dating anyone?—and he knew from my answer that the answer was no.

"That's a damned shame," he said.

Just then, our orders came, and I waited until the waitress had gone before I responded. "I'm very happy with my life. What do you have to boast of?"

"Not much, really," he said quietly, and I resolved not to lose my temper again. "I've got a job as a sort of night watchman at a marina on the Cape. I knew this girl at college, and she told her father I needed a job, and he hired me. He's the marina's manager."

"And the girl?"

"We sort of share this trailer at the marina."

"Sort of, uh-huh." I was sorry to hear how I sounded, and to change the subject I said, "Speaking of night watchmen, the first night I stayed in my apartment, before I'd really moved in anything, I thought I could hear someone talking next door."

Matt picked up his bottle to refill his glass. I took a sip from my own, which was still half full, put it back on its paper coaster, and looked up. Matt was holding his bottle in midair and waiting for me to continue.

"Then I heard stumbling," I said, "and muttering. And a hinge began to creak. I sat up and saw that my door was ajar. I ran and slammed it shut. There was this groan, and I realized that I was crushing someone's wrist. So I let off some pressure and the wrist pulled out."

"Could you shut it then?"

"I got it shut, and I threw the bolt, and I realized that one of those flimsy little chains kept the door from swinging all the way open. But then there was this scrabbling sound, and the bolt flipped back. He had a key to my apartment! He pushed the door open again and it hit me in the chin, but the chain held. His breath nearly knocked me out. That just made me furious. 'Listen to me, you drunken bastard,' I yelled. 'You try to get in here once more and I'll kill you!' "

"And?"

"And he went away. Then I called the desk, and they sent up two security men."

"Did you tell them what you had said?"

"No, I didn't want to shock them. But they told me that he was a regular visitor, that he used to rent the apartment next door, that he was a good friend of Miss Peabody, the woman I was subletting from—'a good friend,' that's how they put it—and that Miss Peabody had undoubtedly given him a duplicate key. I told them that that was very interesting but that I hoped to live to tell the tale. Then one of them said, 'Well, we'll keep a lookout, but I don't think he'll be back. No offense, Miss, but I don't think he'd been hoping to tango with you.' 'No offense taken,' I said. After they left, I caught sight of myself in a full-length mirror on the closet door. My hair was standing straight up, and I had wrapped my sleeping bag around me, like a barrel."

"You're much too hard on yourself," Matt said.

"Just painfully honest." I signalled the waitress for the check. "And now I'm fishing for compliments, so let's go before I do anything worse."

We split the bill, and Matt walked me back to my office. We made the usual promises to meet again, but I doubted whether we would.

AS it turned out, we did. This summer, my parents took a trip to Europe, and I leaped at the chance to house-sit during their absence: to wander again among twelve rooms, to eat supper on the terrace and watch the sun set over the Hudson, to wake up to the quarrels of sparrows and the rattle of an aging milk truck.

After I got home from work one evening, I took a shower, put on a terry-cloth robe and rubber sandals, and went out to the garden to pick some strawberries and prune the roses. The garden is separated from the road by a tall, thick privet hedge. A small car roared past, then braked, returned to a position parallel to me, and moved forward again, this time in first gear, until it came to the break in the hedge where a flagstone path to the house begins. I crouched down behind a rosebush and hoped to God that the car would go away. But a door slammed, and I looked up and saw Matt crossing the lawn. (All I could see was a blue-and-white blur; but who else would it be, with that fat man's rolling gait?)

"Please excuse my *déshabillé*," I said, standing up behind the bush.

"You look as chic as ever," Matt said, and laughed. "No offense, Miss."

"No offense taken," I answered.

My robe was skimpy, and had a way of unwrapping. I yanked the belt, tugged the lapels together, hugged my elbows, and twisted one leg around the other. I said, "If only you'd come fifteen minutes earlier, when I'd just got home . . ."

Meanwhile, Matt was talking. "Remember that job I told you about, at the marina?" he said. "Well, I've managed to get apprenticed to the head mechanic in the main repair shop. He's not a bad guy—no problem when I asked to take a couple of days off to straighten out some legal stuff with my mother's lawyers. Nothing so pitiful as an orphan." He laughed and pushed his glasses back up the bridge of his nose. "What luck that I spotted you here! I was going to drop by your apartment late tomorrow, after the meeting with the—"

I didn't give him a chance to finish. "Lucky you didn't," I said. "A friend—a good friend—is staying in my apartment while I'm up here." I marvelled at the speed with which this lie tripped off my tongue.

"Friend?"

"He's one of the crowd I hang out with. He's signed a lease on an apartment on the upper West Side, but he can't move in until the first of the month."

"It's very generous of you," Matt said.

"You mean 'It's very unlike you,'" I said, and smiled. "I would never have made the offer if we didn't have so much in common. He's almost more meticulous than I am. Anyway, it's great for my self-esteem. Everybody says it's very generous of me."

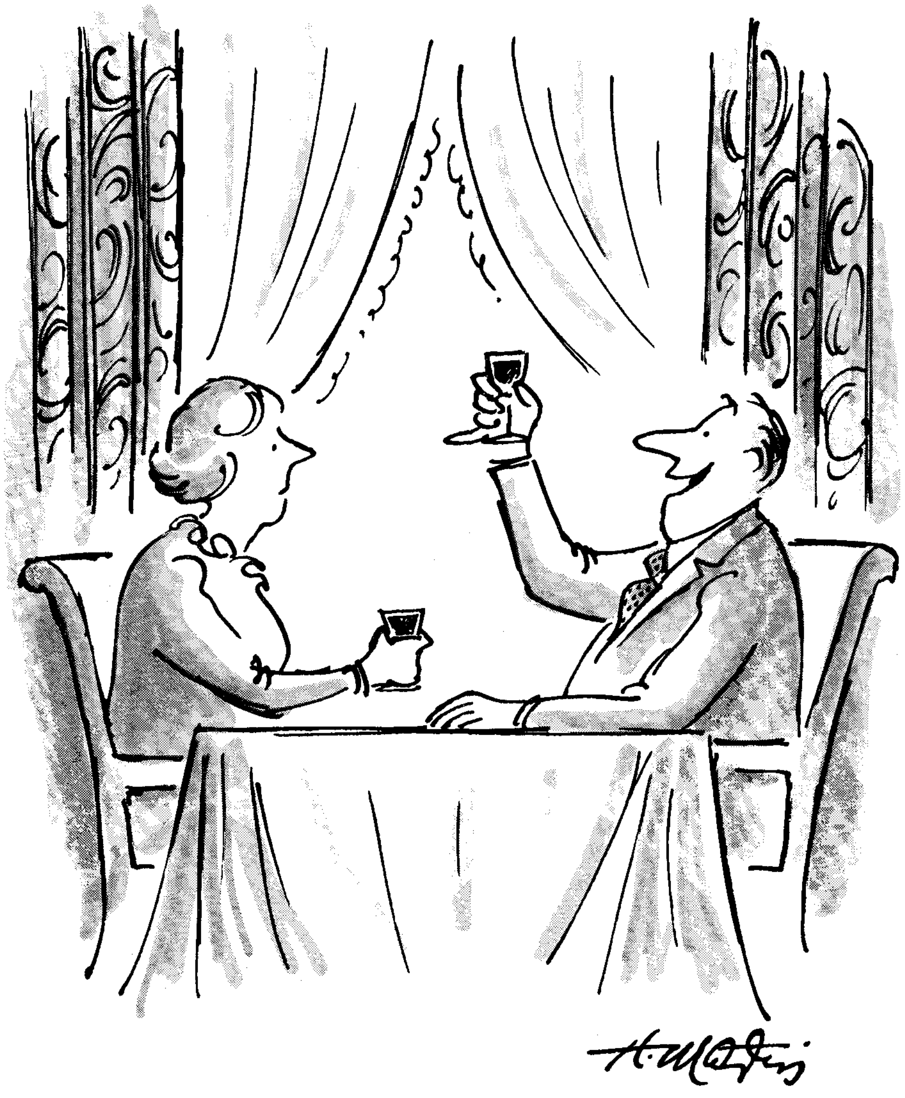
We fell silent. Matt kicked at a chunk of crabgrass, and I kneeled—despite the risk of exposing more of my flesh—to pretend to prune something. It was not like Matt to let me off this way. And it was not like Matt to play the fool. I waited for his challenge. Would it come with a laugh? I wondered how I would handle it. In the silence, I heard no engine running. "I think your car has stalled," I said.

"Oh, that's not my car," Matt said, cocking his ear in its direction. "Funny. I guess she didn't want to waste the gas."

"Matt."

"Hm?"

"Go," I said. "Before I start to apologize." —Julia Smith



"A toast to Everyman and the human condition and Lauren Bacall!"

•

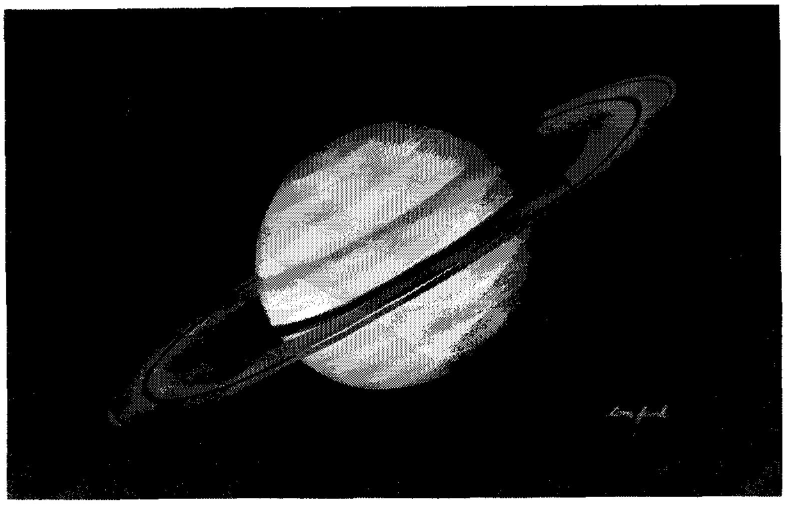
The very week in mid-February that CompuTicket became operational, Neale Honey, the company's executive vice president, found proof that the computer ticket system could change the way Kansas Citians went to the movies.

"That first week a multiplex theater had to cancel one of its shows because of a projector breakdown," Honey recalled. "A woman had bought CompuTickets for that particular show and, obviously, she was upset and got in touch with us. But here's the interesting part: This happened on the weekend, and she had bought the tickets on Wednesday, had gotten a baby sitter and made sure her husband's schedule was open. She did all that three days ahead of time just so she could go to a movie. And that's precisely the value of this service—it allows the moviegoer to plan ahead."—*Kansas City Star.*

Sort of.

A REPORTER AT LARGE

IMAGING SATURN



SATURN, some nine hundred million miles from the sun, has long been considered the most beautiful and mysterious of the planets—possibly ever since 1610, when Galileo Galilei trained a thirty-two-power telescope upon it and noticed what he later called "handles," and certainly since 1656, when the Dutch astronomer Christiaan Huygens, using a hundred-power telescope, identified those handles as a separate, encircling ring. (Huygens also discovered Titan, the largest of Saturn's moons.) Over the centuries, Saturn and its rings and moons have been wondrous to behold. "There is no other planet in the solar system whose firmament will present such a variety of splendid and magnificent objects," the American astronomer Duncan Bradford wrote in a book published in Boston in 1837. Bradford, like Galileo and Huygens, had no idea what the rings were composed of or how they had formed—or, perhaps more important, what held them in place. Probably no other celestial object within view demonstrates so dramatically the fact that in space the basic laws governing motion and the relationships between bodies are radically different from what we are used to on earth.

In November, 1980, when the spacecraft Voyager 1 was scheduled to rendezvous with Saturn—Voyager 1 was the first half of a two-part mission, with a duplicate spacecraft, Voyager 2, due to encounter Saturn on August 25th—I went out to Pasadena, California, and spent some time with scientists at the Jet Propulsion Laboratory, which was running the mission for the National Aeronautics and Space Administration, as they analyzed the data arriving from the planet. Because Voyager carried a number of scientific instruments and experiments, the scientists had been divided into separate teams, such as the infrared-radiation team; the ultraviolet-spectroscopy team; the radio-science team; the planetary-radio-astronomy team; the plasma-waves team; and the imaging-science team. There were eleven teams in all. I was particularly interested in the data that was being studied by the imaging team. Imaging is a process whereby impulses from television cameras aboard a spacecraft are encoded by computer into a series of numbers and transmitted back to earth, where they are decoded by another computer and reconstituted into pictures. The scientists had fewer preconceptions about Saturn than they had had about any of the new worlds visited by spacecraft so far, and therefore this would be planetary discovery at its purest. Mars and our moon had generated hundreds of years of speculation, but with Saturn the scientists were coming in almost cold. Although another spacecraft, Pioneer 11, had flown by Saturn in 1979, its cameras had been vastly inferior; they had made out a few details of the ring system but revealed almost nothing about the moons. One imaging-team member said to me, "Imagine the kick of visiting a whole new planetary system for what amounts to the first time." I was eager to see that system unfold before the scientists' eyes.

ON the morning of Sunday, November 9th, when I arrived at the Jet Propulsion Laboratory, or J.P.L., the space-center grounds—which cascade level by level down the foothills of the San Gabriel Mountains in a picturesque fall of buildings, some low and sprawling, others narrow mini-skyscrapers, the whole punctuated by pines and ponds—seemed deserted. According to a big bulletin board standing in the middle of the central mall, at 8 A.M. (P.S.T.) that day the spacecraft was 947,752,700 miles from the earth and 2,976,707 miles from Saturn, and was closing with Saturn at 34,978 miles per hour, a speed that would increase rapidly under Saturn's gravitational pull; a radio message from the spacecraft at that distance would take an hour and twenty-four minutes and fifty seconds to reach Mission Control, at J.P.L.; the Days to Go were three.

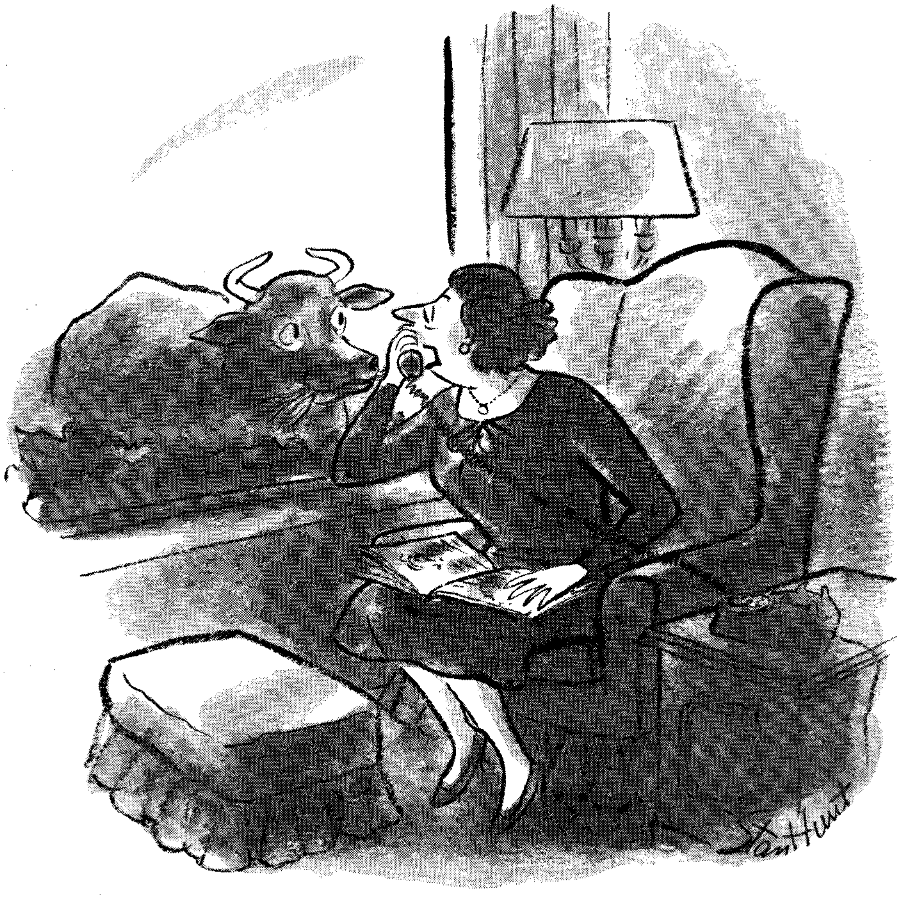
Saturn offered more objects to look at than Jupiter, which Voyager 1 had flown by in March, 1979, and, because the Saturn system was more compact, there would be only a third as much time to look. Before my visit, I had had a glimpse of what was coming—a movie put together by a computer from still pictures taken the previous month, when the spacecraft was still some thirty million miles away, in what was known as the observatory stage of the mission. In the movie, the Saturnian system—the planet with its rings and most of its moons spread out on the plane of its equator—could be seen at a glance. Although Saturn was rotating, its surface was so bland and unmottled that it was hard to fix on any features and so get a sense of its motion. The rotation of one of the major rings was obvious, however, because it bore dark, fingerlike radial smudges—not seen by Pioneer 11—which the surprised scientists referred to as "spokes," and whose movement around the planet was unmistakable. Several bright specks—the larger moons—could be seen flitting around Saturn like fireflies, the inner ones darting very fast. It was a miniature solar system come alive. (Indeed, it is as a sort of miniature solar system that many scientists regard not only Saturn's system but Jupiter's as well.) In addition to the nine moons known before the Pioneer and Voyager missions—they are, from the outside in, Phoebe, Iapetus, Hyperion, Titan, Rhea, Dione, Tethys, Enceladus, and Mimas—five very small moons, as yet nameless, had been discovered recently (three of them by Voyager), orbiting much closer to the planet. A sixth, sharing the orbit of Dione and temporarily named Dione B, had been identified by ground-based observation a few months before the Voyager discoveries. Saturn's moons are composed largely of water ice and, with the exception of Titan, are much smaller than our moon; a few, including Phoebe and the newly discovered ones, are roughly a twentieth its size.

Imaging the moons had already begun by the time I arrived at J.P.L. (only tiny Phoebe would not be imaged), but the closest encounters with them would occur within the next few days. On Tuesday night, Voyager would come within twenty-five hundred miles of the haze-shrouded surface of Titan, the only moon in the solar system to possess an atmosphere. Because of its dense clouds, its precise radius was not known, but Titan was thought to be the biggest moon in the solar system—certainly on the same order as the biggest Jovian satellite, Ganymede, and larger than the planet Mercury. Less than two hours later, Voyager would pass beneath Saturn's ring plane. The following day, it would image some of the newly discovered moons; that afternoon, after its closest approach to Tethys, it would swing beneath Saturn and, at 3:45 P.M. (P.S.T.), make its closest approach to the planet, coming within 77,200 miles of its cloud decks. A few hours later, the closest approaches to Mimas, Enceladus, and Dione would occur, and then, at 9:45 P.M., the spacecraft would recross the equatorial plane. After encountering Rhea, Hyperion, and Iapetus, it would proceed up and out of the solar system. The decision to more or less jettison Voyager 1 after it left Saturn had stemmed from the scientists' extreme interest in having it pass close to Titan: because the Saturn system is tilted toward the ecliptic—the plane formed by the paths of all the planets except Pluto as they orbit the sun—and because at the time of the encounter Titan would be at the low side of the tilt, a route passing close to it *and* around Saturn would necessarily hurl the spacecraft out of the solar system. The specific justification for this sacrifice was the opportunity it provided to examine Titan's thick brownish-yellow atmosphere, which was known to contain methane, an organic compound, and which therefore might yield information about the development of organic chemistry on earth. Voyager 2, unlike Voyager 1, was scheduled to remain within the plane of the ecliptic, and so could go on to Uranus, and possibly Neptune, before it, too, left the solar system.

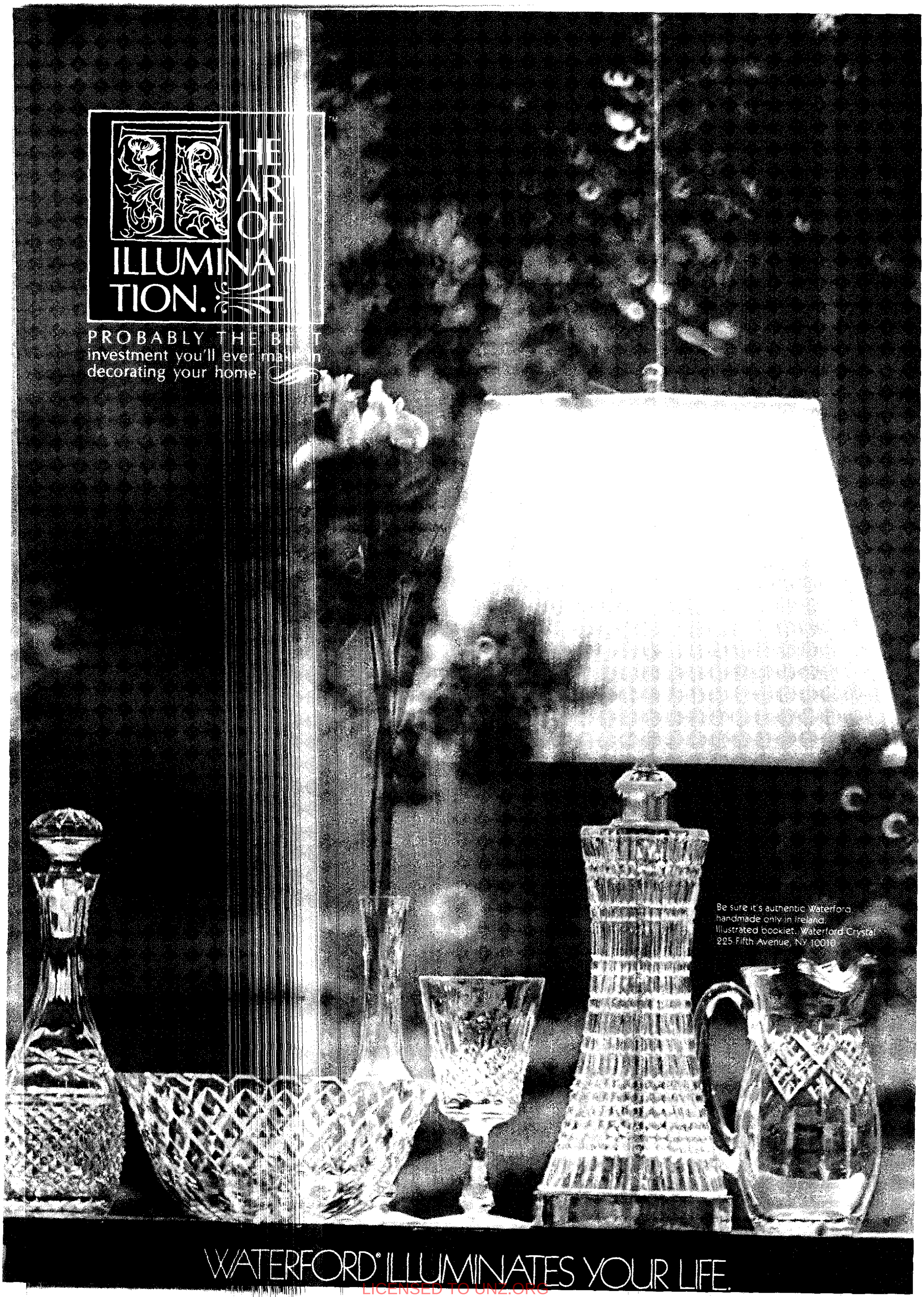
The imaging team's offices were in a bronze-and-glass building farther along the mall. In a corner office on the third floor, I found the imaging team's leader, Bradford A. Smith. An astronomer with the Department of Planetary Sciences at the University of Arizona, in Tucson, Smith is a big man in his late forties, with broad shoulders, a smooth, round face, a firm jaw, and a full mustache. He was studying a number of black-and-white pictures on his desk and deciding which ones would be printed up in color for release to journalists. The press, he said, was particularly interested in the encounter not only because Saturn was the loveliest of all the planets but because Voyager would be the last planetary mission for some time. The next planned mission—Galileo, to be launched to Jupiter from the space shuttle in 1985—was not as definite as NASA would like, because of delays in the shuttle program; the status of a Venus orbital mission was uncertain; and a proposal to rendezvous with Halley's Comet in 1986 had not been approved by Congress. Also, it was by no means certain that Voyager 2's instruments, designed to last through Saturn, would continue to work during the proposed Uranus encounter. For seventeen years, beginning in 1964, when the Ranger 7 spacecraft impacted on the moon, NASA had been getting new information from some moon or planet at least once a year; that sequence was about to end. Hence there was a sort of fin-de-siècle feeling about Voyager.

To turn our thoughts to something happier, I asked Smith when he had first seen Saturn.

"When I was in junior high school, back in Winchester, Massachusetts," he said. "One evening, I rode my bike over to the Harvard College Observatory. By the standards of the observatory of the University of Arizona, where I work now, the seeing was not so great. But there is something about



"Mr. Highland? This is Mrs. Braithwaite. Your fence has sprung a leak again."



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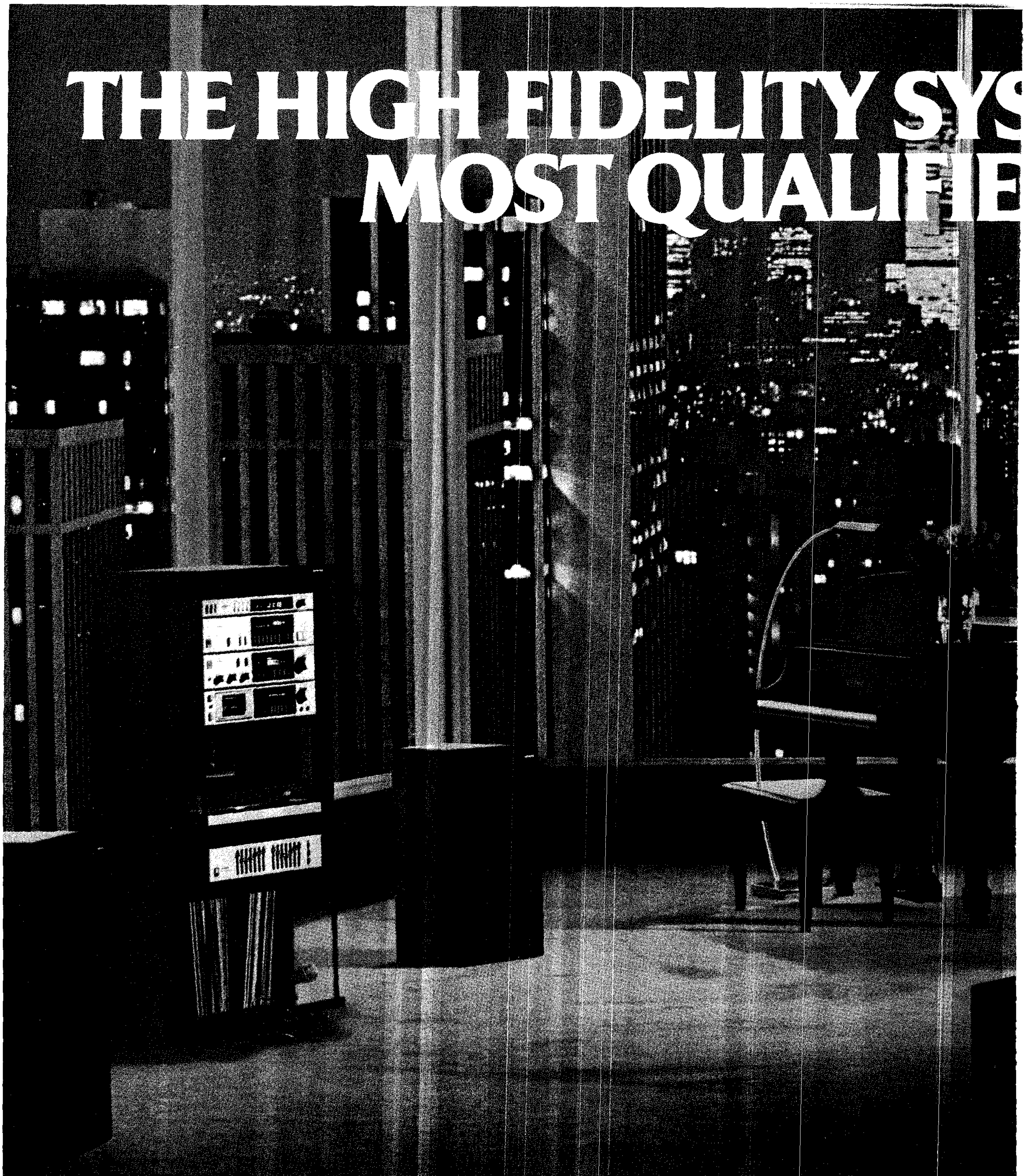

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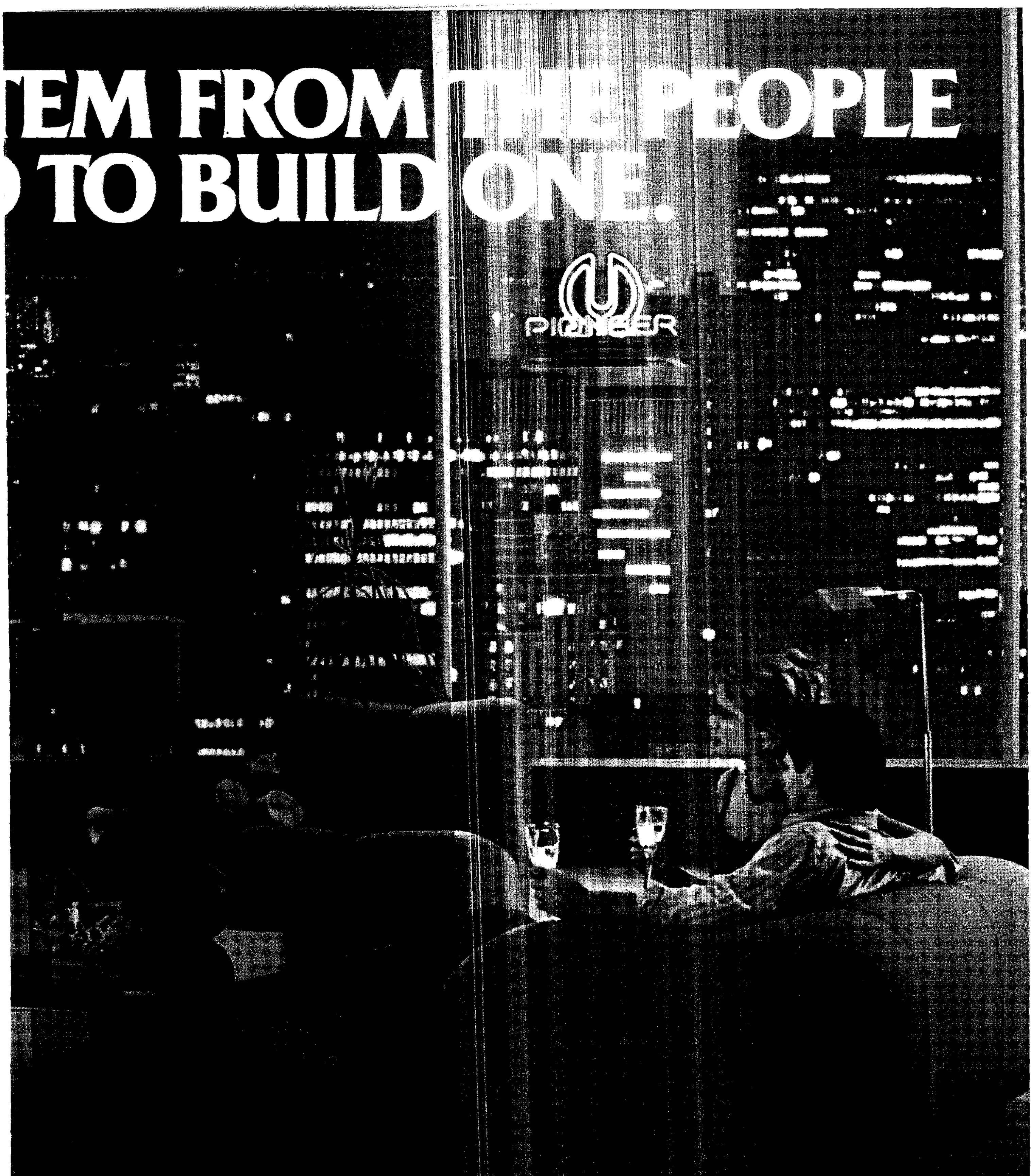

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Saturn—even if the seeing is bad—that makes it hard to believe that it's real, that there really is a celestial object that looks like that. No television picture or movie or photograph can capture Saturn. You have to see it through a telescope. You never forget it—it becomes a sort of focal point in the sky."

The imaging team, Smith said, consisted of twenty-six people, including astronomers, geologists, meteorologists, and physicists. They were grouped, somewhat informally, by interest: ring people, planet people, and satellite people, with a smattering of people concentrating on Titan. There was some overlap: the planet people, for instance, tended to be interested in Titan, because Titan, like Saturn itself, involved a good deal of atmospheric physics; and practically everyone was interested in the rings. During the encounter period, Smith said, discoveries made by any member of the imaging team would probably not be claimed individually but would be credited to the entire team. With so many people looking at the pictures more or less at the same time, he said, it was hard to see how matters could be handled differently, and he expected there would be complete freedom in the way of give and take. The excitement was just about to start; Voyager's cameras were now close enough to begin making out details of the ring system and features on some of the moons. Smith did not want to hazard any guesses about what the moons might be like. "We were burned so badly on the Jupiter satellites, which turned out to be nothing like what we had expected, that we don't want to stick our necks out again," he said. "Practically everything we'll be seeing from now on in will be new."

"You must get Nadine to tell you about the time she was pronounced legally dead."

• •

OUTSIDE Smith's office, a dozen imaging-team members stood gazing up at a television monitor in the main room of the imaging-team's quarters—a gray, square central hall lined with offices. The monitor showed pictures, or "raws," as they were arriving from the spacecraft. The raws were washed-out and murky—they would be enhanced for contrast and detail later—but they were nevertheless dramatic. Saturn was close enough to the spacecraft now to more than fill the screen: a quarter of the planet loomed to the left, in a vast arc; cutting across it, coming apparently from nowhere, was the vast sweep of a section of the rings, curving like some California freeway that was held up by nothing at all. Inside the curves, one could see parallel lines; these were narrow gaps separating the various rings. They resembled tire marks. The whole thing might have been some sensational ride at a fair.

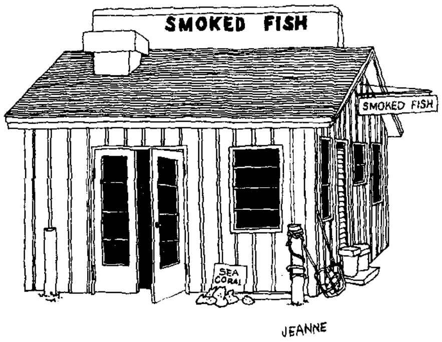
An L-shaped corridor led to a half-dozen more offices, each with desk space for two or three scientists. Most of the office doors were shut, but the doors to two other rooms were open, and the low sounds of intense conversation were coming from within. These rooms were dark and windowless. Each of them contained what is called an interactive—a computer terminal with a television screen on which, simply by pressing buttons on a keyboard, one can call up images and enhance them or enlarge any section of them. Because the raws were of little use to the scientists, they generally preferred to look at the pictures on the interactives. For this, they had to wait until sixty pictures could be gathered together and stored in a computer disc pack. (Though the interactives provided the best early look at the pictures, far better pictures would be available after the images had been through J.P.L.'s Image Processing Laboratory—something that would take time.)

In the first interactive room, I found Harold Masursky, of the United States Geological Survey's Branch of Astrogeologic Studies, in Flagstaff, Arizona—a man in his mid-fifties with graying hair that, starting from a high forehead, swept back in a striking manner almost to his collar. He was wearing a rumpled white shirt and no tie. While several other team members watched, he punched the computer keyboard to enhance a picture on the screen. The picture, taken early that morning, showed a smooth white disc with what appeared to be a dim spot on it. The disc was the moon Rhea, some nine hundred miles in diameter, seen from three million miles away—thirteen times the distance of our moon from the earth, and too far for anyone to make out much of anything. Masursky was trying to enhance the picture in order to bring out the dim spot. With all the instructions punched in, he pressed a final button, and the enlarged, enhanced picture popped onto the screen. The dim spot had become a bright spot with rays extending from it. "There!" Masursky said. "That's the first identifiable feature seen on any Saturn moon. It's not apt to be a volcano; it's far more likely to be an impact crater. It looks like a rosette.'' He pulled a lever in order to make a print—a "hard copy," he called it—of the picture. Then he pressed more buttons and began flipping through other pictures in the disc pack.

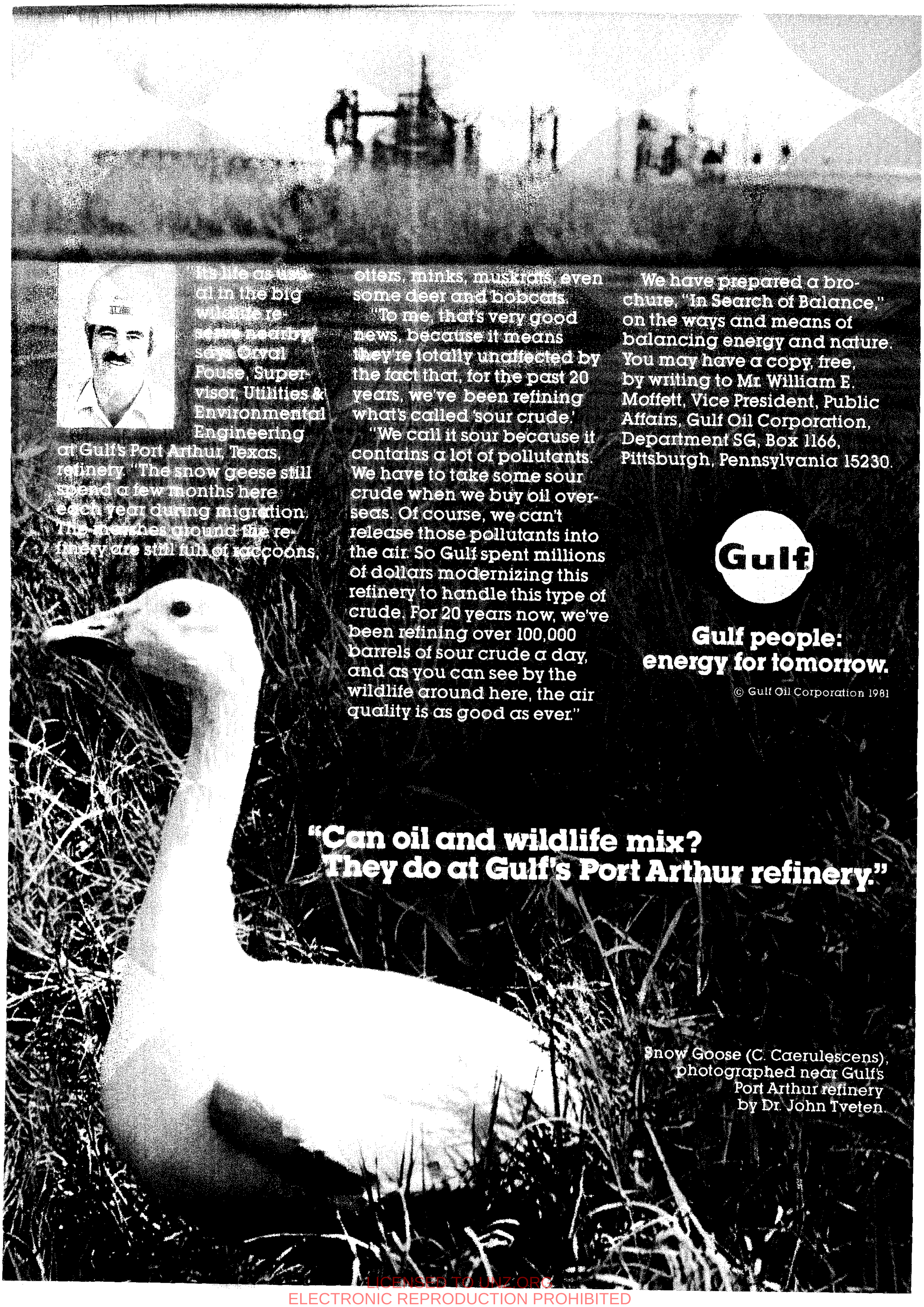
I WALKED over to the Von Karman Auditorium—a long, low, glass-fronted building adjacent to J.P.L.'s front gate—where six scientists and engineers were to hold the daily press conference. A replica of Voyager, identical in nearly all respects to the real thing, stood to the left of the stage. It weighed about eighteen hundred pounds and consisted of a white, dish-shaped radio antenna twelve feet in diameter atop a ten-sided structure about eighteen inches high and five and a half feet across. The ten-sided structure contained much of the electronic equipment for operating the craft, including its computers and fuel for its sixteen thrusters. The thrusters, for maneuvering, and two star trackers, for navigation, were mounted around the outside. Suspended from one side of the spacecraft on five-foot-long steel-and-titanium struts was its electrical-power source—three radioisotopic thermoelectric generators, which were angled away from the spacecraft proper and its sensitive scientific instruments. The scientific instruments were mounted on two booms. On one boom, forty-three feet long and made of epoxy glass, were magnetometers, for studying planetary and interplanetary magnetic fields. The other boom, seven and a half feet long and made of graphite epoxy, held a cosmic-ray detector; plasma detectors, for studying, among other things, the solar wind; an instrument for studying low-energy charged particles; and, at the end, a small tray, called the steerable platform, which could turn this way and that. On it were three instruments for analyzing planetary atmosphere, temperature, and surface composition: an ultraviolet spectrometer, an infrared interferometer-spectrometer and radiometer, and a photopolarimeter, which, unfortunately, had broken down during the Jupiter encounter. Also mounted on the steerable platform were two black-and-white television cameras—one for wide-angle views and one for narrow ones. Color images could also be made, for the cameras could take successive black-and-white pictures through filters of various colors, which would be combined at J.P.L. to produce color pictures. (The instruments on the steerable platform had to look at the same thing at the same time, and this had caused a few disputes between the teams of scientists that ran them—particularly between the imaging team, whose interests included the rings and the moons as well as the planet, and the infrared team, which needed to spend long periods making thermal mosaics of Saturn.) Two thirty-three-foot antennas trailed off the spacecraft. They were shared by the planetary-radio-astronomy team, which was studying radio signals emitted by Jupiter and Saturn, and the plasma-waves team.

Except for the big white radio dish at the top, the spacecraft was mostly sheathed in black. Generally, spacecraft insulation is white, silver, or gold, to reflect the heat of the sun, but Voyager was travelling through regions so remote from the sun that the situation was reversed: black was needed to retain warmth. At Saturn's distance from the sun, shadowed surfaces could drop to a temperature of −321° Fahrenheit. The radio dish was white because it would be pointing toward the earth, and hence in the general direction of the sun; the rest of the craft, except for the instruments on the booms, would usually be in the dish's shadow. The black sheathing was a multilayered insulation blanket, providing not only thermal control but also protection from micrometeoroids. It was stitched in a loose-fitting way over the spacecraft's odd bumps and angles, and covered the instruments, too—there were holes for lenses, sensors, antennas, thrusters, and star trackers to peep through. It looked like a horse's caparison.

As the press briefing got under way, Smith showed some slides taken the day before. In one of them, Saturn was seen tilted at an angle, its rings tipped, as if the planet were a child's top at the conclusion of its spin, about to fall over. Because Saturn's equator tilts nearly twenty-seven degrees with respect to its orbital plane, its seasons are very pronounced. They are also very long, since it takes Saturn almost thirty years to go around the sun. Currently, it was early spring in the northern hemisphere, and it would remain spring there for almost seven years. In the picture, Saturn looked noticeably flatter at the poles than at the equator, and it is: its equatorial diameter is 74,600 miles, its polar diameter only 66,860 miles. This squatness is the result of its rapid rate of spin—once every ten hours thirty-nine minutes and twenty-six seconds—combined with its low mean density. Saturn is not a solid planet but a huge ball of gases, principally hydrogen and helium, surrounding a solid core twice the size of the earth. Its mean density—seven-tenths that of water—is less than any other planet's; although its volume is eight hundred and fifteen times the earth's, its mass is only ninety-five times the earth's.



Much, of course, was learned about the rings in the three centuries following their identification by Huygens, who thought they were a single, solid disc. In 1675, the Franco-Italian astronomer Jean Dominique Cassini found the supposed single ring to be two rings, separated by a gap; this gap is still known as the Cassini division. In 1785, the French astronomer and mathematician Pierre Simon de Laplace declared that there weren't just two rings but a great many, which he characterized as concentric and revolving around the planet. In 1856, the Scottish physicist James Clerk Maxwell deduced that the rings could not be solid but had to be made up of "an indefinite number of unconnected particles"—a deduction that was confirmed in 1895, when it was found that the inner parts of the rings orbited more rapidly than the outer parts. The A, B, and C rings—the ones most clearly visible from the earth—had dominated the Voyager pictures during the approach. When I saw them on the TV monitor in the imaging team's quarters, they looked like a brilliant, whirling sheet. Long before Voyager, earth-based spectroscopy had found that the surfaces of the ring particles consist of water ice, and that accounts in part for their dazzle. (There is no danger of the rings' or the moons' melting, for the sun's energy in the vicinity of Saturn is one per cent of what it is at the earth.) The rings are extremely thin—they are thought to be only a couple of miles thick—and their thinness enhances their appearance of icy delicacy. When they are seen edge-on from earth—something



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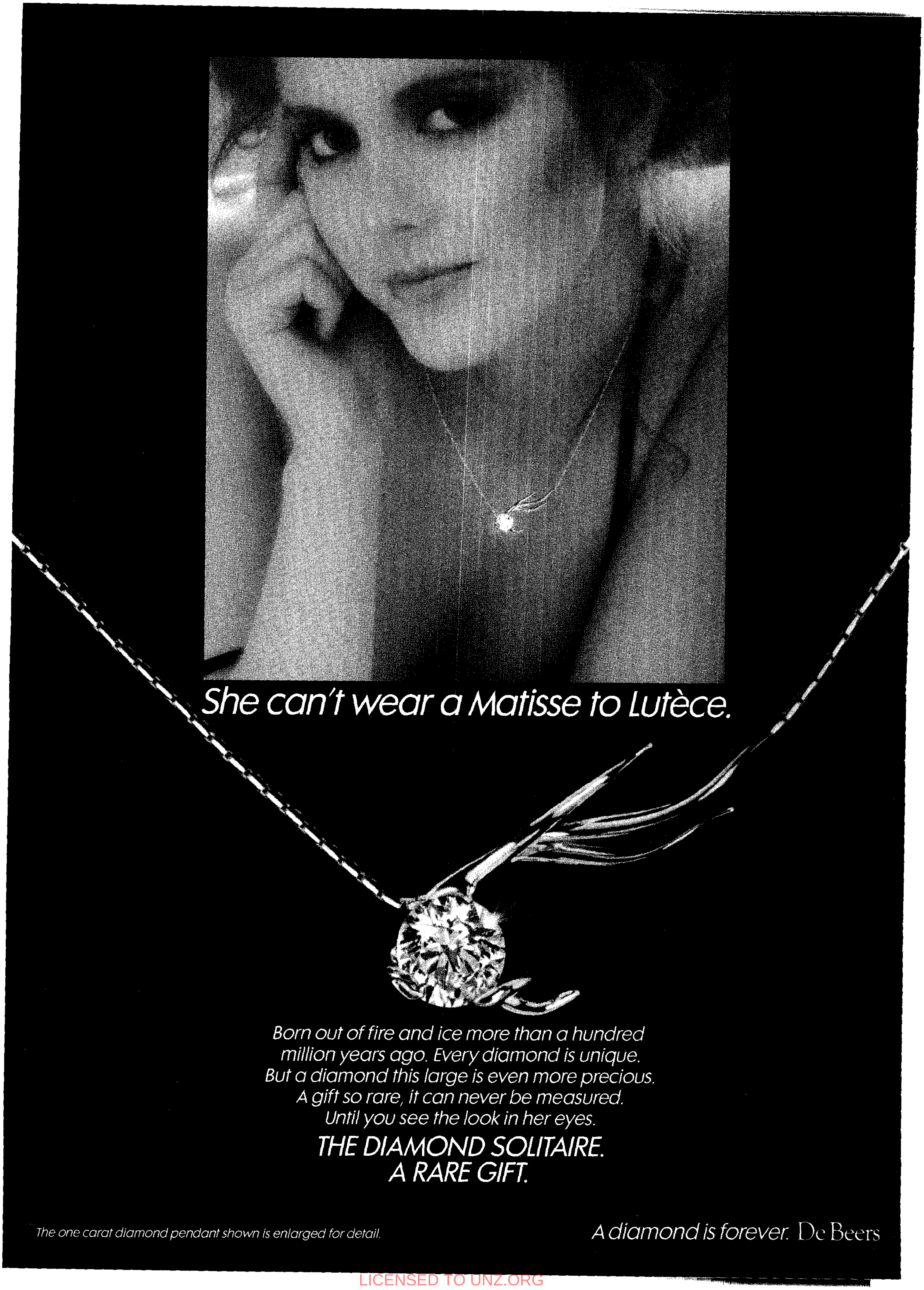
Snow Goose (C. Caerulescens), photographed near Gulf's Port Arthur refinery by Dr. John Tveten.



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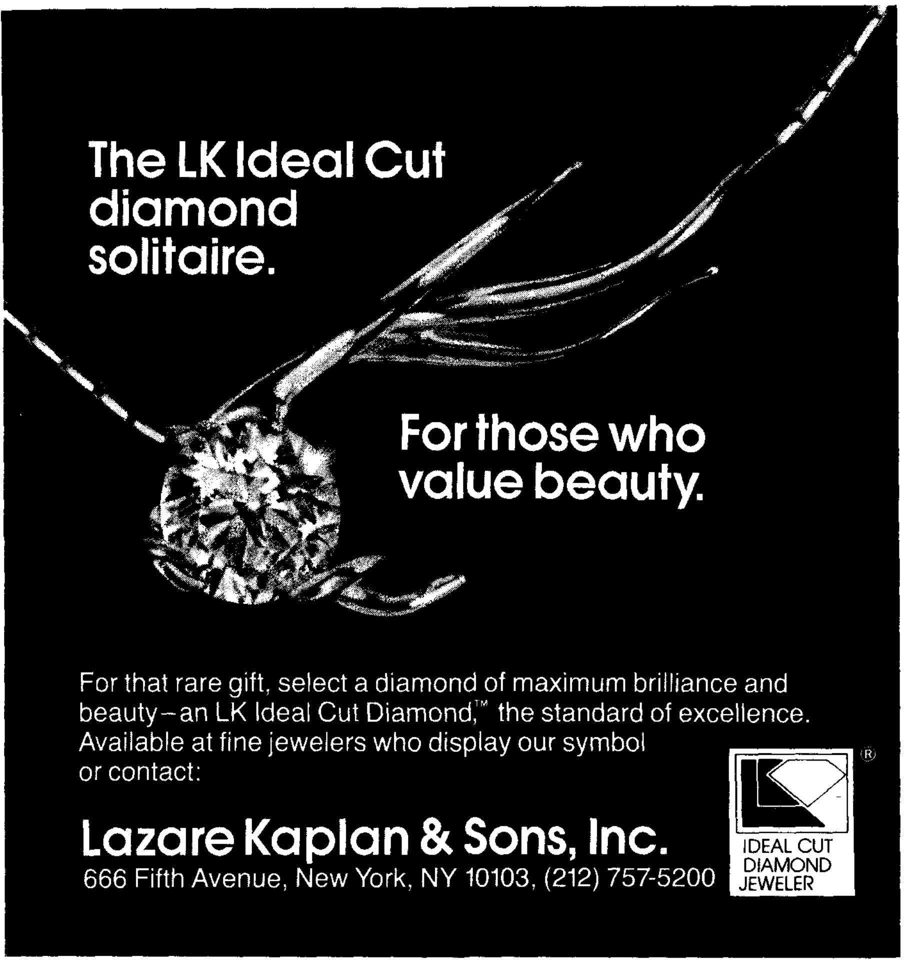
that happens approximately every fifteen years—they appear to have a crystal-like sharpness.

Of the rings clearly visible from the earth, the innermost is the C ring, which begins about eight thousand miles above Saturn's cloud tops and is about twelve thousand miles wide. Much dimmer than the A and B rings, it has reminded some observers of a flimsy, rippled piece of paper; it is often called the crêpe ring. Next comes the B ring (the rings are assigned letters according to their dates of discovery, not their positions), which adjoins the C ring and is sixteen thousand miles wide. The Cassini division, some two thousand miles wide, separates the B ring from the A ring, which is ten thousand miles wide. In 1837, the German astronomer Johann Franz Encke discovered that the A ring has a small, two-hundred-mile-wide gap of its own; this was subsequently named the Encke division. These are the three main rings, but several more were discovered in recent years by telescope and by Pioneer 11. The existence of one, the D ring, which some astronomers had seen—or thought they had seen—from the earth in 1969, had yet to be confirmed. It was believed to be a faint miasma adjoining the inner edge of the C ring and extending down toward the surface of Saturn; there was some thought that its particles fell continually on the planet's equator. Another, the F ring, was definitely discovered by Pioneer; it is an elegant stringlike circlet situated some twenty-seven hundred miles beyond the outer edge of the A ring—in the Saturnian scale, practically next door. There had been rumors of a G ring, lying some eighteen thousand miles beyond the F ring; it was too thin to be seen by Pioneer's optics, but it appeared as a dip on a graph transmitted by another of Pioneer's instruments, which measured charged particles. Finally, there is the E ring, a toroidal—doughnut-shaped—haze that begins about ninety-three thousand miles above Saturn's cloud tops (far outside the other rings), reaches its maximum intensity at the orbit of Enceladus, some hundred and twelve thousand miles out, and ends at about the orbit of Tethys, a hundred and fifty thousand miles out. It was first seen from the earth in 1966, but it wasn't named until after the D ring had been named, because its existence, too, had been challenged.

Smith next displayed a high-resolution photograph of a section of the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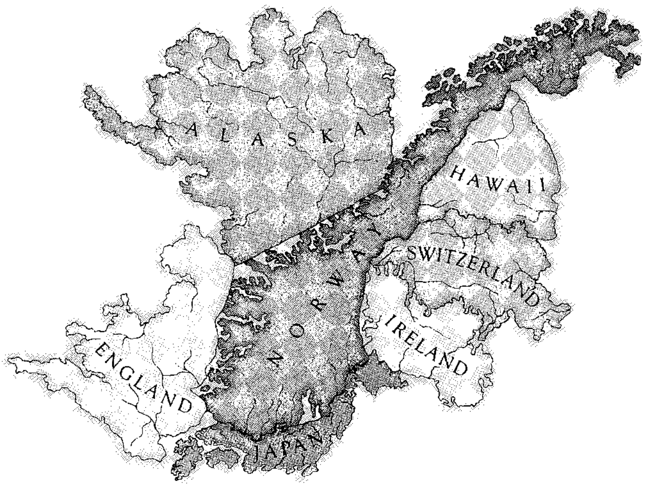

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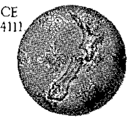

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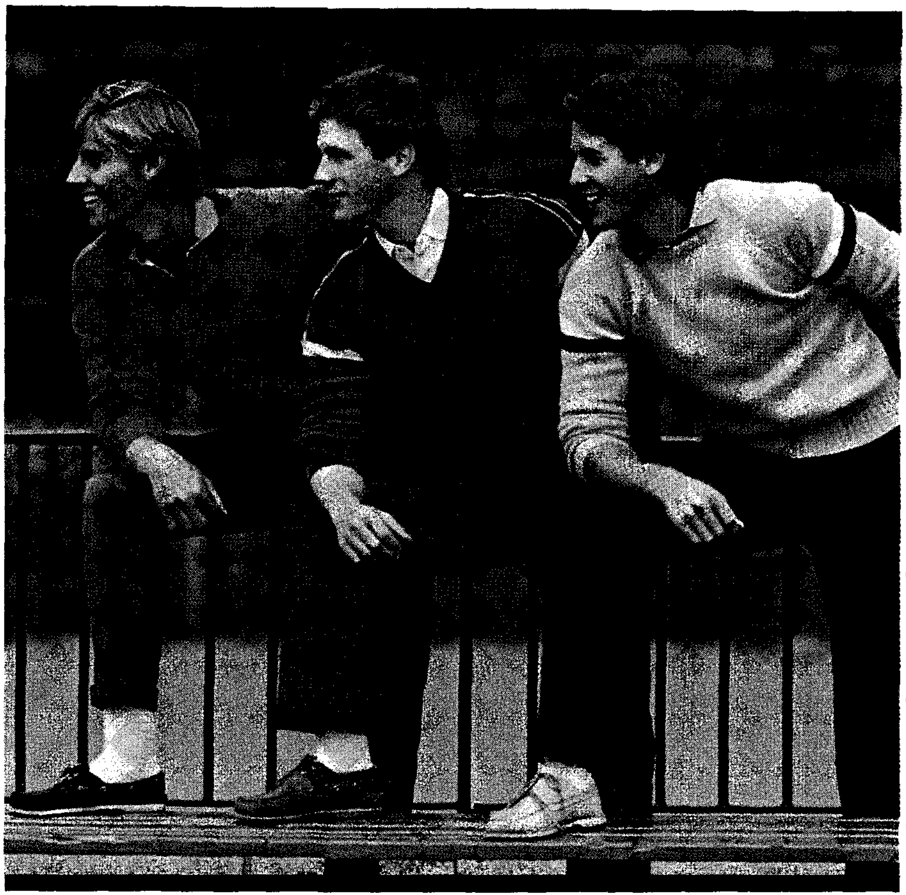
rings, showing clearly something that Pioneer's less powerful optics had only hinted at—that the three major rings, A, B, and C, were themselves divided into a myriad smaller rings, and that the Cassini division contained little rings of its own. "It's a good bet there's even more structure in there," Smith said. "So we are looking forward to seeing closer-up photographs in the days ahead." Next, he showed a picture of the rings taken with an ultraviolet filter; the particles in the C ring and within the Cassini division appeared blue, and the other rings showed up as yellowish. The blue color, Smith said, indicated that the C-ring and Cassini particles were somehow different—perhaps in composition, in configuration, or in size—from those in the A and B rings. Then came a picture of the F ring, which was still a very thin string—only about sixty miles across—but now appeared to have small clumps here and there. "We have no explanation of what causes those clumps, what *holds them together, or how long they* last," Smith said.

Smith pointed out a white, lopsided dot just inside the F ring; it was one of a pair of tiny moons flanking that ring. These moons, discovered by Voyager a few weeks earlier, had been named, for the time being, S13 and S14. S13's orbit was quite eccentric, ranging from about three hundred to twelve hundred miles outside the F ring, and the orbit of its partner, S14, was about three hundred miles inside it. Both moons were about a hundred and twenty-five miles in diameter. A third new moon, S15, had been discovered only three days earlier. It lay just outside the A ring and was even tinier. Smith said that the gravitational force of these three moons evidently kept the particles within the neighboring rings from straying. According to Keplerian laws of orbital mechanics, objects in lower orbits must revolve around a planet faster than objects in higher orbits, since the lower the orbit is, the greater is the velocity required to overcome the planet's gravitational pull. S13 and S15, on the outer boundaries of the F and A rings, and moving slower than the particles inside them, would exert a drag on any particles moving outward and cause them to fall into a lower orbit; S14, on the inner side of the F ring and moving faster, would speed up the particles it passed, boosting them into a higher orbit. In this manner, the ring boundaries would be maintained, and therefore



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the three moons were being called "shepherding" moons. (This notion had first been suggested by a couple of astrophysicists, Peter Goldreich, of the California Institute of Technology, and Scott Tremaine, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, to explain the nine sharply defined rings of Uranus, whose moonlets, if there are any, are far too small to be seen from earth.) Some scientists thought that the boundaries of other rings would be good places to look for still other moons.

The Voyager scientists also hoped to learn more about two moons, S10 and S11, that had been discovered by ground-based observation. (Pioneer had also seen one of them.) They circled about seven thousand miles outside the F ring. Both of them had odd shapes (S11 looked like a tooth), and both were small, being less than half the size of the F-ring moons. They were in almost identical orbits, only thirty miles apart. The existence of these two coörbitals, as they were called, had generated a mystery, because the moon in the inner orbit should move faster than the moon in the outer orbit and periodically overtake it, the theoretical result being a celestial crackup—but, clearly, no such crackup had occurred. What may be happening, scientists now think, is that, as the inner moon begins catching up with the outer moon, its velocity increases, because of the latter's gravitational pull. Thus energized, the inner moon rises to a higher orbit and then slows down. Meanwhile, the outer moon has lost energy and dropped to a lower orbit; now this moon is travelling faster and will eventually overtake and change places with its partner.

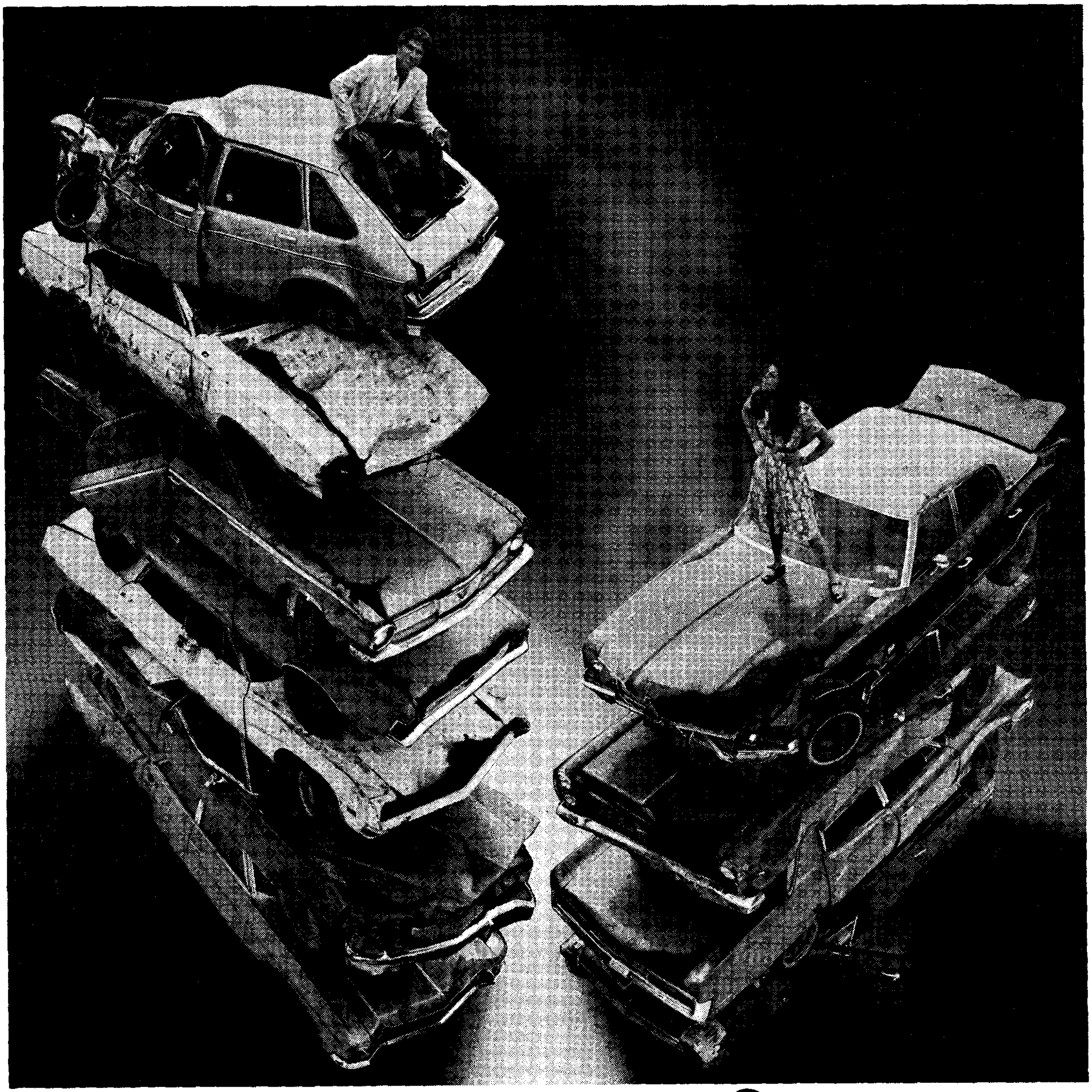
Finally, Smith showed a slide of Titan, Saturn's biggest moon—a lovely opalescent orange, shimmering delicately against the black behind it. Clearly, if Saturn and its moons were part of some sort of celestial billiard game—a favorite metaphor of the press—then this was the cue ball. In the coming days, Smith said, Titan would be the ball to keep one's eye on.

"Most of all, I enjoy being able to work at home."

• •

BACK in the imaging team's quarters, Reta Beebe, a woman in her early forties with wavy brown hair, was in one of the interactive rooms, working her way through pictures of Saturn taken shortly after nine that morning, when Voyager was two million nine hundred thousand miles away from the planet. Beebe, who is an astronomer at New Mexico State University, was searching the pictures for identifiable features on Saturn's disc. (A planet's disc is the seemingly two-dimensional aspect of its globe as seen from a single, distant perspective.) Like Jupiter, Saturn showed several lateral bands across its disc, but whereas the bands of Jupiter had been pronounced, Saturn's were faint. There were a myriad small spots, fainter than the ones on Jupiter, Beebe said, and most of them kept disappearing. For this reason, Saturn's wind patterns were proving difficult to establish; nevertheless, Beebe felt she was beginning to get a sense of them. "At the equator, the flow seems to be eastward; above it and below it, there are bands where the flow is westward," she told me. "We know very little about Saturn yet. The upper part of the atmosphere is mainly a haze of hydrogen and helium gas containing particles of other compounds—it's like Jupiter's but optically thicker. At some lower depth, perhaps fifty miles down, there are clouds of frozen ammonia, and these are even more opaque; they also reflect back—backscatter—sunlight. So that what you see, we think, is basically light reflected from that ammonia cloud deck, plus the haze above it, which is backlit." She pointed to some brownish-yellow shadings on one of the pictures. "The colors are from the ammonia cloud deck—they're determined by the absorption of sunlight there. But the haze seems to be greatly reducing the contrast. Essentially, the same situation exists on Jupiter, but the colors on Jupiter are more vivid. We think that one reason there is less contrast on Saturn is that Saturn is colder, so the frozen-ammonia cloud deck forms deeper down on the planet—and that means that the haze above it is thicker."

AT the press conference the next morning—Monday, November 10th—Smith showed some pictures



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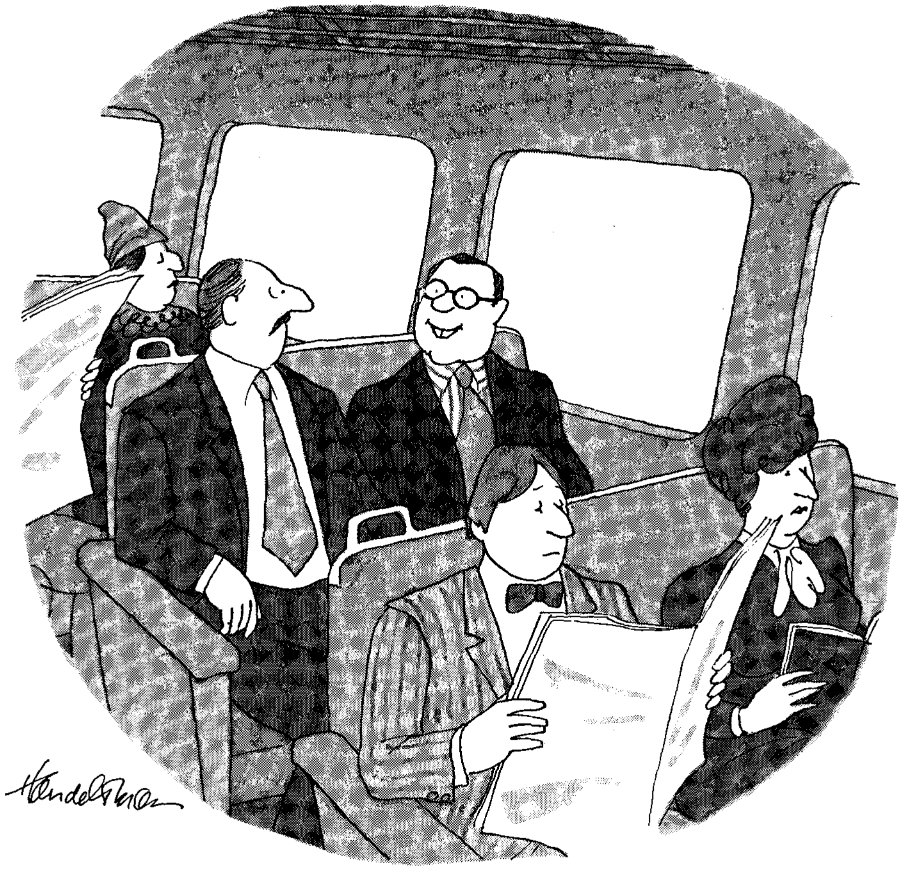

"Your tale is very sad, Ben. I'm almost sorry I took an anti-depressant."

• •

taken the previous day. In one, Saturn looked yellowish-gold, with the rings a handsome beige; it drew a gasp and some applause from the audience. A shot of Titan now showed it to be an even more brilliant orange. Smith also showed the picture of Rhea that had impressed Masursky on the interactive the day before; it, too, looked more striking now that it had been through the processing lab. Pointing to the hazy rosette—yesterday's dim spot—Smith said he was tempted to think of it as a meteoric impact. Next came a slide of the moon Dione, whose diameter is about a third of our own moon's. The picture showed what looked like ghostly smudges here and there. "We are definitely seeing things now on the moons—although we're not sure what they are," Smith said. The rosette on Rhea, and particularly the smudges on Dione—large, sprawling mottlings, which members of the imaging team referred to variously as "wispy" or "ropy"—resembled the Rorschach-like spots on drawings of Mars by nineteenth-century planetary astronomers such as Eugène Antoniadi, Giovanni Schiaparelli, and Percival Lowell, who had tried to record accurately what they saw at the limit of the resolution of their instruments. As powers of resolution grew greater, it seemed, astronomers passed through a stage in which various features could be seen only as splotches, and it was through that stage that Voyager was passing now. If Lowell saw Mars the way we were seeing these moons, then it's little wonder he thought he saw canals.

AFTER the press conference, I visited Smith in his office and asked him how he had become involved with space missions.

"Growing up within biking range of the Harvard observatory helped," he said. "When I was in my teens, Leon Campbell, an astronomer there, got me interested in studying variable stars—plotting their light curves was something an amateur could do." Like many a young would-be astronomer, Smith did not realize that astronomy was a field in which he might actually make a living, so he majored in chemical engineering at Northeastern University, in Boston. After he graduated, in 1954, he was drafted, and the Army sent him to work at the New Mexico College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts, in Las Cruces, New Mexico, where Clyde Tombaugh, the astronomer who discovered the planet Pluto, in 1930, had undertaken a search for tiny moonlets that he thought might lie between the earth and the moon. The Army was interested in using such moonlets for the triangular measurement of intercontinental distances on earth as an aid to targeting ballistic missiles. Tombaugh and Smith set up an observatory at the college. No moonlets were found (apparently, none exist), but Smith so fell in love with astronomy at Las Cruces, where the nights are cold and clear, that when he got out of the Army he stayed on at the observatory. There, under Tombaugh, he set up a program for watching Venus, Saturn, and Mars continuously. Unlike many traditional astronomers, Smith was coming to view the planets as dynamic, changing bodies. "We began to see seasonal changes on Jupiter," he said. "We detected the vorticity of Jupiter's Great Red Spot—learned that it was a giant anticyclone. We studied Saturn in the same way. It's hard to remember now what it was like to start out, as I did, in the nineteen-fifties, viewing planets telescopically, and wondering whether anyone would ever go there. I think that I'm probably more emotional about Voyager than many of my younger colleagues, because I spent so many years peering at these places through telescopes, struggling to see them only just a little bit better—and here we are, seeing them close up." (As the view has grown closer, of course, the astronomers on the team, such as Smith, have had to step back and let other scientists—notably geologists—come to the fore.) In 1964, Smith was appointed director of the observatory at the college, which by this time had become New Mexico State University. Ten years later, he took over the planetary-photography program at the University of Arizona. His predecessor in that job had been Gerard Kuiper, a courtly Dutchman, who had begun to make a name for himself in planetary astronomy in the thirties, when such studies were at a low ebb. (This was partly because of the excesses of Percival Lowell, the founder of the Lowell Observatory, who made enormous claims for his Martian canals, and partly because of the immense popularity of the new field of astrophysics.) It was Kuiper who discovered, in the nineteen-forties, that Titan has an atmosphere—

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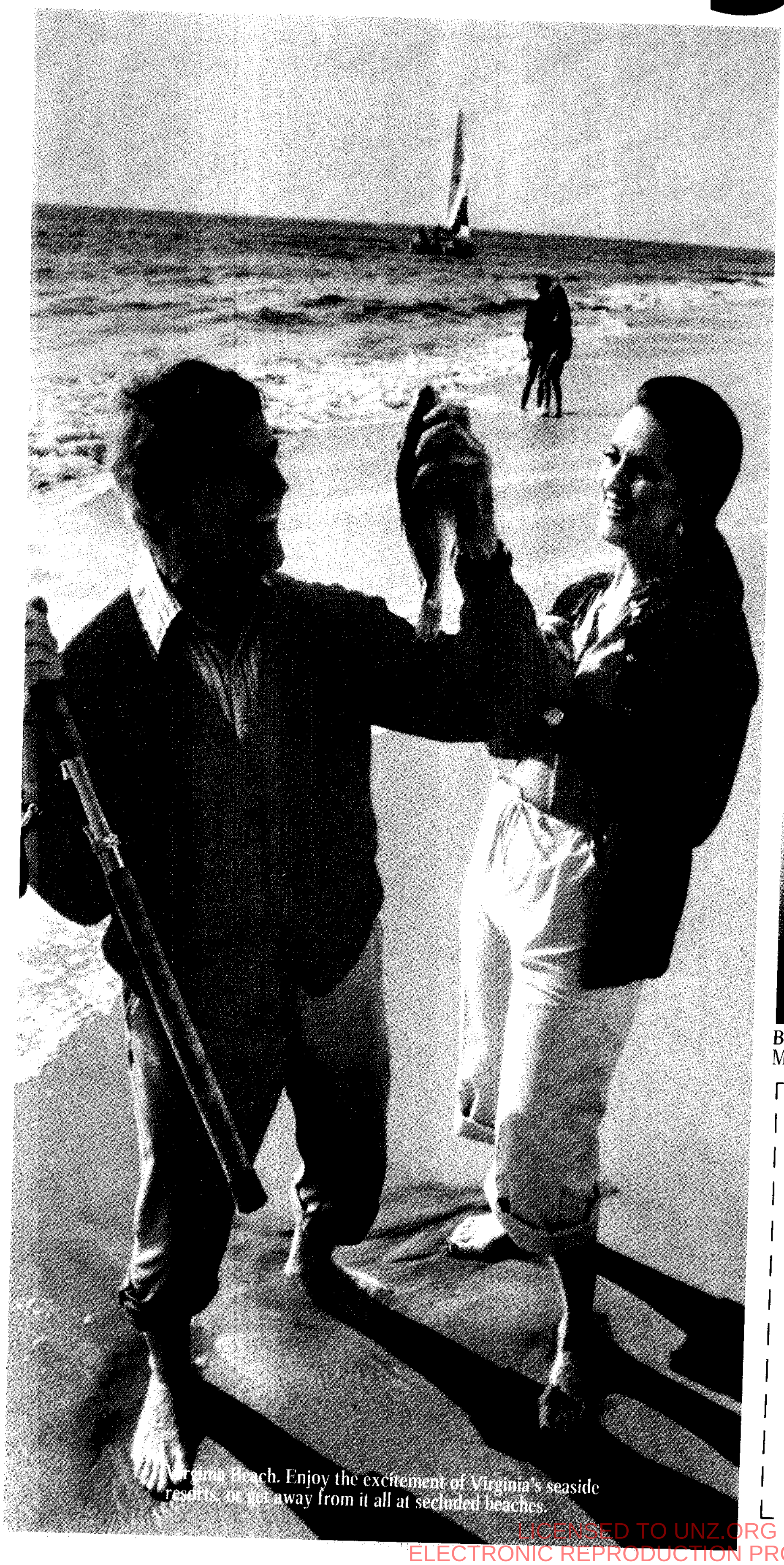

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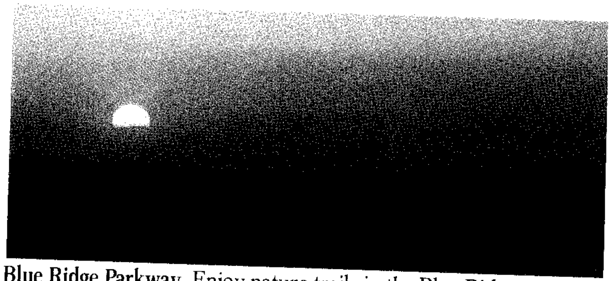

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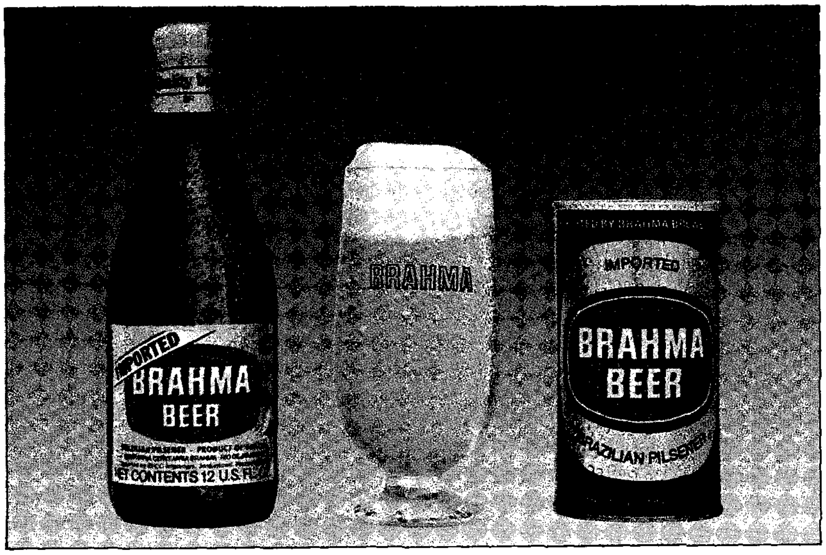

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moreover, an atmosphere containing methane. He and Tombaugh were a bridge between an earlier era of planetology and the space age. One of the Titan specialists on the Voyager imaging team, Tobias Owen, had been a student of Kuiper's.

Smith had first become involved with spacecraft in 1965, at the behest of the man whom many consider the founder of planetary astronomy by spacecraft—Robert Leighton, an expert in television optics, who put together the imaging team for the Mariner 4 flyby of Mars. About that time, preliminary plans were getting under way at NASA for a mission that would exploit the alignment in the early nineteen-eighties of four of the five outer planets—Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune—by taking advantage of the gravity of each to swing a spacecraft to the next. "Such an alignment occurs once every hundred and seventy-six years," Smith told me. "The last time was during the Administration of Thomas Jefferson, and the wags around here are saying that he blew it." NASA almost blew it, too, by proposing a too elaborate mission, called the Grand Tour, which was rejected by Congress. The less ambitious Voyager mission was approved in 1972.

Before leaving Smith's office, I asked him what fascinated him most in the data collected thus far.

"Right now, I'm most perplexed about the spokes—the dark radial smudges on the B ring we first noticed about a month ago," he replied. "They shouldn't be there! According to Kepler, as you move inward across the rings the rate of rotation should speed up, so you'd think that any spokes would be sheared apart before they had a chance to form. Yet there they are, running ten thousand miles across the B ring toward Saturn. They are strongest where the ring emerges from Saturn's shadow, and dissipate as they go around the sunny side. They must be imprinted in the shadow—and imprinted almost instantaneously—by a process we don't understand. We have no theories about the spokes. I've worked on many missions, but I can't think of any other instance where we have been kept puzzled for so long. We're no further along than we were the day they were found."

IN one of the interactive rooms, Jeffrey Cuzzi, a tall, thin, red-headed planetary scientist from NASA's Ames Research Center, in Mountain View, California, was enhancing a picture of the rings. When he finished fiddling with the picture, the rings appeared to consist of even more ringlets than they had the day before, with narrow divisions between them. "Sometimes it's not clear whether we're looking at rings or divisions," Cuzzi said.

The discovery of an increasing number of divisions in the rings was of interest to the scientists in part because of a theory that such divisions are caused by what are called resonances with the big moons of Saturn, beyond the rings. Much of the work on resonances had been done by three astronomers at the Smithsonian Astrophysical Observatory, in Cambridge, Massachusetts—Fred A. Franklin, Giuseppe Colombo, and Allan F. Cook II. Two of them were at J.P.L. for the Voyager encounter: Cook was on Voyager's imaging team, and Franklin was keeping an eye on the rings. As Cuzzi explained it, the big moons, circling Saturn less often than the rings, created within their orbits what were called "resonance regions." These were places where the orbital period of a ring particle would be a simple fraction—say half, or a third, or a fourth—of that of one of the moons. Whenever *any* particle, on its inside track, caught up to a moon, on its outside track, the moon's gravity gave it a little push; if in successive passes the push came at different points in the particle's circuit (as would be the case in nonresonance regions), the effect would be too random for anything to happen. However, if this happened to a particle at the same point during each orbit (as would be the case in the resonance regions) the particle's orbit would become somewhat elongated. It would thus collide with neighboring particles, and a narrow division—a gap—would result. Cuzzi likened resonances to a man pushing a swing: if he gives a little shove at just the right moment—the top of each backward sweep—he can be said to be in resonance with the swing's motion, and the swing will go higher than it would if he pushed it at any other point in the swing's arc. Mimas, the innermost of the large moons, was of particular interest to the resonance theorists, because its mass and its proximity to the rings meant that it would have a substantial effect on them. Ring particles that made two complete circuits for every one that Mimas made were said to have a two-to-one resonance with it, those that orbited three times a

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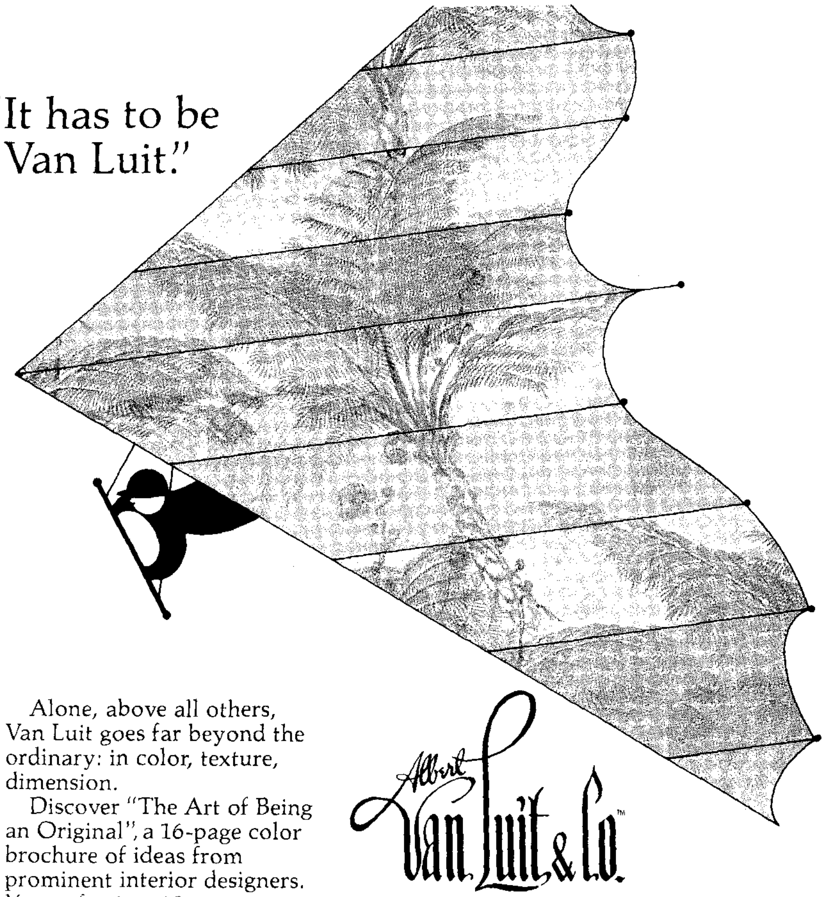

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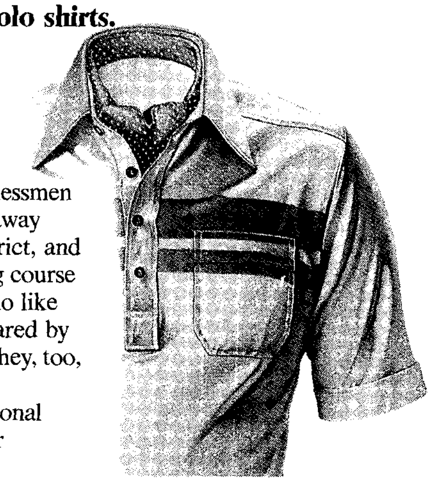

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three-to-one resonance, and so forth.

Fred Franklin, who was in the room and happened to hear our conversation, came over and said, "We've been trying to fit some of the new gaps with other moons. And it may be that we can use the gaps to find some more moons."

Cuzzi nodded. "The trouble is, Voyager is still a long way out," he said. "But we're already finding more gaps than we can account for by the resonance theory. And some of the gaps are wider than they ought to be; according to the resonance theory, they should be quite narrow. We certainly *are* finding gaps consistent with the resonance theory, but there are a great many others as well, so something else may be going on."

I asked him how he planned to tackle this problem, and other problems, in view of the stream of data that was already coming in and that was bound to increase.

"Normally, when you confront a new set of data the first thing you do is look at the theories you already have, such as the resonance theory—you see if they fit, if they explain the situation. Next, you look for anything that resembles something you have seen before. For example, we have seen the moonlets—S13, S14, and S15—shepherding the F ring and the A ring, and we are fairly sure that moonlets can sharply define the orbits of particles. Perhaps there are more moonlets embedded in the rings, shepherding them from there. The third thing you do is to think of any new physics that might apply. We haven't got to that stage yet, but we may soon—to explain the spokes in the B ring, for instance. Finally, you go through the data slowly, classifying everything, building up a body of facts that can be correlated and that might lead you to new theories. This last phase will probably take a decade or so. But right now, with the data still coming in, we mostly end up just sitting around looking at the interactives and batting ideas back and forth. We're like a group of people on a beach with waves breaking over us; each one of us picks up whatever he can get hold of—a shell, a starfish, a piece of glass—to look at. Right now, there's no particular order to anything—though Fred, who has been working with resonances, naturally tends to focus on them. Often, young scientists who have not yet developed a specialty are freer to pick up totally new things."

Franklin nodded, and said, "Imagine having all your information increasing a thousandfold in a matter of hours! It's as if, in the arts, someone came up with a whole treasure trove of new Shakespeare plays."

A SHORT, elderly man with thin white hair was silently studying some new photographs of the rings which had been taped to the wall outside one of the interactive rooms. He was Clyde Tombaugh, the discoverer of Pluto. I asked him how he felt about astronomy by spacecraft.

"It certainly beats staying up all night in a cold observatory dome," he said. "Spacecraft are handy. However, I'm of the old school—I believe that you should do it the hard way. We really need both types of observation, though, and I'm delighted with what Voyager is getting—so much more detailed than anything we can get from the ground. My only regret is that Voyager 2 won't be going on to Pluto. Pluto, unfortunately, won't be in the right place at the right time."

Several scientists had gathered around us to look at a ring picture that had just come off one of the interactives as a hard copy. The rings were well lit, the sun being more or less behind the spacecraft and hitting the rings at a three-degree angle. (Before the encounter period was over, the scientists would have two other views of the rings: from underneath, after the spacecraft passed below the ring plane, and from above once more, when it was on the outbound leg and was looking back toward the sun.) Some of the scientists laughed in disbelief as they saw the huge number of narrow ringlets that the rings had divided into, which exceeded anything they had imagined; something like a hundred had been counted a day or so before, but now the count looked closer to five hundred. There were so many gaps and ringlets, one scientist said, that the whirling disc looked like a phonograph record.

I asked Smith, who had joined the group, about the composition and size of the particles that made up the rings.

"According to spectroscopy, there's water ice in the particles, but that might be just a surface coating," he said. "It is conceivable that they might have silicate cores. We aren't sure yet how big the particles are, but we think many of them could be the size of boulders." Smith pointed out that the difference between the biggest ring particles and the smallest of the new moonlets that the scientists hoped to find embedded in the rings could simply be one of semantics. An embedded moonlet could be a few miles in diameter and might never be seen, he added, because Voyager 1 would not get close enough to the rings to make out any object smaller than about six miles across. The ring particles probably varied in size from ring to ring, and, for that matter, might vary considerably within each ring. More would be known when Voyager went beneath the rings and then beyond them, because studying them from different vantage points would tell a good deal about the size of the particles. For example, while Voyager was beneath the rings, the radio antenna would beam a signal to the earth through the ring plane, and this would provide details about the size of the particles. Whatever their size, their shape was thought to be angular, the result of several billion years of bumping and jostling each other.

There had been considerable speculation about what such whirling sheets of independently orbiting boulders of ice were doing spinning so smoothly around Saturn in the first place. Smith and others had long been puzzled by the fact that the rings were there at all, for rings of particles, by their very nature, ought to be unstable. That mystery was partly solved, of course, by Voyager's discovery of the three shepherding moons. Without them, the thinking was, all the rings might have been like the hazy E ring, which was so diaphanous that it could be seen from earth only when it was edge-on. "The rings are probably four and a half billion years old—as old as Saturn—and they will probably last as long as the solar system itself; that is, another five or six billion years," Smith had said at one press conference.

As to how they got there, either the rings are the remains of a moon that once wandered too close to Saturn and broke up or they represent primordial material that was left over from the formation of the planet and never formed a moon. If all the material in the A, B, C, and D rings were rolled together, it has been calculated, it would make a satellite about the size of Mimas—a calculation that could support the notion that a Mimas-size moon had broken up close to Saturn. However, most Voyager scientists think that such a moon would not have shattered into so many tiny fragments—it would have been more apt to break into a few big ones. They seem to find the idea that the rings are a remnant of the formation of the planet more appealing anyway, for then the entire Saturn system—planet, moons, rings, and any moonlets inside the rings—could perhaps be connected in a single theory, and a single theory is something scientists always like to achieve.

Later, I asked Cuzzi to explain the theory that the rings might be a primitive remnant of the formation of Saturn.

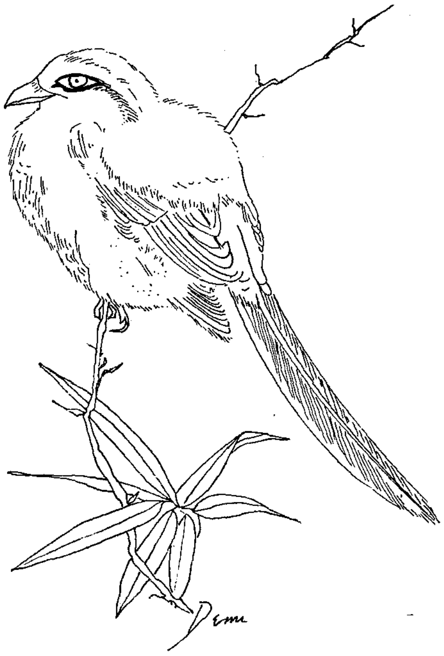
"We have to go back to the solar system, which was formed in somewhat the same way," he said. He explained that the solar system developed, about four and a half billion years ago, from a vast rotating cloud of hydrogen gas (called the solar nebula) enriched with small amounts of heavier material left over from the explosions of distant supernovas. The spherical cloud—originally of a diameter far greater than the present diameter of the entire solar system—condensed by means of its own gravity

in such a way that the material at the center coalesced into the sun, whose nuclear energy caught fire when it reached a certain density and temperature. The remainder of the nebula settled into a wide spinning disc, reaching at least beyond Neptune's present orbit, which is five and a half billion miles in diameter. A cloud spinning around a central core has a tendency to flatten out in this fashion. "It is a phenomenon we see quite often—instances range from galactic discs to the rings of Saturn," Cuzzi said. It was from the spinning disc that the planets in the solar system formed. (Pluto's origin is a subject of dispute; some think it might be a satellite that escaped from the Neptune system.)

The heavier elements in the cloud formed compounds that condensed as it gradually began to cool, and then, in a process that is by no means completely understood, the material began to accrete in various regions around the newly forming sun, clumping together into bodies, perhaps a mile wide, called planetesimals, which finally combined to make the four inner planets and the cores of the outer planets. Resonances may have had something to do with the original clumping of the planets, and that is one reason that scientists are interested in studying resonances in the rings of Saturn. The succession of planetesimal impacts created considerable heat on the forming planets, which, like the sun itself in its earliest stages, were surrounded by huge nebulae. Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune became massive enough to acquire dense envelopes of gases—principally hydrogen—around their cores. Indeed, Jupiter and Saturn, with their hydrogen envelopes, are sometimes thought of as mini-suns, too small to light up. Like the sun, Jupiter and Saturn might in their early stage have been several hundred times their present size, though they would soon have collapsed, rapidly, to just several times their present size. (Saturn probably filled an area three hundred and seventy thousand miles in diameter, or out to the present orbit of Tethys.) After that, they continued to collapse, but more slowly. According to another member of the imaging team, James B. Pollack, who is a colleague of Cuzzi's at Ames, and who had helped develop many of these ideas in papers published in the mid-nineteen-seventies, it may have been during the period of initial collapse that the nebula of gases and other materials settled into a disc around Saturn, from which the planet's satellites and surviving rings formed. In many respects, the situation would then have been a replay of the formation of the solar system. As Saturn continued its contraction, moons accreted around it. Cuzzi's best guess about what created the icy Saturnian ring system is a theory that he credits to Pollack: Jupiter and Saturn had managed to attract, as part of their huge nebulae, a lot of water (a compound abundant in the universe), which, because of the heat emitted as they collapsed, stayed in the form of vapor. Because Saturn, being less massive than Jupiter, cooled more quickly, Saturn's surrounding vapor cloud froze into rings while Jupiter's remained vapor. According to Pollack's theory, at about this time the sun may have passed through what is known as the T-Tauri phase—a period in the life of a young star when it generates a violent solar wind. The solar wind would have blown away all the material in the newly forming solar system which hadn't gone into the making of a moon or a planet or a planetary atmosphere, or which hadn't solidified into particles. Saturn's ring system, having crystallized before the T-Tauri phase, would have remained unaffected by it; the planet retained its rings. Jupiter's water vapor, of course, would have been blown away. (Though Jupiter and Uranus both have ring systems, recently discovered, neither is remotely as grand as Saturn's, and neither appears to contain water ice; rather, both are made of small particles of silicates.)

I asked Cuzzi whether cosmologists—scientists who study the formation of galaxies, stars, and solar systems—had shown much interest in Voyager's imaging of Saturn's rings.

"They haven't had time to yet," he said. "But they will."



THE next morning—Tuesday, November 11th—I visited Tobias Owen in his office. Owen, an expert on planetary atmospheres, is a professor of astronomy at the State University of New York at Stony Brook. "I remember, when I was nine years old, seeing Saturn with my naked eye," he said. "I was living in Santa Fe. The air was cool. I saw it in Gemini. Then, six years ago, when I was at the McDonald Observatory, in Fort Davis, Texas, standing on the catwalk outside the dome, I saw it in Gemini again—it had completed its thirty-year orbit." In the interval, Owen told me, he had graduated from the University of Chicago, received his doctorate in astronomy from the University of Arizona (where he studied under Kuiper), and spent a year as an associate professor of planetary sciences at the California Institute of Technology before moving, in 1970, to his present post at Stony Brook.

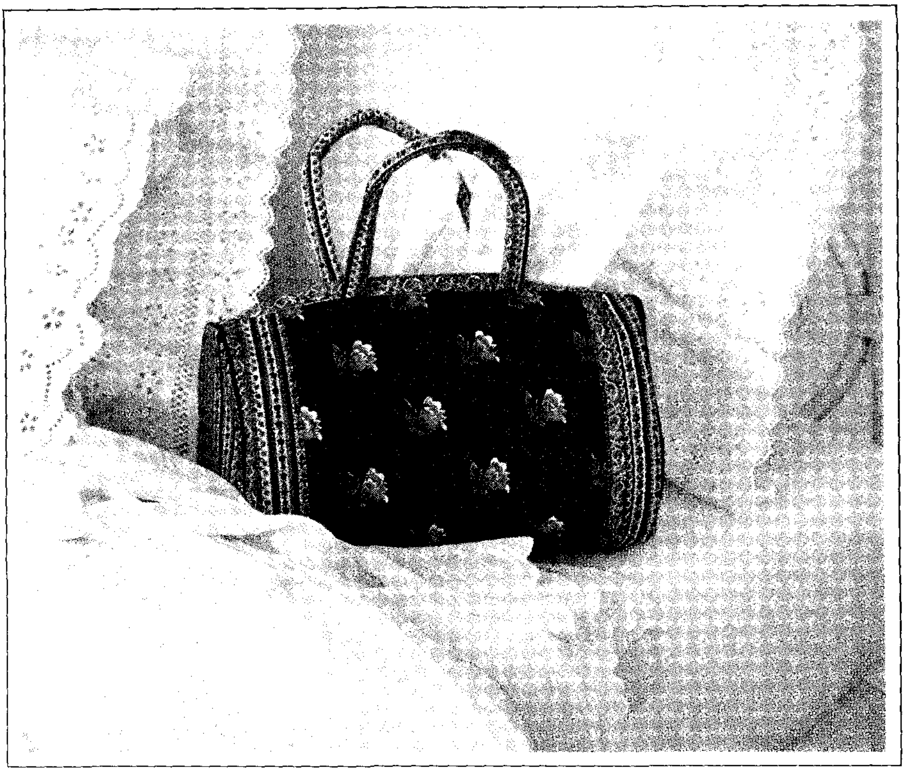
I asked what, for him, were the most important aspects of the Voyager visit to Saturn.

"The Saturn system has two features that are not found to the same extent anywhere else, and they may shed light on our origins," he said. "One is the ring system: Voyager gives us a chance to look at its dynamics—to study orbiting rings of loose particles that haven't formed into moons. And the other feature that Saturn offers is Titan, which Voyager will be encountering tonight. In 1944, Kuiper discovered that Titan has an atmosphere. It's a highly evolved atmosphere. At the same time, it can be considered a primitive atmosphere, in that it's hydrogen-rich; that is, it contains methane—Kuiper discovered that, too—and traces of other hydrocarbons. Ammonia may also be present. Whether the earth once had a similar atmosphere is open to question, but it may have."

Interest in Titan increased in 1965, when Frank Low, a physicist at the University of Arizona, determined, by infrared spectroscopy, that the temperature of Titan was 165° Kelvin (−162° Fahrenheit)—higher than could be accounted for solely by the meagre amount of sunlight that the moon received. This, it was thought, might be an indication that Titan's atmosphere was somehow generating a greenhouse effect, much as carbon dioxide does on Venus and to some extent on Mars. (Carbon dioxide was not thought to be the cause on Titan, however; any oxygen there would have long been locked up on the surface as water ice.) Later readings indicated that the high temperature was caused by a haze of aerosols made up of hydrocarbon particles. Hydrocarbons—organic compounds of hydrogen and carbon—lack nitrogen, a necessary element in the more complex organic compounds that lead to life. The hydrocarbons were thought by some to be continually raining down onto the surface.

"We are still hoping that Voyager will be able to see the surface of Titan," Owen said. "But the dense aerosol haze may well be beyond the capacity of our cameras. There have been a variety of estimates about the Titanian atmosphere—its composition, density, and pressure, which are interdependent. One of the two most popular theories is that the atmosphere is mainly methane; this would mean a low atmospheric pressure and thus a low density. If that turns out to be the case, there is a chance that we *could* see through it." He went on to explain that the other theory, which had been proposed by Donald M. Hunten, an atmospheric physicist at the Kitt Peak National Observatory, in Arizona, held that Titan's atmosphere was mostly nitrogen, with trace amounts of methane, and probably of other gases as well. Such an atmosphere would have a much higher density and pressure than one made up primarily of methane. Depending on which atmosphere, or combination of atmospheres, a scientist believed in, and how deep he thought it was, guesses about atmospheric composition were ranging from a mostly nitrogen model with a surface pressure as high as three bars—three times that of the earth at sea level—to a mostly methane model with a pressure as low as seventeen millibars, or one-fiftieth of the earth's. Since no one knew what the surface temperature was, either, no one could say what state (liquid or solid) the material (whatever it was) on the ground (wherever that might be) would be in.

Although the presence of hydrocarbons and, possibly, nitrogen suggested that at one time Titan might have supported prebiological organic processes similar to those that gave rise to



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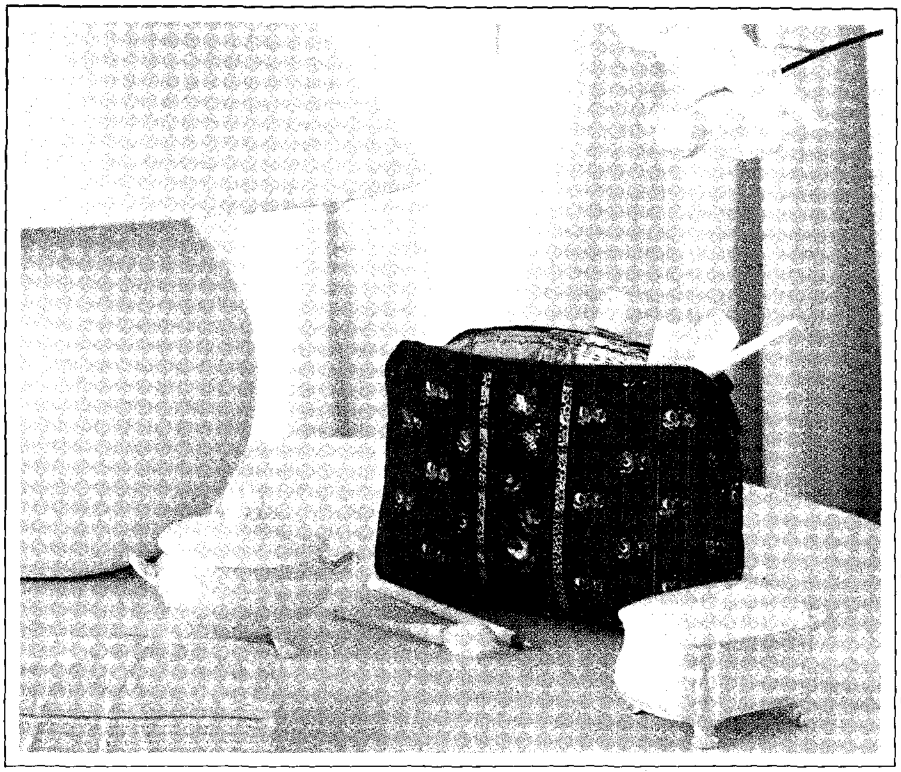
life on earth, no one was seriously arguing that life might be found there, because the temperature would be too frigid. Life had been pursued in far more probable places, like Mars, without success, Owen observed, so there was little likelihood of finding it in what amounted to a deep freeze.

ALTHOUGH most imaging-team discoveries at this stage were being credited to the team as a whole, and not to any individual, some ringlets that were eccentric—all the rest are virtually perfect circles—were in fact identified by an astronomer at J.P.L. named Richard Terrile, who, at twenty-nine, was one of the youngest members of the imaging team, and whose work was an example of what Cuzzi had meant when he talked of younger scientists' being freer to pursue lines of inquiry that caught their eye. Terrile, a former student of Owen's at Stony Brook, is a tall, thin, swarthy man with dark-brown hair and a dark-brown mustache.

In his office, across the corridor from the interactive rooms, I asked him how he had discovered the eccentric rings.

"Making discoveries is just a matter of who's around," Terrile began modestly. I had been told that Terrile was one of the hardest-working members of the team, and consequently was around a great deal. "A few days ago, Torrence Johnson—another member of the imaging team—and I were here when a picture of the F ring came down," Terrile continued. "Because the orbit of its outer shepherding moon, S13, was so eccentric, we thought the F ring itself might be eccentric, too, and when we compared two pictures of it showing its relationship to the outer edge of the A ring, we saw that it was. Then, last night, I saw an eccentric ring in one of the small gaps in the C ring. I noticed it because it was easy to see the ring on one side of Saturn, where it was near the center of the gap, and hard to see on the other, where it had moved over to one side, closer to some other ringlets. We now had two eccentric rings. An hour or so later, I decided to look inside the Cassini division—and, yes, there was an eccentric ring *there*. So it seems that eccentric rings and gaps go together. Kind of fun!"

A month earlier, Terrile had been the first scientist to notice the B-ring spokes. He had also been the first to spot S15, the moonlet guarding the outer edge of the A ring. These dis-



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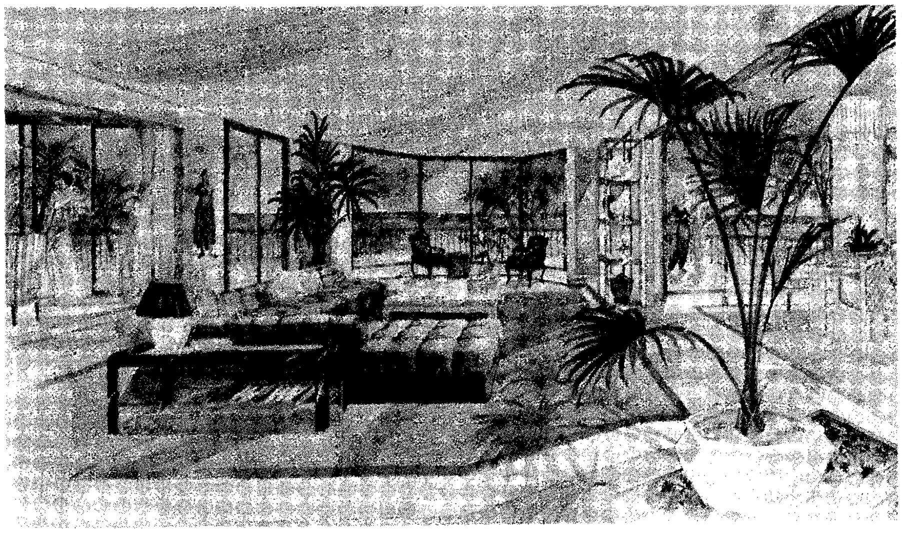

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coveries, one of his colleagues suggested, resulted from a dual ability to ask the right questions and to use a sharp pair of eyes. "It's a fantastic time to be in the field!" Terrile told me. "Last night, I had dinner with some friends. They wanted to go out for after-dinner drinks. I said I'd join them later—I had to go to the lab. They said, 'Don't come back until you've found something new'—and, sure enough, I was able to oblige them."

THE closest approach to Titan would take place at nine-forty-one that evening, and the crossing of Saturn's ring plane would occur at eleven-twenty-two. Despite the full agenda, when I went back to the imaging-team quarters after dinner I found hardly anyone there. Tobias Owen was one of a small group watching the raws come in. "Oh, gee, I hope Titan shows up better than that later," a technician said. The raw on the screen was blurry, and since Titan itself was something of a blur to begin with, the result was not very informative. Owen said he thought it was now definite that, because of the thickness of Titan's haze, they wouldn't be able to see down to the surface. The encounter was only an hour off, but it would take almost an hour and a half after that for the raws of the encounter to arrive at J.P.L., and two hours after that for the pictures to be put in the disc packs, so they could be enhanced on the interactives. Owen looked at his watch, yawned, and said he thought he would go home soon and try to come in early the next morning. Exploration by unmanned spacecraft is a delayed-action affair. As the spacecraft sped toward what is doubtless the most interesting moon in the solar system, the members of the imaging team, one by one, went home.

THE next morning—Wednesday, November 12th, the day of the encounter with the planet itself—the bulletin board in the central mall of J.P.L. said that today the spacecraft would come to within 77,202 miles of Saturn; that its velocity, close to double what it was the day before, would by then be 56,559 miles per hour; and that the Days to Go were zero. Upstairs in the imaging-team quarters, all was chaos of the sort found on Christmas morning. The resolution of the Saturn system was increasing dramatically. In one of the interactive rooms, David Morrison, a youthful-looking

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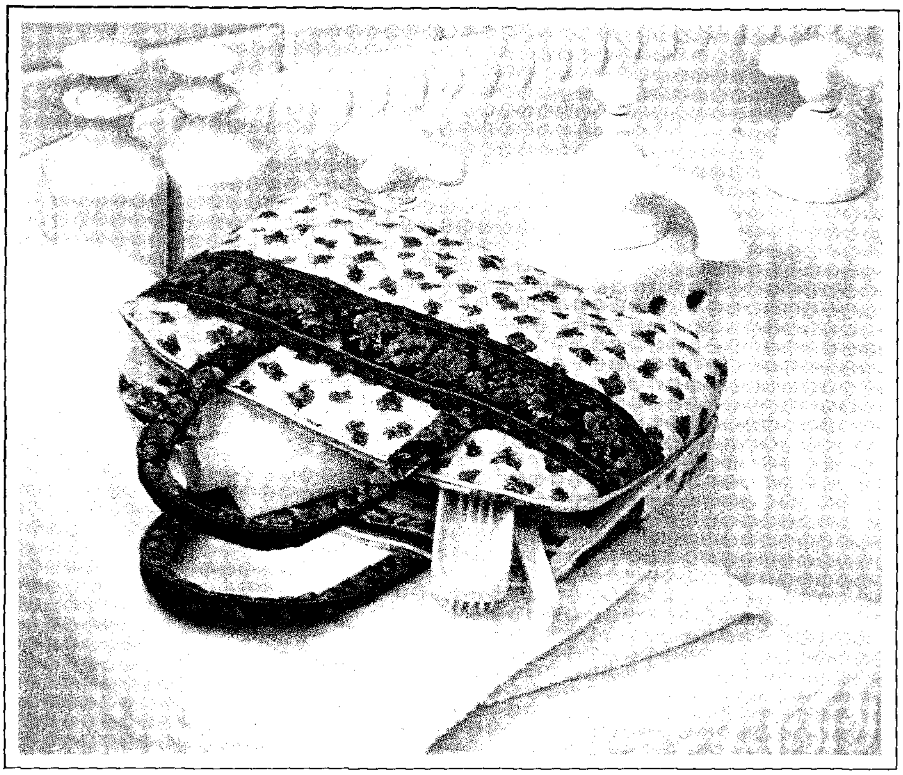

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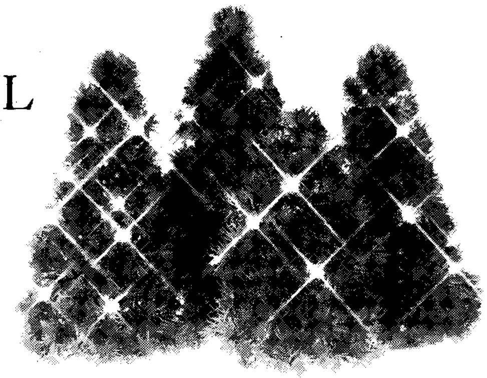

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astronomer from the University of Hawaii, pulled a hard copy off the machine. "Have you seen the new picture of the F ring?" he asked, holding it out to me. Before someone else snatched it away, I had just time to see that the ring appeared to break here and there into two separate strands that wound around each other. (These were evidently the clumps that had been noticed earlier.)

To everyone's amazement, the F ring appeared to be braided. Richard Terrile, who was taping up a mosaic of it, muttered, "Pretty amazing!" In his mosaic, which showed a longer stretch of the ring than Morrison's picture, it looked interwoven much of the way around.

"If the music of the spheres comes from Saturn, here's a frayed string," someone said.

In the other interactive room, scientists were looking at a picture of the rings taken a couple of hours before—from underneath, for the spacecraft was now below the ring plane. The patterns of brightness and darkness were somewhat different from what they had been in pictures taken above the ring plane, where light from the sun, which was a few degrees above the rings, was reflected from their surfaces. Extremely opaque rings, such as those in the center of the B ring, had glinted in those pictures but were dark now, while thinner regions, such as the C ring, had been comparatively dim when seen from above but were noticeably brighter than the opaque rings when seen from below, because of the scattering of light. Truly vacant areas were dark when seen both from above and from below. Cuzzi, who was one of the observers, told me he thought much could be learned about the relative optical thickness of a ring—which is related to particle density—by comparing the photographs from the two sides, ring by ring and gap by gap.

Out in the corridor, Harold Masursky was holding a picture and saying, "Incredible, incredible."

I asked him what he had found.

"We had a violent argument yesterday over whether some vague markings on Tethys were craters," he said. "I was one of the ones who said they were. And now look!" He handed me a hard copy of a picture of Rhea showing several large craters. "I don't know what should be so surprising about finding craters on these moons, but some people have to be knocked on the head. And Rhea seems to have some ropy bundles and wispy terrain, like Dione's—the same family of things we saw on some of Jupiter's moons. Hang on, though. We'll get pictures of Rhea between a hundred and a thousand times as good as these. We'll come so close that we'll do a seven-picture high-resolution mosaic of Rhea—it will take that many frames to get it all in! That will be something worth waiting for." Voyager 1 would come closer to Rhea than to any other body in the Saturnian system except Titan; during the night it would pass Rhea just forty-five thousand miles from its apparently crater-studded surface. "Now look here on Mimas," Masursky went on, handing me another hard copy. "Mimas this morning had a clear crater." The crater on Mimas was indeed clear, and impressively large. It was, he told me, eighty miles across, a third of Mimas' diameter; a huge, bullet-shaped peak, apparently as high as the crater's rim, rose from its floor. This peak, Masursky said, had been caused by a rebound of the solid ice, which under a meteoric impact would bounce up with some elasticity; in this respect, ice at those low temperatures would behave like rock.

"I was kind of upset yesterday, because we couldn't agree on what we were seeing," Masursky continued. "I was pretty sure we were seeing craters, but there were some people who were saying that what I thought were craters were just albedo patterns—light reflections. We have also seen a giant trench on Tethys; it's at least six hundred miles long, and it runs from north to south. There are some features on the moons that we really *can't* identify. But we've already reached the point where we have to begin naming features, so that we can talk about them."

Names for new celestial objects and for the features on them have to be approved by the International Astronomical Union, which has created nomenclature committees for that purpose. Scientists who discover new satellites submit names for consideration, but within categories prescribed by these committees. The solar system has been parcelled out among the committees; Masursky is on the committee for the outer solar system, which is chaired by Tobias Owen. The I.A.U. has a very rigorous, conservative set of guidelines; they stress the importance of dignity and universality and ban the use of names of living people.

I asked Masursky how the com-

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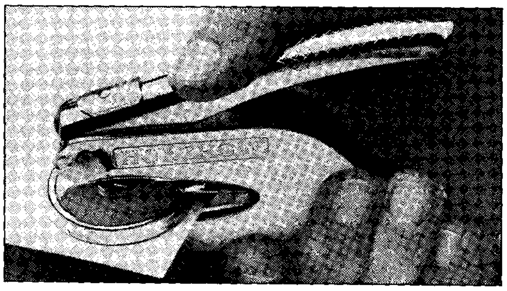
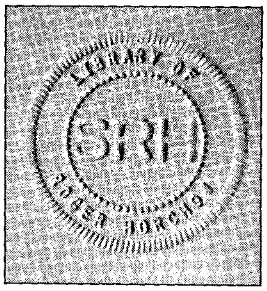

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mittee went about picking names.

"We try to be consistent—to pick related names for the moons in a system or for the features on one moon," he said. "We often use names from myths. For Callisto, the outermost moon of Jupiter, and an obviously icy body, we used names from Scandinavian sagas. As we moved inward toward Jupiter, we moved from myths of northern Europe to myths of southern Europe. We made an exception with the volcanic moon Io; there we went to volcano and hearth gods, regardless of where they came from. As for Saturn, we don't know what we're going to do yet."

AT one o'clock that afternoon, I attended a joint meeting of all the science teams. Some members of the imaging team tended to avoid the joint meetings, because they had no more idea than a total outsider of what the experts in magnetic fields or ultraviolet spectroscopy or radio occultation or plasma waves were saying. But even if a few members of the imaging team didn't always follow the intricacies of the other scientists' reasoning, everyone on the team admired their achievements and depended a great deal on the information provided by their instruments. Of course, all the instruments, including the cameras, worked together as part of a larger whole to understand the Saturn system, in a joint endeavor that Edward Stone, the chief scientist of the mission, called synergy. The day before, in describing how this would apply in the case of Titan, he had said, "Imaging tells us the extent and appearance of the haze layer around Titan. Relatively high up in the atmosphere, the infrared experiment will tell us the temperatures, and the ultraviolet experiment the pressures. The radio-occultation experiment will give us the pressures farther down in the atmosphere, and may also tell us where the surface is—in other words, what Titan's radius is. The ultraviolet and infrared instruments will also tell us what some of the elements in Titan's atmosphere are, and from the temperatures and pressures we may be able to work out what some of the others are."

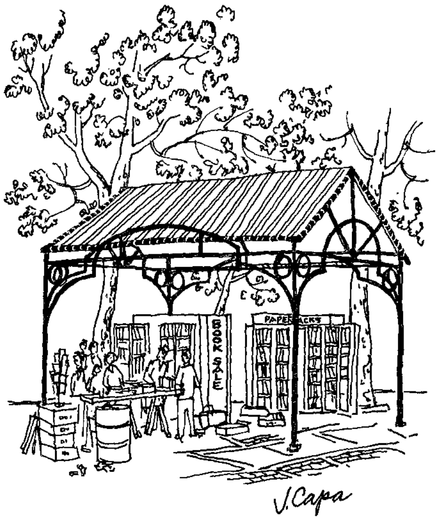
This meeting, with the encounter information from Titan in and the encounter information from the rest of the Saturn system beginning to arrive, was unusually well attended. Stone, a thin man with an angular face, who is a physicist at the California Institute of Technology, called the meeting to order. The findings were still very preliminary; neither the ultraviolet-spectroscopy team nor the infrared-radiation team felt that their instruments had penetrated to the surface of Titan, and the radio-science team was not yet ready to talk. The head of the infrared team—Rudolf Hanel, an atmospheric physicist from Goddard Space Flight Center, in Greenbelt, Maryland—reported that the lowest temperature reading that the infrared spectrometer had got from the center of Titan's disc, where the measurement would be from fairly deep in the atmosphere, was 65° Kelvin; clouds prevented its getting a reading from any farther down. Hanel also said he could make out the signatures of five hydrocarbons (including methane, of course) and hydrogen cyanide—an interesting discovery, since one of the elements in that compound is nitrogen. "Titan is probably the most spectacular thing we've seen," he said.

Hanel was followed by the leader of the ultraviolet team—Lyle Broadfoot, an atmospheric physicist with the Earth and Space Sciences Institute of the University of Southern California. Broadfoot's report confirmed the presence of nitrogen in Titan's atmosphere. Most of the scientists present seemed to feel by now that nitrogen was probably its major component. The mostly methane theory was falling by the wayside.

Stone adjourned the meeting until five-thirty, in the hope of getting a report from the radio-science team.

On the way out, I asked Owen about the other teams' reports.

"The ultraviolet team's finding of nitrogen fits in nicely with the infrared team's discovery of hydrogen cyanide," he said. "It could be that at one time there might indeed have been a greenhouse effect, making the surface warmer than it is today—whatever that temperature may turn out to be. Now that we have confirmed the presence of nitrogen, there might be organic compounds even more complex than we thought."



AT five-thirty, when the joint meeting reconvened, Stone called on Von R. Eshleman, of the radio-science team. Eshleman, a ruddy, white-haired man, who is co-director of the Center for Radar Astronomy, at Stanford University, gave a preliminary report on the radio-occultation experiment. As the spacecraft passed behind Titan, its radio signals were progressively distorted by the atmosphere; the radio team could thus see how the atmospheric density changed with altitude, and this measurement also gave them ratios of temperature to molecular weight. The ratios they found indicated a predominantly nitrogen atmosphere. (While Eshleman's report ruled out the mostly methane model, there still might be a small amount of methane present.) The pressure for such an atmosphere, at the lowest depth for which his team had so far processed its data, was about one-third of the earth's at sea level, and the temperature was about 65° Kelvin. Eshleman cautioned that he was probably not yet seeing Titan's surface; farther down, the pressure, and perhaps the temperature, would be higher. As for Titan's radius, that would also have to wait until the surface had been located.

Stone then asked Lyle Broadfoot if the ultraviolet team could work up an estimate of the surface pressure on Titan in time for the press conference the next morning. "See how many bars you get," Stone said.

"Right now, any bar will do," someone said. From the next room came party noises—loud conversation, the thunks of corks popping. A number of encounter celebrations were getting under way, and the meeting adjourned. The actual moment of the Saturn encounter, some two hours earlier, had been no livelier than the Titan encounter the evening before.

On my way out, I asked Owen what he could deduce about Titan from Eshleman's remarks.

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there is a possibility—indeed, a virtual certainty—of liquid-nitrogen oceans," he said. "For that, you need a temperature under 77.2° Kelvin at a pressure of about one bar, and that's what we may end up with—at least, that's how it seems at the moment."

BACK in the imaging team's quarters, an encounter party was in full swing. Champagne was flowing, and emptied champagne bottles with daisies and irises in them decorated a drafting table loaded with platters of potato chips and hors d'oeuvres. Bradford Smith, who was standing with Harold Masursky and Reta Beebe, handed me a plastic glass of champagne. "We just heard that President and Mrs. Carter and Hamilton Jordan were watching a television broadcast from the space center yesterday at the White House," Smith said. "None of them said much of anything during the entire two-hour show—until Masursky came onscreen. Then Hamilton Jordan said, 'That's the most ridiculous haircut I ever saw.' That's about all he said during the entire broadcast."

Masursky grinned.

Reta Beebe looked around the room. "Some people here have been working on the program for eight years, and in one day it all roars by," she said.

A few scientists, drinks in hand, wandered back and forth between the party and the interactives. Masursky began looking at a new picture of Dione. Its surface on the side opposite the wispy terrain was pocked with small craters. Before long, the raws stopped coming in. The spacecraft had passed behind Saturn, and the period of occultation would last for an hour and a half.

AT the press conference the next morning—Thursday, November 13th—Smith began his report by saying, "I am stunned by the spectacular display of pictures we have received over the last twenty-four hours. Our amazement over one picture was distracted by the next. We've learned more about Saturn in the last week than in the entire span of recorded history." Now that so much information was in, he said, the work would soon begin a new, less speculative phase. He then showed a few slides. One was a version of the F ring which showed the weaving in and out of strands more clearly than ever; there now appeared to be three of them, though only the two outer ones seemed to intertwine, and the braiding apparently did not go all the way around the ring. He also showed a view of the spokes in the B ring—looking back toward the sun now—in which they appeared to be lighter than the rings, and a view of the many ringlets inside the Cassini division. "Richard Terrile counted so many ringlets in the whole ring system that he got tired and stopped," Smith said. "The count will probably be somewhere between five hundred and a thousand." The existence of the D ring was finally confirmed; like the main rings, it, too, seemed to be divided into ringlets. Smith concluded the slide presentation with two enhanced views of S11, the tooth-shaped, trailing coörbital moon, which looked like a fragment of something larger. "It is tempting, after seeing pictures of both coörbitals, to think that they might have originally been one body," he said. Then he pointed out a thin black stripe that ran across the moon's surface; in the pictures, taken nine minutes apart, the stripe had apparently shifted position. It was thought to be the shadow of an as yet unidentified ring.

The next report was given by Laurence Soderblom, chief of the Geological Survey's Astrogeologic Branch at Flagstaff, and the deputy leader of the imaging team. "Over the last twenty-four hours, we have seen the large icy satellites grow from the stage where they were mere names out of mythology to being real places," he said. He showed some new pictures. Mimas, riddled with craters, looked like a hunk of slag. A picture of Dione showed a number of small craters that, like the giant crater on Mimas that Masursky had shown me, had peaks in their centers. These craters were on the leading hemisphere of Dione; the wispy terrain, which now appeared to be a network of cracks with whitened edges, was a feature of its trailing hemisphere. (All Saturn's moons—like Jupiter's and our own—are tidally locked to their parent planet; this means that one face is always turned inward as they orbit, so one area is always in the lead with respect to orbital motion, and the antipodal area is always trailing.) Some scientists thought that the cracks were a result of meteoric impacts in adjacent regions—indeed, some large craters could be seen nearby. Others, including Soderblom, thought that Dione's interior had once been warm, and that the fractures were made by the escape of water vapor from it—a process called outgassing. The same question was raised by the wispy terrain on Rhea and by certain crevices on Mimas. (While most of the scientists agreed that the whitened edges of the fractures had been caused by the freezing of the vapor as it escaped, the origin of the fractures themselves is still being disputed, and the mission's preliminary official report, published in *Science* in April, gives both views.) Masursky's rosette on Rhea had become a large crater with rays of light-colored material strewn from it. The most heavily cratered areas of Rhea, Soderblom said, were clearly very ancient, going back to the time just after the formation of the solar system—a period of intense meteor activity. A number of moons were covered with craters packed so close together that their number approached what astrogeologists call the steady-state point: for every new crater added, an old one is destroyed, and the number per moon remains constant. In places on Rhea

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and Dione, the heavily cratered terrain seemed to have been flooded by material from the interior—further evidence that these moons had once been warm. Enceladus, unlike the other moons, had no visible craters; it resembled a perfectly smooth, perfectly white snowball, opalescent against the black of space. The brightness of the surface indicated that it was covered with fresh material—evidence of geological activity, which could have obliterated any craters. Enceladus would be a prime target of Voyager 2. Meanwhile, Soderblom was reluctant to say much about it.

Richard Terrile, who had been up all night watching the pictures come in, was in one of the interactive rooms. "It's a real adrenaline flow to barrel into a whole flight of planets," he said. "The rings make the most delicate striations against Saturn—like brushstrokes! It makes the hair on my arms stand up."

I asked him if he had made any more discoveries.

Not on his own, he said, but he had taken part in some group discoveries. Perhaps the most startling one had been that the spokes, which had been black when the spacecraft approached the rings, were white now that the spacecraft was moving away from Saturn. "One of the models we had earlier was that somehow something dark was deposited or imprinted on the rings," he said. "That was when the sun was behind Voyager, and the light from the rings was backscattered. Now, with Voyager above the rings again and on the other side of Saturn, the sun is back-lighting the planet and the rings, and the light from the rings is what we call forward-scattered. Black backscattering and white forward-scattering are characteristic of particles that are very small. We are seeing the same thing in the F ring, and we think its particles are tiny, too. But back to the spokes. The speculation is that they're clouds of tiny particles—far smaller than the B ring's other particles—detached from the ring and levitated above it. Since they *are* so fine, we figure we wouldn't be able to see them unless they *were* levitated. That would fit in with the fact that the spokes are most conspicuous about a third of the way in from the Cassini division, where the B ring is optically most dense—presumably, that is where there would be the most collisions, resulting in the finest particles. All this, of course, changes the model. We needed another explanation—no one was satisfied with the idea that the spokes were somehow imprinted on the rings. But it complicates things. What is raising up the spoke particles?"

On Friday morning, Harold Masursky told me that while he was waiting for moon pictures to come in he had been compiling lists of names for any features that might be discovered on them, for the nomenclature committee to choose from. "We didn't do as well as we might have on the Jupiter names," he said. "We wound up with too many that were difficult to pronounce and spell. English-speaking people are generally happier with Latin names than with Greek. Personally, I hate the name Tethys. Owen likes Greek names—he's always trying to sneak them in. I've got some ammunition, though. Look what came in this morning!" He handed me a photocopy of a glossary of Latin names from the Aeneid. "A classics professor at the University of Arizona sent it to me."

A few hours later, I spotted Terrile in one of the interactive rooms.

"I've found a new ring," he said. "At least, I think I have. It's a very thin one outside the F ring. Pioneer 11's charged-particles experiment found evidence of a very thin ring out there somewhere, and it was tentatively labelled the G ring. I won't know for a few days whether I've found a totally new ring or just made a visual sighting of Pioneer's G ring. For the time being, we're calling it the G ring. I don't know if it's the ring that's casting the shadow on the trailing coörbital, and we won't know until the data is further processed, but it might be. Have you had a good look at the shadow on S11?" He pushed some buttons on the console and called up a series of pictures similar to the two I had seen at the previous day's press conference. This series had been taken three minutes apart, and showed the narrow black stripe moving across a crater. "It's amazing that the moon's orbit and the ring are so perfectly parallel," he said. S11 might have been careering along a rail—as neat a demonstration of the perfection of celestial mechanics as anyone could ask.

I asked Terrile how he had managed to find the ring.

"I found it on a picture that was meant to bring out the faint E-ring material," he said. "When I came in early this morning, somebody told me that we had a good picture of the E ring. We weren't sure our cameras would pick it up at all. Even though the E ring is about fifty-five thousand miles wide, it's so diffuse that it's very hard to see. You can't see it at all from earth unless it's edge-on, which it was in 1966, the year it was discovered. I managed to detect it myself last March, in infrared measurements I made from Hawaii. Allan Cook and I have done a paper on it. We suggested that it might be made up of material emanating from Enceladus, whose orbit is more or less in the middle of it. Naturally, when I heard about the E-ring picture I went and called it up. Sure enough, there the E ring was, like a mist. I left it at that. Several hours later, while I was looking at some ring-plane-crossing pictures, I flipped back to that first one and made a hard copy. I left it on my desk. After a few more hours, I glanced at it and happened to notice in one corner what looked like a thin ring. I went back to the interactive and enhanced it some more. It *was* a ring.

"From the infrared measurements, Cook and I had speculated that the E-ring particles were extremely small—a few microns at the most," Terrile continued. "That has an important implication. It means they must be very young, because micron-size particles in orbit around a planet don't survive long—they tend to migrate inward. Hence, they have to be replenished, and this requirement fits in very nicely with the theory that the E ring comes from Enceladus. In the pictures we got on Wednesday night, it looks as if something were constantly modifying the surface of Enceladus, so that its craters are constantly being erased. Some of us think that Enceladus,

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which is in a two-to-one resonance with Dione—that is, it orbits twice for every orbit of Dione—may be heated tidally by Saturn: Dione tends to make Enceladus' orbit elliptical, and the differing stresses of Saturn's gravity may heat its interior. This would mean that its icy crust would remain thin. Meteoric impacts wouldn't crater it—they would puncture it. One impact puncturing Enceladus' crust every few thousand years would throw enough water into space to maintain the E ring. And if some of the water fell back onto Enceladus, that would explain why the moon is so white. We'll have a better idea about all this after Voyager 2, which will be flying almost in tandem with Enceladus for a few hours, right over the terminator—the day-night line—where it's easy to spot any surface detail. Of course, we won't be able to look at Enceladus the whole time, but we should be able to take pictures of a good part of the surface. And our approach will be a lot closer—fifty-six thousand miles. Voyager 1's closest approach was much farther out. I must say I was happy when no surface details showed up in the pictures, because Cook and I had predicted that Enceladus would be smooth."

IN the other interactive room, Tobias Owen was looking at various pictures of the limb, or edge, of Titan's disc. Titan was back in the news, because at the press conference that morning the ultraviolet team had announced the discovery of two distinct layers of haze in its upper atmosphere. Smith had been able to present further evidence of the layers: a picture of the limb of Titan, much enhanced, in exaggerated colors, by the processing lab, had brought out a thin blue layer of haze hovering above a second, thicker blue layer; below these two blue layers lay the far thicker aerosol layer, which gives Titan its brownish-yellow appearance. The color difference between the aerosol layer and the thin hazes above might have to do with temperature as well as density, Smith had said.

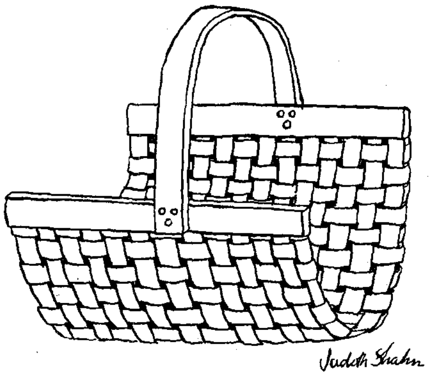
"There's a problem," Owen said, pushing some buttons on the interactive. "We want to see if the two top layers we see really *are* the same as the ones the ultraviolet team has detected. The trouble is that their numbers indicate that their layers are a little higher up than ours. At some point, we will have to tie both the imaging and the ultraviolet data in with the radio-occultation data, and perhaps that will sort things out."

I asked Owen if the radio team had refined their data down to the surface of Titan yet.

"They don't know," he said. "They have got farther down now, to a level where the pressure is one and a half times the earth's at sea level, and the temperature is 92° Kelvin. If that *was* the surface, then the radius of Titan would be 2,560 kilometres—about 1,590 miles—and its density 1.92 grams per cubic centimetre. But they think they will go down a good deal farther." One thing he was sure of, he added, was that Titan had been dethroned as the largest satellite in the solar system; the level up to which the data had already been processed represented a radius somewhat smaller than the 1,640 miles of the Jovian satellite Ganymede.

THE next day—Saturday, November 15th—I asked Edward Stone, the chief scientist for Voyager, if he agreed with Smith that the analysis of the data had entered a new phase.

He nodded. "Normally, a scientist might get some data and then have, say, six months to think over where he is in a problem, and what he wants to look for next, before he gets his next set of data," he said. "With Voyager, the time frame has been much faster. We've known right along that we would be getting totally new data in a matter of hours, and therefore we haven't wanted to waste time thinking about a problem—unless, of course, the idea popped right out at us. The mysterious B-ring spokes are a good example of that: they were black as we approached Saturn, and white as we moved away. We knew we were going to get new data from beyond the rings, and we didn't want to waste time working on the spokes until the information was all in. Right now, we're at the point where most of our informa-



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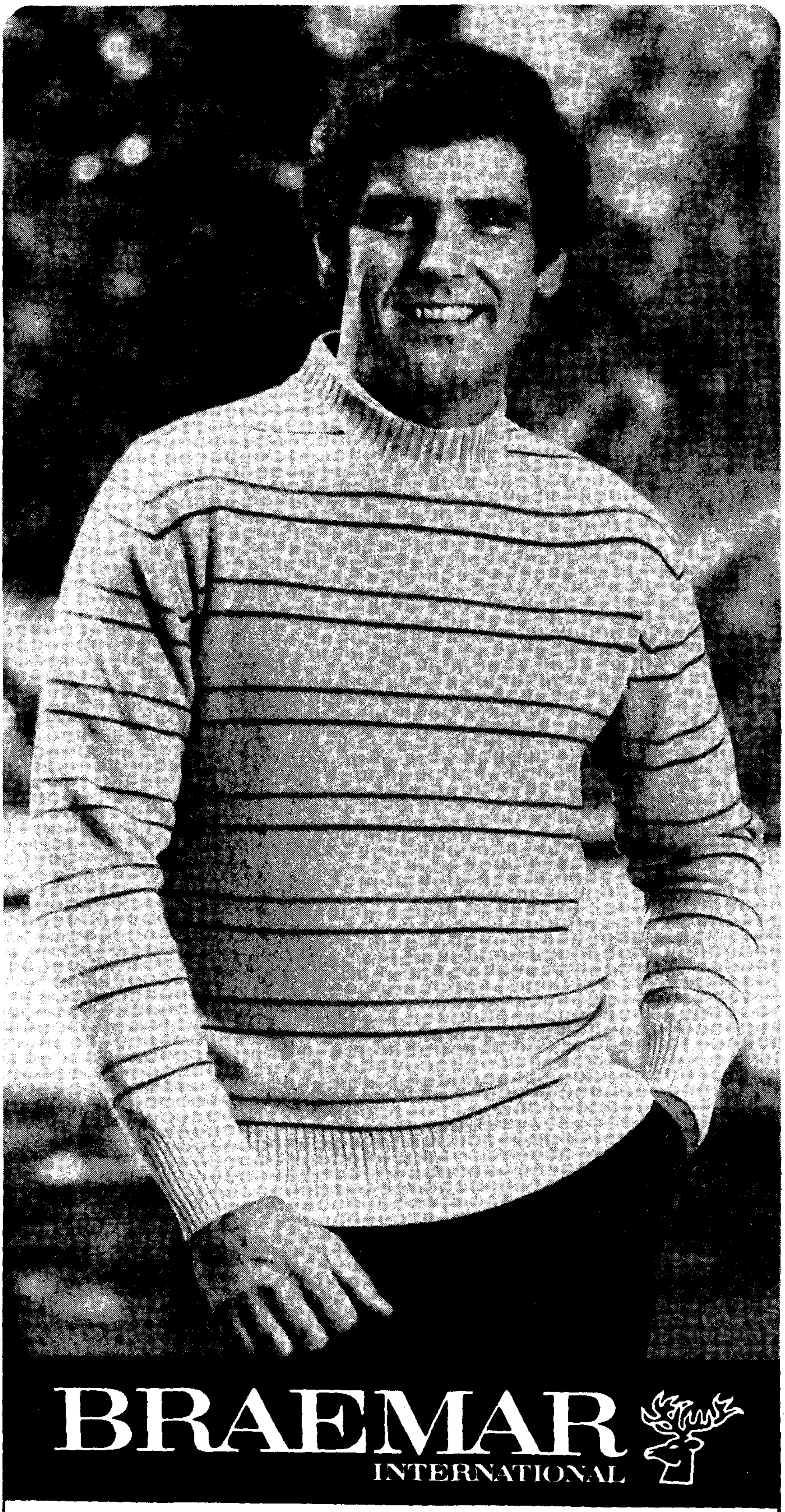
tion *is* in, and we can move into the phase where we are going to think more about the processes.

"Another area, besides the spokes, that has tantalized us for some time, and that we may begin to think about now, is the intertwined F ring," Stone continued. "One thing about the rings—particularly the F ring—is that they are in a radiation environment that is heavily ionizing, which undoubtedly produces a significant amount of electrical charging. We have to puzzle out whether, and to what extent, the ring particles are electrically charged, and, if they are, how they are affected by the magnetic field of Saturn as the planet rotates. Both the F ring and the spokes seem to be composed of very small particles, a few times the wavelength of light—a size easily affected by electromagnetic fields. It may be that we will have to invoke electromagnetic physics, not just gravitational physics, to explain both the spokes and the F ring."

AT a joint meeting of all the science teams that afternoon, Stone announced that the proceedings would be devoted entirely to the rings—especially the spokes. Soderblom reviewed what was known about the spokes, which was still very little. As Smith had explained to me earlier in the week, according to Keplerian laws of orbital mechanics particles in lower orbits must revolve around Saturn faster than particles in higher orbits; thus, theoretically the inner sections of the spokes would revolve around Saturn faster than the outer sections, and the spokes would shear apart. On that point, everyone agreed. What, then, was holding them together? Was their apparent lack of shear merely an optical illusion caused by foreshortening as a result of the angle from which Voyager had imaged them? Soderblom introduced a technician from the computer-graphics lab, who showed films of the spokes which had been reprocessed by computer in such a manner that the rings and the spokes were seen from directly overhead; moreover, for illustrative purposes the curve of the rings had been straightened. It was clear now that the lack of expected Keplerian shear was not an illusion—the spokes still seemed to be moving very nearly perpendicular to Saturn's surface. The real news, though, was that they seemed to be moving at close to what is called the co-rotational rate—that is, at the same rate as the rotation of Saturn itself. The implica-



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tion was that the spokes were somehow affected by Saturn's magnetic field, which moves at the co-rotational rate. "We really haven't been able to solve this problem," Soderblom said when the technician had finished his presentation.

There was a silence.

Then Stone said, "We have to assume that around the rings we really have a pretty good vacuum. Conceivably, there will be a photoelectric charging of the B ring, from sunlight."

Someone pointed out that the spokes seemed to be formed in Saturn's shadow, and therefore couldn't be charged photoelectrically.

There was another silence.

Someone else pointed out that, whatever the case, the particles that made up the spokes probably *were* electrostatically charged, since that was the best explanation for their hovering above the B ring.

James Warwick, of Radiophysics, Inc., in Boulder, Colorado, and the leader of the planetary-radio-astronomy team, raised his hand and said, "It could be that collisions between particles in the rings might play a part in generating some sort of electrical field that would account for the spokes." Clearly, at this stage of scientific explanations the emphasis was on variety. The number could be narrowed down later.

At one point during the meeting, everyone's attention was suddenly riveted by a television monitor at the front of the room, which had been displaying routine raws of the receding planet. The raws had been pre-empted by a short NASA film entitled "Coming Attractions," which consisted of animations of Voyager 2's upcoming encounters with Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune. Because Uranus was lying on its side in relation to the ecliptic, the spacecraft approached it pole-on; Uranus's rings were at right angles to the craft's flight path. As the spacecraft whipped past each planet in turn, gathering speed with each encounter, the scientists applauded. The animations were so tantalizing that there were boos when the film ended and a dull, colorless raw of the actual Saturn reappeared on the screen.

WHEN the meeting broke up, I accompanied Terrile to his office and asked him if he had done any new thinking about the spokes.

"As I looked at them closely, it

seemed increasingly clear to me, as it did to the others, that they weren't the kind of structure that might be created by gravitational perturbations of some kind," he said. "And since the B ring orbits at close to the co-rotational rate, we began to think that the spokes might have something to do with Saturn's magnetic field."

I asked him if there were any ideas about how the spokes were formed.

"Perhaps whatever force is charging them—auroras, for instance, which have been detected—can do so only in the shadow. I'd love to see a spoke actually form! The important thing is that, whatever is going on, it's not just gravity and orbital mechanics. We still have gravity and orbital mechanics to think of, of course, but now we must also think in terms of particle interactions, magnetic interactions, and electrical interactions. That's the value of having so many types of experts. They open our horizons beyond the simple astronomical and geological terms that the imaging team usually thinks in. With respect to the spokes, and also the F ring, we've got to the point where we've taken the imaging data as far as we can, and we need help from the other teams—and further evidence, too."

ON Sunday, November 16th, some members of the nomenclature committee for the outer solar system met at 12:45 P.M. in a small conference room in the imaging team's quarters. The group consisted of Merton Davies, a geodesist with the Rand Corporation; André Brahic, of the Paris Observatory; Owen; and Masursky. Owen and Masursky did most of the talking.

Owen, as chairman, began the meeting. "All we want to do today is to establish categories of names for the features on the different satellites," he said.

"Among us, we probably have several lists," said Masursky. "Maybe we should simply associate the moons having the most features—like Rhea—with the lists containing the most names, and then we'll get home quicker."

"Maybe we should start with the moons that have the fewest features," Owen said.

"Those would be Hyperion and Enceladus," Masursky said.

"Here's a myth about Enceladus himself, and it doesn't have many names, so it would do nicely for his satellite," Owen said, riffling through

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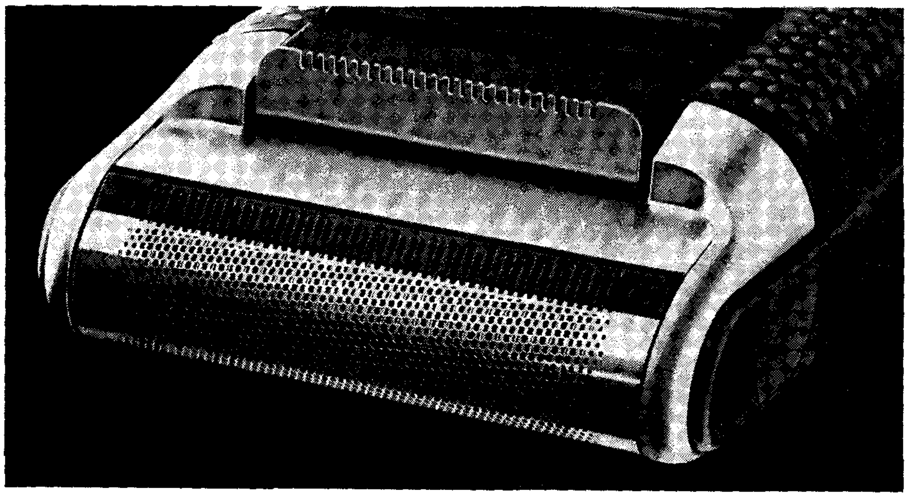
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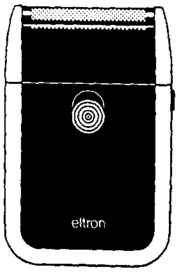

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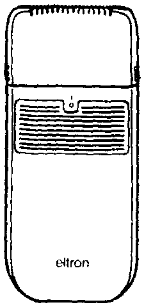

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some glossaries. “Enceladus was a giant. Athena buried him under Sicily.”

“Most of Saturn’s satellites are named for his brothers and sisters, who were Titans—that is, giants,” Masursky said. “Saturn was a Titan, too, of course. What about using the names of other giants for most of the craters on these satellites?”

“That’s a thought,” said Owen. “But there’s one thing: after the I.A.U. meeting in Budapest, when they approved our Jupiter names, I was told that we were using too many names from Western civilization, and we should use more myths from other parts of the world—say, China or Japan.”

“Maybe we should use worldwide giants,” Masursky said. “What was the name of the Colossus of Rhodes?”

“I was thinking about creation myths,” said Owen. “They’re worldwide, and they have plenty of giants in them.”

“Giant myths *and* creation myths,” Masursky agreed. “I got someone at the University of Arizona to get me some names from Africa, Polynesia, Korea, and the Hawaiian Islands.”

“I see a compromise that will make everyone happy,” Owen said. “We’ll use giant myths and creation myths, and preferentially pick Eastern names, and we’ll scatter them about on all the satellites equally, so that we don’t have one satellite that’s all Japanese, say.”

“I wonder if there are any giants in the Aeneid,” Masursky said, pulling out the photocopy of his glossary.

“What about the Iliad and the Odyssey?” Owen asked. “I know there are some giants in there.”

“Should we combine the Iliad and the Odyssey?” Masursky said. “After all, they’re one story, and if they’re combined they’ll take up one moon.”

“I’ll leave the Iliad out,” Owen said. “That way, maybe we can substitute a Japanese story—the ‘Tale of Genji,’ or whatever. Or maybe the story of King Arthur. There are hardly any names from English legends in the solar system. I thought Iapetus would be a good place to use the Arthur legend, because Iapetus is black and white, and Arthur has so many good and evil characters. We could name a white crater for Lancelot and a black one for Modred.”

“What about the big crater on Mimas?” Davies asked.

“We could name it after Huygens, who first saw a ring around Saturn,” Owen said. “Or maybe we should use his name for one of the rings.”

“Are we going to name the gaps?” Brahic asked.

“I’m opposed to naming voids after people,” Masursky said.

After forty-five minutes, the committee members, feeling the press of other business, agreed to adjourn and meet again that evening, at a local restaurant. (Six months later, at a meeting of the full committee in Bath, England, the King Arthur legend was assigned to Mimas, the Odyssey to Tethys, and the Aeneid to Dione; creation myths from all over the world were assigned to Rhea. The giants were voted down, because the majority of them came from Western, particularly Scandinavian, tales.)

AT a joint meeting of the science teams later that afternoon, Stone began by appointing the scientists who would speak at the next morning’s press conference, the last of the encounter. Owen would talk about Titan. Terrile would explain the latest thinking on the spokes. Smith would announce the discovery of the ring that Terrile had found two days earlier, which was now thought to be the one casting the shadow on S11. The scientists had not yet decided whether it was the G ring, detected by Pioneer 11. Rudolf Hanel would discuss a discovery that the infrared team had just made: Saturn appeared to be emitting less heat than earth-based measurements had indicated—though more heat than it got from the sun and more, relative to its size, than Jupiter.

Frederick Scarf, a physicist with TRW’s Space Sciences Department, in Redondo Beach, California, and the leader of the plasma-waves team, played a tape recording, relayed from the spacecraft, of the radio waves emanating from Saturn and trapped inside Saturn’s magnetic field, like microwaves inside a microwave oven. There was a whoosh, followed by a crackling noise, which Scarf said might be from lightning in the planet’s atmosphere, or possibly from auroras. The signals sounded as if it were raining on the spacecraft. Lest anyone think that these were noises made by the spacecraft itself, he assured us that such sounds had been subtracted, and he played some noises from the spacecraft itself, which had been recorded by a special electric microphone when Voyager was far away from Saturn, deep in interplanetary space. Voyager sounded a little like a truck going uphill; there was even what might have been a changing of

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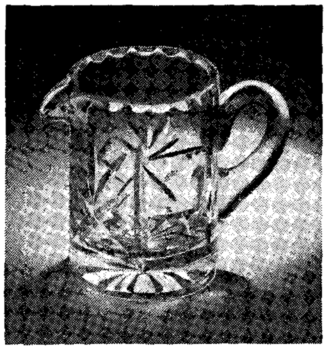

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gears, followed by a higher whine, and then a thump, which might have been a rock hitting a fender but was in fact the firing of a thruster.

Next, James Warwick reported on what he called some "extraordinarily intense radio emissions" that the planetary-radio-astronomy team had detected in the vicinity of Saturn during the twenty-four hours of closest approach. After eliminating various alternative sources, Warwick declared that the radio emissions came from the rings. "The rings almost certainly have strong electric fields, possibly because of Saturn's rotating magnetic field and the fact that the ring particles move with respect to it," he said. "What's more, the particles themselves are nonconductive—in this, they resemble snowflakes and ice crystals in our own atmosphere—and there are certainly collisions between them, so charges could build up. These are the kinds of ingredients responsible for terrestrial lightning, so perhaps there is also lightning in the rings. Of course, to *see* lightning you need an atmosphere. The rings do not have a thick atmosphere, like the earth's, but they may have a very thin one. On the earth, you have visible flashes as well as radio emissions, but you wouldn't have visible flashes in the rings—just radio emissions. The emissions we detected usually lasted a tenth of a second, although some were as long as three-tenths; that length is comparable to that of the radio emissions from terrestrial lightning in this frequency range. Their intensity was far greater than that of terrestrial lightning, though. The voltage was a million times as strong, so we have to be careful about our interpretation."

After the meeting, I asked David Morrison, the astronomer from the University of Hawaii, about Warwick's report.

"It was important," he said. "At first, no one knew where those huge electrical discharges were coming from. We've known about them for a day or so, and most of us thought they were too big to be coming from Saturn's atmosphere. We might be able to see them if there is an atmosphere around the rings. Such an atmosphere would be incredibly thin, and no one has detected one yet." (Much later, when the data from the ultraviolet spectrometer was refined, a very skimpy atmosphere of hydrogen was found to extend thirty-six thousand miles above and below the main rings; its source was thought to be the ice in

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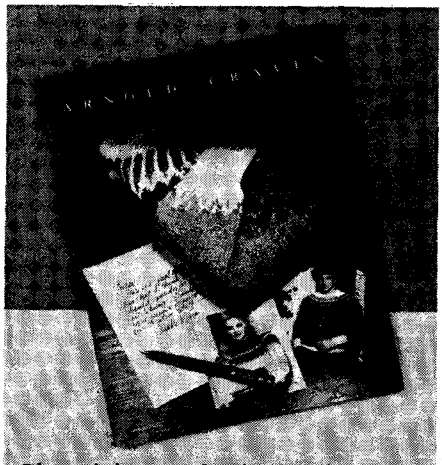

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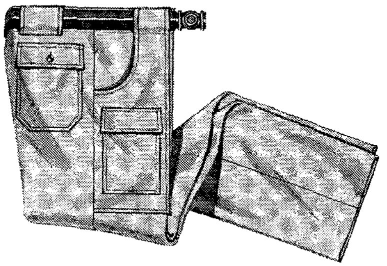

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the rings. The estimated density of this atmosphere was six hundred atoms per cubic centimetre, which is almost nothing.)

Terrile, too, felt that Warwick's report was significant. "I'm sure there is a correlation between the lightning and the spokes," he said. If, as had been suggested, the ring particles were charged on the dark side of Saturn, perhaps by Saturn's magnetic field, then at the moment they came around to the sunny side of Saturn, photoelectrons from the sun would cause a disturbance in them. In the B ring, it might take the form of invisible lightning across the ring for thousands of miles, and this might raise up fine dust to form the spokes. In other words, perhaps the spokes and the lightning were part of a single phenomenon.

THE press conference on Monday, November 17th, was the biggest as well as the last; some scientists had already left, and more would be leaving that day. Terrile's talk on the spokes went well—so well, in fact, that afterward, in the question period, at least one reporter made for himself the connection between the spokes and the electrical discharges, which was something that Terrile, at that point, had not felt confident enough about to suggest publicly. Smith said that in the latest picture of Saturn's innermost ring, the D ring, taken on Voyager's outbound leg, it could be plainly seen that material from that ring actually was falling onto the planet. Owen, in his talk, revised some of his ideas about Titan in view of the latest refinement of the radio-occultation data. Earlier, he had reduced his estimate of a nitrogen ocean on Titan to nitrogen lakes, on the assumption that the surface was far enough down so that the atmospheric pressure reached the three-bar level—an assumption that he still felt might turn out to be true. However, the latest evidence indicated that even at the three-bar level the temperature would be too high for nitrogen lakes, except, possibly, around the poles. In the lower atmosphere, he thought, it was cold enough for nitrogen clouds. There might even be some nitrogen rain, but it would evaporate before it reached the warmer ground level.

Laurence Soderblom was able to give a rough indication of the ratio of rock to ice in some of the satellites: Dione had two parts rock to three parts ice, Mimas had one part rock to three parts ice, and Tethys had one part rock to four parts ice. (Rhea's proportion of rock to ice was estimated a few weeks later; it came very close to that of Dione. Soderblom told me that these ratios seemed to fit nicely with the evidence of internal geological activity on some of the moons. Dione and Rhea, with their wispy terrain—which Soderblom, for one, thought had been caused by outgassing—both happened to have a relatively large proportion of rock, and rock, of course, would be the source of whatever radioactive heat the satellites possessed. Mimas and Tethys, whose giant crater and giant trench indicated greater rigidity, and hence less internal activity, had greater proportions of ice.)

FROM time to time over the next few months, I checked with some of the Voyager scientists by telephone. Clearly, the research was ending its communal, extroverted phase and entering a quieter, more solitary one, and most of the scientists had returned to their regular jobs. In mid-December, when I reached Reta Beebe at her office at New Mexico State University, in Las Cruces, she told me that she was now able to provide a rough map of Saturn's east-west wind patterns. The original idea that the winds at the equator were blowing eastward, whereas the winds immediately north and south of that were blowing to the west, seemed to be correct, and, she said, she and her colleagues were beginning to be able to "put in some numbers" regarding the speeds and latitudes of the wind patterns. At the equator, for instance, the winds reached speeds of up to a thousand miles an hour. "By the way," she said, "I should tell you that when I last saw you we thought that the low contrast in Saturn's atmosphere compared to Jupiter's was due chiefly to the thickness of the haze above Saturn's cloud decks. Now we think that the clouds themselves are so stirred up that there's a lack of definition in them—and that was not the case on Jupiter. Even if the haze were thin, Saturn would not be as striking to look at."

WHEN I reached Tobias Owen at his office at Stony Brook, he was able to give me the radio team's final figures on Titan, which were still only approximations. Titan's radius was 1,598 miles, its surface pressure was 1.6 bars, and its surface temperature was 93° Kelvin, or −292° Fahrenheit. Titan turned out to be half ice and half rock—the rock being its core. In Titan's early history, the core was probably surrounded by a liquid mantle of water, ammonia, and methane, topped by an icy crust. The mantle was liquid because the core gave off heat—both residual heat from the accretion process and heat from radioactive elements. As Titan gradually cooled, the mantle iced up, but part of it may still be liquid. Titan's atmosphere was now thought to be as much as ninety per cent nitrogen. Though methane was estimated at ten per cent or less, the amount was clearly sufficient to account for Kuiper's observations and for the complex chemistry. "Ninety-three degrees Kelvin is very close to the melting point of methane," Owen said. "It probably exists in gaseous, solid, and liquid form. Eshleman suggests that Titan's atmosphere has reached a self-regulating threshold. Seasonal variation might raise the temperature, but that would cause the frozen methane to melt and evaporate, and the evaporation would cool the surface, so the methane vapor would freeze and precipitate out again. That should happen over and over again—a kind of thermostat." The temperature was probably relatively uniform over the whole sphere of Titan, Owen said, because the atmosphere was thick enough to keep the temperature about the same at the poles as it was at the equator. However, it would drop steadily as you went upward, reaching a low of 71° Kelvin, or −332° Fahrenheit, at a point nineteen miles above the surface; then it would begin to rise again, reaching a high of 175° Kelvin, or −144° Fahrenheit, at the top of the dense aerosol layer, which was a hundred and twenty-four miles above the surface. (No one knew where the bottom was.) About sixty miles above the aerosol layer was the blue haze layer seen by the imaging team. (The team now felt that it was one homogeneous layer, rather than two distinct ones.) It was about thirty miles thick. Above it were the two detached haze layers detected by the ultraviolet spectrometer. There was no temperature data for the blue haze layer and the ultraviolet layers.

I asked Owen what he would see if he were standing on the surface of Titan.

"Not very much," he said. "In all likelihood, the dense aerosol layer would cut out most of the sunlight. Brian Toon, an atmospheric physicist at Ames, has suggested that the light

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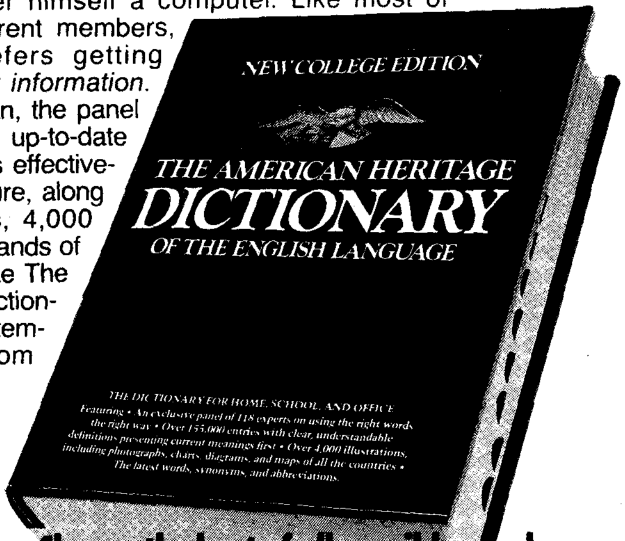
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on the surface of Titan would be equivalent to a moonlit night on earth. We could be surprised, though—there turned out to be more light than we thought under the clouds of Venus. Even if there was more light than is now anticipated, I still wouldn't be able to see very far, because I'd probably be standing in a methane-and-aerosol drizzle. My feet would be on a methane snowbank turned a dirty yellow, because the methane would be mixed with organics—I'd be standing on a blanket of dirty slush. And there might be a lake of liquid methane at my feet."

WHEN I reached Terrile at his office at J.P.L., he told me about the latest developments regarding the rings. The particle sizes in some of the rings were more precisely known now. In the A ring, their typical diameter was ten metres, and in the C ring two metres. The ones in the E and F rings (as well as in the spokes) were, of course, far smaller: micron-size, on the order of a few wavelengths of light.

When I left J.P.L., the scientists thought that the F ring's intertwining might be due to some sort of electromagnetic force, but now—while not ruling out the effect of Saturn's magnetic field—some of them were beginning to wonder if it might not be a result of gravitational forces. "Imagine the F ring, for a moment, as a guitar string," Terrile said. "You pluck the guitar string, and you take an instantaneous snapshot of it. You will see all sorts of bends and wiggles in it—something like what we are seeing in the configuration of the F ring. Well, that's not the equilibrium configuration of the guitar string; that's just the mode it happened to be in when the snapshot was taken. We are thinking that what we are seeing in the F ring might be perturbations resulting from the gravitational forces exerted on the ring particles by the two shepherding moons. We know now that the orbits of both these moons are eccentric, but we don't yet know exactly what their eccentricities are. It may be that these moons are periodically coming very, very close to the ring—perhaps even intersecting it—and, by their gravitational effect, are causing variable patterns in the ring particles."

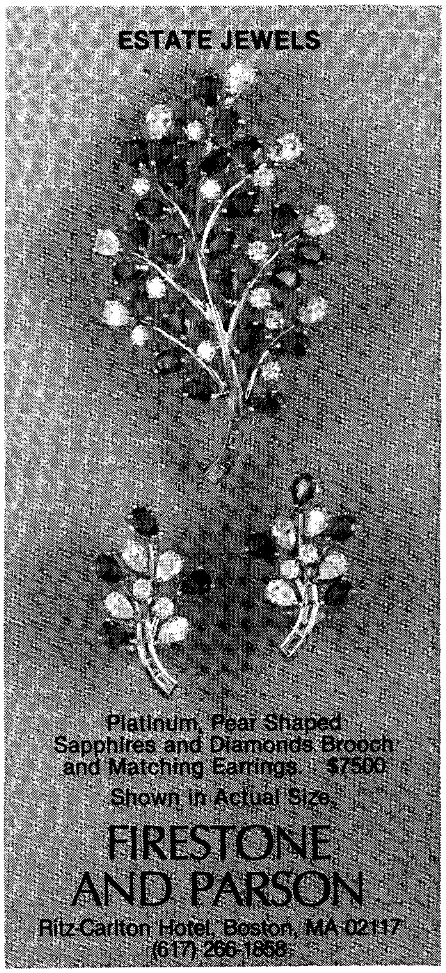
FINALLY, I called Bradford Smith at his office at the University of Arizona. "With respect to the moons," he said, "Voyager sighted what may be a couple of new ones—one that may be sharing the orbit of Mimas and one inside the orbit of Mimas. We're trying to confirm them and make sure they're not stars. And another possible new moon has been discovered by ground-based observation, just beyond the orbit of Tethys; it seems to be a little smaller than Dione B, which is about a hundred miles in diameter." (Later, the moonlet thought to be beyond Tethys was found to be sharing Tethys' orbit, in which it preceded the larger moon. Another small moonlet trailed behind Tethys. No ground-based confirmation has yet been made of the Mimas moonlets.)

"As for the rings, they just get more mystifying all the time," Smith said. "Some rings—particularly some ringlets within the A ring—seem to disappear as you trace them around the planet. The ring that Terrile spotted, incidentally, *has* turned out to be the G ring, but it's not the one casting the shadow on S11, the trailing coörbital satellite. We discovered an error in our measurement with regard to Terrile's ring; we are now placing it well outside the coörbitals, about sixty-eight thousand miles from Saturn's cloud tops, and this coincides with the data on the G ring from Pioneer 11. That means that there is another ring shadowing S11, and we haven't identified that ring optically yet." (Later, the S11 shadow was found to be caused by the F ring.)

Smith continued, "We've looked more closely at the motion of the spokes, and it turns out that the three or four spokes we've really examined—in a later set of pictures taken on the outbound leg and made into a time-lapse movie—may be shearing apart after all. We're still uncertain about this."

In any case, the theory that the spokes are particles of dust levitated electrostatically above the rings continues to be discussed, and there are still plenty of explanations for how they are charged. The mission's official report in *Science* suggested that Saturn's magnetic field might create the spokes, which would shear apart afterward. The *Science* report also recognized the possibility that the spokes were a visible manifestation of Warwick's radio emissions.

When I asked Smith what he was most looking forward to seeing with Voyager 2, he said, "Enceladus, of course. And we'll want to image the cloud patterns in Saturn's atmosphere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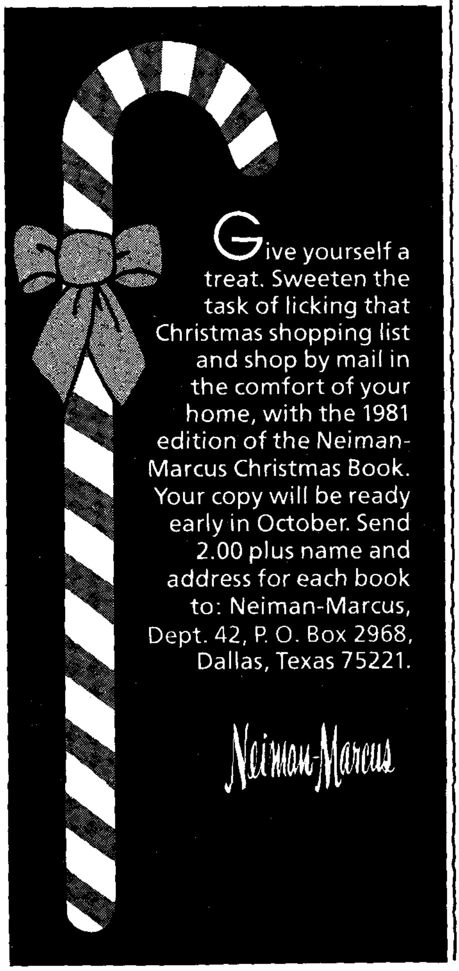
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at much more frequent intervals. Many of them are so ephemeral that they don't reappear from one rotation to the next, but we need to study their movement in order to understand Saturn's weather. Then, some good high-resolution photography of the entire ring system—especially the Mimas resonance regions. Voyager 2 will come closer to the rings, on the bright, upper side, with the sun at a higher angle. And some time-lapse pictures of the F ring, to see movement of the braid. And we'll want more time-lapse pictures of the spokes on the B ring. We'll want more high-resolution pictures of the C ring and the Cassini division; they're less dense than the A and B rings, and therefore the best place to see if there are moonlets embedded in the main rings. On the dark side of Saturn, we'll want to take a long exposure to see if we can detect auroras or Jim Warwick's lightning."

It sounded to me, I said, as though he would be better off if he went up there himself. He agreed.

—HENRY S. F. COOPER, JR.

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MILLINER

It is only when the hour
becomes pained
with dusk
that you become
a visionary,
and you are able
to hurt us all
with your bits
of beauty—
the little chapeaus
in ovals,
the vine
of fox grape
twisted in a parabola
around the brim,
or the cherry
so red
we hold it forever
at the tongue's tip.

Ah! That wild
gladiola is a picture
of the fandango
you danced,
or here, a little cloud—
you must have worn
toe shoes
on each finger
to make such a bright
ballet of hat!

—SUSAN PROSPERE

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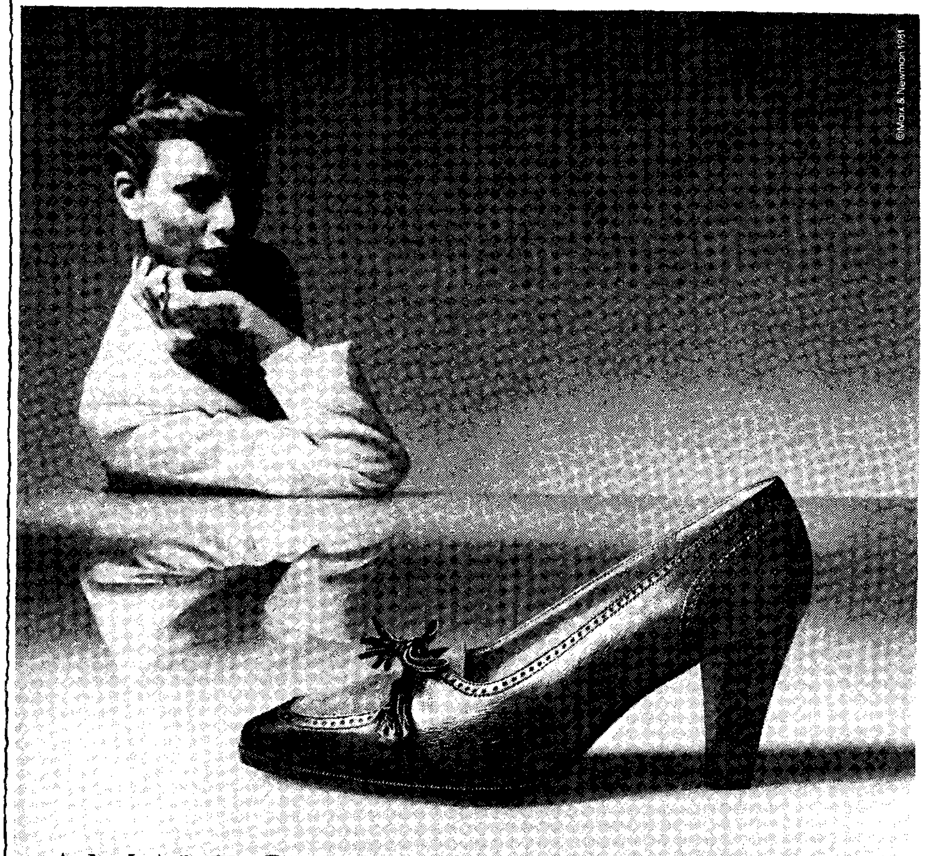
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JAZZ

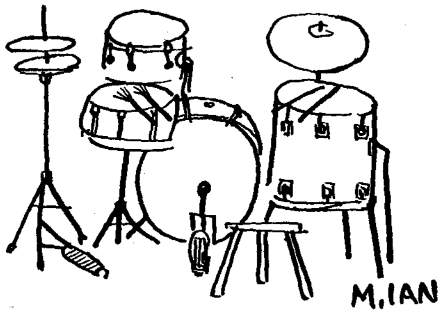
New Bird

THE lurid, secret, phantasmagoric shape of Charlie Parker's life has not made him easy to write about. He bulges out of the fiction he appears in, and is surrealistic in his two biographies. He was a legend when he was alive, and the legend has grown. He is now a demigod—a wizard primitive musician who is widely thought of as the greatest jazz improviser, a super-dropout who seemingly outwitted society by almost completely skirting it, a Gargantua whose appetites destroyed him. The newest attempt to get him down in a book comes from France, and it is a surprising one. It is called "To Bird with Love" (Éditions Wizlov), and consists largely of giant photographs—over two hundred and fifty of them—that have been assembled by Parker's widow, Chan, who lives in France, and by Francis Paudras, a French graphic artist. It is a monolithic book. There are blowups of Parker's head that are the same size as Parker's head. Indeed, all the pictures—they bleed off the page—give the impression of being life-size. (The book measures ten and a half inches by fifteen, weighs seven pounds, and has over four hundred pages.) Scattered among the pictures are reproductions of Parker ephemera and Parker's "papers": his driver's license, stamped with traffic violations; letters, cards, and notes; contracts and telegrams; a pawn ticket (a hundred dollars for his alto saxophone—dated seven weeks before his death). The book is arranged chronologically and becomes, as the images and papers accumulate, his life. But, alas, the book presupposes considerable knowledge of that life. Many photographs have no captions or information of any kind. Some have semi-poetic effusions supplied by Chan Parker: facing pictures of Parker with his arm around fellow-musicians are labelled "Those touched became profound by the passage," and a double-page spread of Parker's head is captioned "Exhale the melody exquisite, inhale a cry of anguish, a plea for acceptance and understanding."

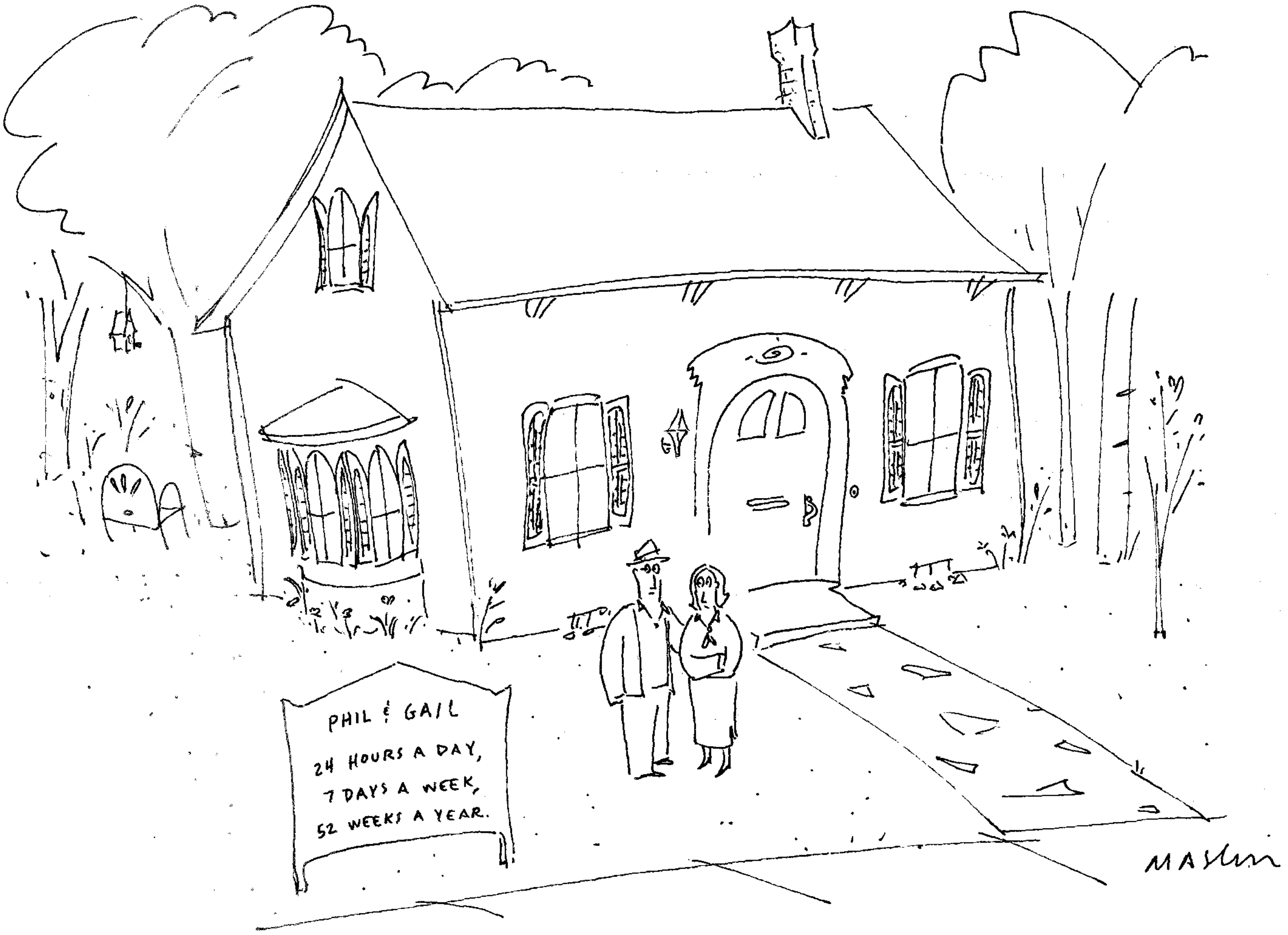
Here, for the sake of reference, are the bones of Parker's life: He was born in 1920 in a suburb of Kansas City and raised by his mother, Addie Boyley, in the city proper. His father, a vaudevillian and Pullman chef, disappeared when he was eleven. Parker did well in grammar school, but then his life began to accelerate. By the time he was sixteen, he had dropped out of high school (he'd been a freshman for three years), he was married and had a child, he was a professional alto saxophonist and a member of the musicians' union, and he was on his way to becoming a drug addict. At seventeen, he went briefly to Chicago and New York, where he heard Art Tatum, whose prolixity became a permanent part of his musical furniture. He joined Jay McShann's Kansas City band when he was nineteen, and stayed with McShann off and on for three years. He rooted around in Harlem for a time after that, then went with Earl Hines' band and with Billy Eckstine's all-star bebop band. He made his first important recordings in 1944, and late in 1945 he went to Los Angeles with Dizzy Gillespie in a band that included Milt Jackson, Al Haig, and Ray Brown. (It was the first bebop band to cross the Rockies, and it had the same effect as the arrival of the Spaniards: the natives were incredulous.) But, constantly souped up with drugs and alcohol, he collapsed, and midway in 1946 he was committed to Camarillo State Hospital. In the biography "Bird Lives!," Ross Russell quotes a doctor who took care of Parker:

> A man living from moment to moment. A man living for the pleasure principle, music, food, sex, drugs, kicks, his personality arrested at an infantile level. A man with almost no feeling of guilt and only the smallest, most atrophied nub of conscience. One of the army of psychopaths supplying the populations of prisons and mental institutions. Except for his music, a potential member of that population. But with Charlie Parker it is the music factor that makes all the difference. That's really the only reason we're interested in him. The reason we're willing to stop our own lives and clean up his messes. People like Charlie require somebody like that . . .

Parker was released, in buoyant shape, in 1947, but by the time he reappeared in New York later that year he was down and out again. He went to France in 1949 and to Scandinavia in 1950. During the last five years of his life (he died March 12, 1955), he disintegrated steadily but continued to work, sometimes brilliantly (the famous Massey Hall concert in Toronto in 1953, with Dizzy Gillespie, Bud Powell, Charles Mingus, and Max Roach). His last job in New York, or anywhere, took place over the weekend of March 4 and 5, 1955, at Birdland, with Kinney Dorham, Bud Powell, Mingus, and Art Blakey. On the second night, Powell got drunk, insulted Parker, and walked off the bandstand. Parker shouted Powell's name endlessly through the microphone, but Powell refused to come back. The club emptied, and Parker left and got drunk himself. Four days later, he set out for an engagement at George Wein's Storyville, in Boston, and on the way stopped off at the apartment of Baroness Pannonica de Koenigswarter, in the Stanhope Hotel, on Fifth Avenue at Eighty-first Street. He had a seizure, and three days later died there, aged thirty-four.



Some of the photographs in "To Bird with Love" are famous shots taken by William Gottlieb and Gjon Mili and Robert Parent, but many appear to be snapshots rescued from albums and drawers and wallets. Here is Parker rehearsing in some hall with an experimental big band led by the arranger Gene Roland and including Zoot Sims, Al Cohn, Jimmy Knepper, and Eddie Bert; Parker in a double-breasted chalk-stripe suit standing ceremoniously beside Duke Ellington; Parker on a Paris stage with Sidney Bechet, Bernard Peiffer, and Don Byas; Parker's mother, worn, bemused, kindly; Parker's childhood home, its windows gone, and surrounded by saplings and overgrown shrubs; and a derelict three-story brick building in Kansas City that once housed a night club called Subway, where Parker worked with Jay McShann and Jesse Price when he was seventeen. Ross Russell quotes McShann on Parker's already sneaky ways: "He was a strange kid, very aggressive and wise. He liked to play practical jokes. And he was always borrowing money, a couple of dollars that you'd never get back." The pictures in the last hundred or so pages of the book are often dismal. Parker is overweight, his eyes are unfocussed, he looks beat and dejected. Most frightening of all are three double-



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page photographs taken on the bandstand at Birdland during Parker's final engagement there. In the first, a huge Parker leans over to say something to Bud Powell, who, seated at the piano, has mad blank-white eyes. In the second, Powell, still mad-looking, plays while Art Blakey stares angrily at him. In the last picture, Powell is out of sight, Mingus has vanished, and Parker, fat and sweating, plays, backed by Blakey. All three pictures have a dark, hellish cast: demons are loose.

There are rare glimpses of a jazz musician's backstage life in "To Bird with Love," particularly in a couple of exchanges of letters between irate night-club managers and the musicians' union and between a defensive Parker and the musicians' union. Toward the end of his life, Parker often behaved poorly on the job or failed to show up at all. The manager of the Latin Quarter, in Montreal, writes to an officer of the musicians' union in New York:

> Now for [the musicians'] appearance. When they arrived at the club, they looked anything but musicians, at least, those [we] have been in the habit of engaging. They were shabbily dressed, torn shirts, even on Mr. Parker's back; they were unshaven, dirty looking and not fit to be presented to any public.

Parker's answer to the union official is calm and even stately:

> For explanation: It is an over night ride on a train from New York to Montreal, and the men who arrived in the early evening went immediately, as soon as they got off the train, to the Latin Quarter to ascertain what the requirements of the engagement were, and naturally, this being in the neighborhood of 7:30 in the evening, and we not scheduled to play until 10:00 o'clock, and having ridden all day on a very dirty train, all of us certainly admit we were definitely not dressed to make a professional appearance... When we appeared... at the prescribed time of 10:00 P.M., my entire band wore dark blue suits, were cleanly shaven, and were ready to perform in a professional manner.

Six months later, Parker apparently misbehaved at the Tiffany Club, in Los Angeles. The manager writes to the same long-suffering union official in New York:

> Mr. Parker played four sets instead of five, consisting of 17-14-18-20 minutes each. During these short sessions, Mr. Parker played very little. He leaned on the piano and weaved from side to side, obviously intoxicated. His eyes were shut for three and four minutes at a time and he didn't play a note. He sweat profusely, and wiped his brow with his fore finger and thrust sweat to the floor, unbecoming to a performer. His stage behavior was the most deplorable I have ever witnessed. Patrons laughed and giggled and wondered what next.

Parker will have none of it:

> His comments about my behavior on the stage are purely a matter of personal opinion and conjecture. All I can say is that the people seemed satisfied with my performance and applauded the performance.

Parker, however, lost out; the union decreed that he pay the Tiffany Club five hundred dollars in damages.

"To Bird with Love" costs a hundred and eleven dollars, which does not seem exorbitant, considering the labor and costs that have clearly gone into it. (That price, though, should guarantee a strong binding; my copy, after three or four readings, is weakening.) The book may be had in its trompe-l'oeil box—a package tied with string and covered with French stamps—from Société Wizlov, c/o F. Tomlin, 3664 Richmond Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania 19134.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT

REFLECTIONS

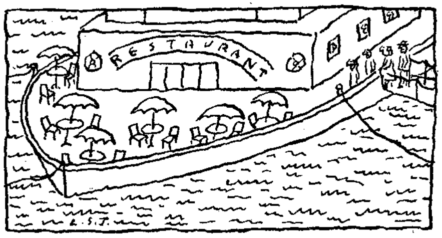
THE SHAPE WE SEE IN OUR MINDS

WASHINGTON has yet to resolve its ultimate differences on what to think and do about the Soviet Union. Since the death of Stalin, both Democratic and Republican Administrations have, on the whole, considered that the Soviet-American rivalry functioned within negotiable limits, and need not lead to war. The Soviet Union has been considered to have finite aims, its rhetoric notwithstanding. It has not been taken to be an outlaw power. Treaties and other agreements, even secret "codes of conduct," were sought and signed by the Eisenhower, Nixon, and Ford Administrations, and also by those of Presidents Kennedy, Johnson, and Carter, in the expectation that the Soviet Union would observe their terms. The Soviet Union was thus presumed to be a "normal" power, albeit a ruthless one, and to be concerned essentially with its own security and well-being. Its Leninist commitment to world revolution was regarded as, in practice, subordinated to national interest whenever conflict arose between the two.

In the Washington of the Reagan Administration, this view of the Soviet Union has been seriously challenged within the highest levels of government for the first time since the mid-nineteen-fifties. This challenge to what the American policy convention had been provides, of course, an echo of what had for years been the orthodox Leninist and Stalinist position—that the bourgeoisie would not yield without a fight, and thus that armed struggle between revolutionary forces and those of entrenched capitalism and imperialism was inevitable. Richard Pipes, lately of Harvard and now of the National Security Council, believes, correspondingly, that if the Soviet Union does not change its own system and become in crucial respects a liberalized society, which is to say if it does not cede the ideological battle, war between the two superpowers is, in the long run, inevitable. Substantially this view links to another opinion, frequently stated by the President and by Secretary of State Alexander Haig: that the Soviet Union has a hand in every serious conflict, or threat to the West, in the world today—in the Mideast, Africa, and Central America, and in the internal politics of Western Europe itself. Mr. Reagan told the *Wall Street Journal* last spring, "Let's not delude ourselves. The Soviet Union underlies all the unrest that is going on. If they weren't engaged in this game of dominoes, there wouldn't be any hot spots in the world."

Moscow undoubtedly would not grasp the irony. Its doctrine of the inevitability of conflict, officially discarded during the post-Stalinist nineteen-sixties, has made a return to international politics as a doctrine put forward within the United States government. The link of causation is direct. A generation of American specialists on the Soviet Union learned too well to take Trotsky, Lenin, and Stalin seriously, and are unable to take these men's successors any less seriously—paying those now in the Kremlin the compliment of believing them to be men of steel, of austere revolutionary commitments, prepared "to commit any crime," as President Reagan has said. It is an extravagant tribute, since little in the conduct of the Soviet Union over recent years has demonstrated its leaders to be other than aging and unimaginative, obsessed by the security and power of an overextended Soviet Union—scavengers of influence among the debris of colonialism, in Central America, Africa, the Middle East—but always cautious, insecure, vain. These Soviet leaders have shown themselves painfully eager for "normal" relations, in which, despite the meanness of Soviet political society, its economic failures, its technological backwardness, they may conduct themselves as members (as Richard Nixon once said of himself and Chairman Leonid Brezhnev) "of the most exclusive club in the world."

The new men in Washington have indicated that they think otherwise. For them, the Soviet leadership is today what it glamorously was during the years of revolution and civil war—unreconciled to peace, to "normalcy." Those Soviet leaders of the earlier generations deserved the words that the Italian historian Guglielmo Ferrero applied to the revolutionary government of France after 1792: "Men full of energy but without experience, strangers to the tradition of wisdom which had revealed to those who governed before them certain limits beyond which force was to no avail . . . at a certain moment, they were seized by fear: and impelled by fear, they overstepped the limits which their predecessors had learned to respect." But his words also incongruously put one in mind of counter-revolutionary Washington, of 1981. That analogy is, of course, strained; but there is an echo in Washington of a proposition the revolutionaries supported—that it is possible to make men free by force.



Before the French Revolution, in a period when national struggles were mainly dynastic, warfare could rely upon position and movement, with only perfunctory battle, since professionals could see the consequences of an alignment of forces, while the objectives sought were practical and expedient, narrowly defined. It was simpler then: mercenaries did the fighting and took the casualties, and neither their royal employers nor the majority of ordinary people were at risk. War was, as Ferrero has also said, a hothouse plant, the product of an aristocratic and qualitative civilization, and could not survive the passions launched by the idea-intoxicated revolutions of 1789 and afterward, producing popular wars—wars of nationalism and wars of ideas.

DURING much of the last thirty years, we have conducted our competition with the Soviet Union in the eighteenth-century manner, employing mercenaries, with most of the battles won or conceded according to the perceived relation of forces in the field, and with little decisive risk to the principals. No shots have been fired by Soviet Russians or Americans at one another; plenty have been fired at third parties—Salvadorans, Afghans, Ethiopians, Eritreans, Cubans, Vietnamese, Cambodians, Laos, Meos, Nungs.

The moral meaning and consequence of this use of others have not been edifying, but the expedient has possessed the utility of sparing the

"But, Janet, I've read Henry James all my life. I can't stop now."

world as well as the two superpowers the risks of an engagement from which there might be no retreat. The allies involved have proved to be dispensable, disavowable. The Soviet Union could readily endure the bombing of Hanoi. It was an awkward matter, but the lives lost were not Russian, and Moscow could, while the bombs fell, deal on larger matters with the United States, to the advantage of both superpowers. The United States survived defeat by the Vietnamese Communists, while the Soviet Union remained at a discreet distance. On the single recent occasion when the Soviet Union and the United States were directly engaged—in the Cuban missile crisis—there was intelligent concern on the American side for limiting the resonance of the American victory and yielding something in compensation: the American missiles installed in Turkey.

Our use of others has had less attractive consequences. Other people's wars are turned into bigger and better-armed affairs than they should be. Unsophisticated armies engaged in what should be mere demonstrations, shows of ornamental ferocity, parades of strength, skirmishes in Africa or Central America, are taught the methods of large-scale killing and given the weapons for it. Ten per cent of the officer corps of the Army of El Salvador—an army in no risk of fighting a modern war with anyone—has been trained by the United States Army, and still more help is on the way from Fort Bragg and Fort Benning. This amounts to a superimposition of one country's geopolitical perceptions and ambitions upon another country's war. It is an old practice—an inevitable one, historically. There were almost as many French troops at the Battle of Yorktown as there were American. The American Revolution was to European contemporaries a belated sideshow of the Seven Years' War among the major European powers. It was Britain and France at it again, with exotic colonial auxiliaries.

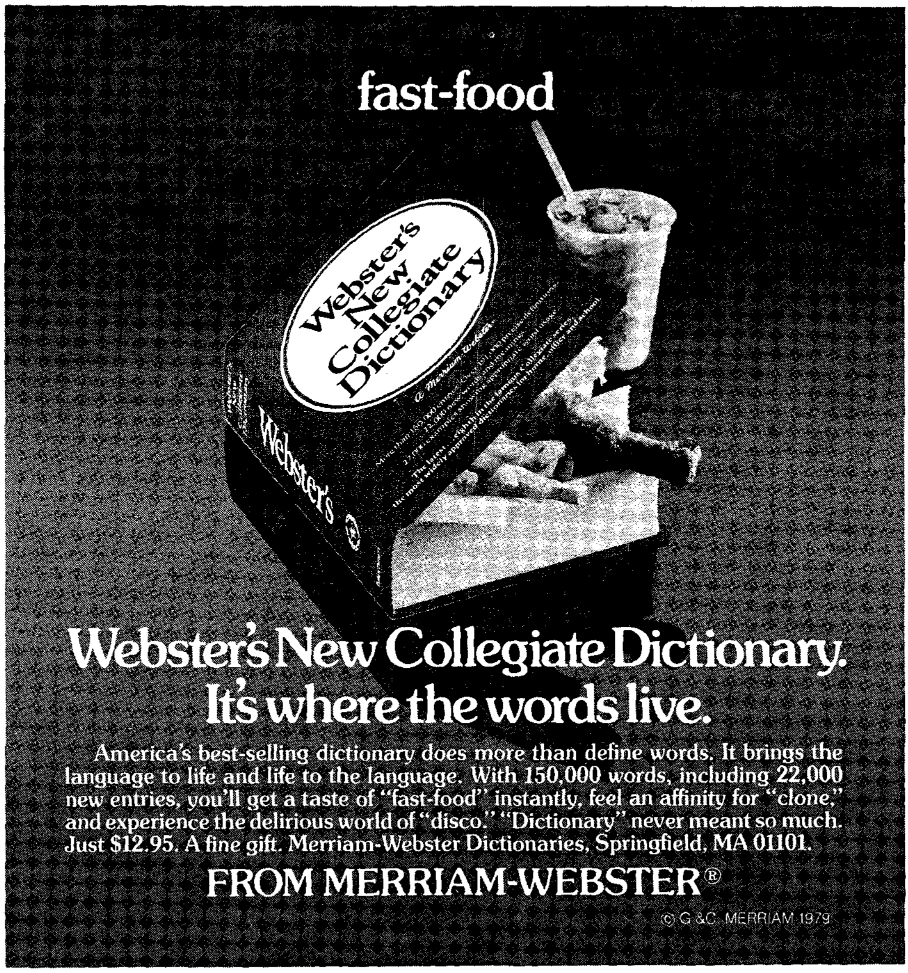
Proxy warfare permits disavowal, but it also provides for moral as well as military inflation and escalation: by attributing large ideological and geopolitical significance to Latin-American civil struggles the United States makes this significance in some substantial way true. The fates of the United States, Cuba, and the Soviet Union have been symbolically engaged, even if actual interest is indirect. The Salvadoran affair might just as well have been ignored, as a matter between El Salvador's oligarchic families and their rebellious peons. At another time, it would have been ignored, and some other affair chosen for the test of the great-power commitment. The Salvadorans were unlucky. On the other hand, no one in Washington appears to have taken much notice of the Communist coup d'état in Kabul, in 1978, which might have been thought a more important affair than El Salvador ever could be—a quite undisguised extension of Soviet national power. Washington was interested in other matters in 1978. To an unpleasant degree, what counts is what people at a given time think counts. It is a political version of philosophical idealism: things have their reality in the mind of the observer. Vietnam was a great struggle in the Cold War because the United States chose to nominate it as such, and proceeded at reckless cost to make it so.

In Central America, however, the Reagan Administration has done something new. American policy has been changed in a basic respect. Washington has abandoned the assumptions, and certain of the limitations, of proxy warfare. The Reagan Administration has attempted to hold the Soviet Union directly accountable for the uprising in El Salvador, and thus to try to impel it to bring that affair to an end. While the United States is giving help to military governments in Central America (as elsewhere), the primary objective of this policy is not, as it was in the proxy wars of the past, to alter events on the scene—to make existing governments better able to fight the insurgents or more likely to hold the loyalties of their people. The principal aim is, rather, to make the Soviet Union change its policy.

The United States wants to exclude the Soviet Union and its agent, Cuba, from Central America, and would accomplish this by addressing Moscow directly. It is a policy that is even likely to succeed, since the Kremlin must be aware of the vulnerability of these Central American commitments and also of their lack of inherent importance to the Soviet Union. It would be entirely within established Soviet diplomatic and political practice to concede the United States sphere of interest in Central America if the United States seriously claims such a sphere. The Monroe Doctrine, in the view of the Soviets, is worth respecting if the United States shows that it is serious about defending it, since the Soviet Union would expect reciprocal United States respect for Soviet interests in, say, central Asia—or Poland. The Soviets would expect reciprocity and would, indeed, attempt to impose it. This happened the last times they had to accept a tactical defeat—in the Cuban missile crisis, and again after the successful American effort, under Secretary of State Henry Kissinger and then in President Carter's Camp David negotiations, to exclude the Soviet Union from a role in a Middle Eastern settlement. In both cases, the Soviets looked for and eventually took revenge. They will undoubtedly try to do so again.

THE Cuban affair produced a Soviet decision never again to be in a position of decisive military disadvantage. They had been compelled to withdraw Soviet missiles from Cuba because they did not have the naval power to break an American sea blockade there and they did not possess a powerful enough nuclear second-strike capacity to deter the implied American nuclear threat. They quickly resolved to acquire both, and began the important military and naval buildups that continue today and have removed the decisive advantages that the United States previously enjoyed. The American victory in the Cuban affair had as its eventual cost a changed bilateral military and naval balance, and thus a diminished freedom of action for the United States. The cost to the Soviet Union was also severe: a redirection of spending from civilian programs to military ones, and the abandonment of any serious chance to equal Western popular living standards in the foreseeable future. This could have lasting effects upon Russian society and the Soviet system. The Cuban missile crisis actually left both sides impoverished—worse off than they were before.

The Middle Eastern episode was another humiliation for the Soviet Union, although not so open a one as the Cuban missile crisis. In the Soviet view, the "code of conduct" formally accepted in 1972 by Washington and Moscow was broken by Henry Kissinger's attempt to bring about a direct Arab-Israeli settlement under American sponsorship and guarantee—the aim of his so-called shuttle diplomacy. The Soviet Union wanted the parties to go to Geneva, where it would have a role equal to that of the United States in both the negotiations and the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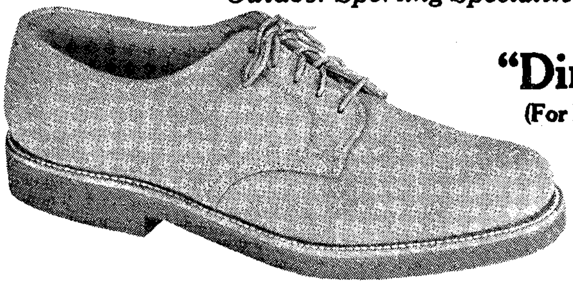
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guarantee of whatever settlement might be reached. It sought to be treated as the equal of the United States. This did not occur. In the Soviet view of the affair, Mr. Kissinger attempted to cut the Soviet Union out of a position in the Middle East to which it had as good a claim as the United States did. Later, President Carter sponsored the Camp David agreement, which was a more limited affair than the one envisaged by Mr. Kissinger, but from which the Soviet Union was again excluded. It was after the Kissinger initiative in 1973 that the Soviet Union introduced Cuban troops into Angola and stepped up its activity in the Horn of Africa. An affronted Soviet leadership, unsurprisingly, looked for compensation or revenge elsewhere—a counterbalancing advantage in the great game—and found it in Africa and, subsequently, in Afghanistan.

The dialectic of conflict will thus not be interrupted so easily as the new men in Washington may think. The last Administration attempted initially to interrupt it by accommodation. This Administration wants to facilitate the process by recovering our military superiority, so as to impose a unilateral restraint. But the Soviet leadership has made it plain that it is determined to play a role in world affairs equal to that which the United States plays, and in military respects it is now, at heavy cost, in a position to do so. Under President Carter, the United States had seemed prepared to deal with the Soviet Union on terms of an approximate political and military parity. The U.S.S.R. may one day regret that it did not further encourage the overtures of Mr. Carter and Cyrus Vance. Now it confronts a Reagan Administration apparently committed to making the United States once again predominant in the world.

This is an Administration composed in part of pragmatic and conservative national managers, no doubt willing to strike a bargain with Moscow—a hard one. But it also includes a significant contingent of people committed to the proposition that no negotiations with the Soviet Union on basic questions can be profitable and no agreements trusted. They believe that the difference between our two countries, a matter of fundamental values as well as of ideology, necessarily produces conflict, and that it is sentimentality to think that coexistence can be anything other than a mask by which the Soviet Union continues, itself quite unsenti-

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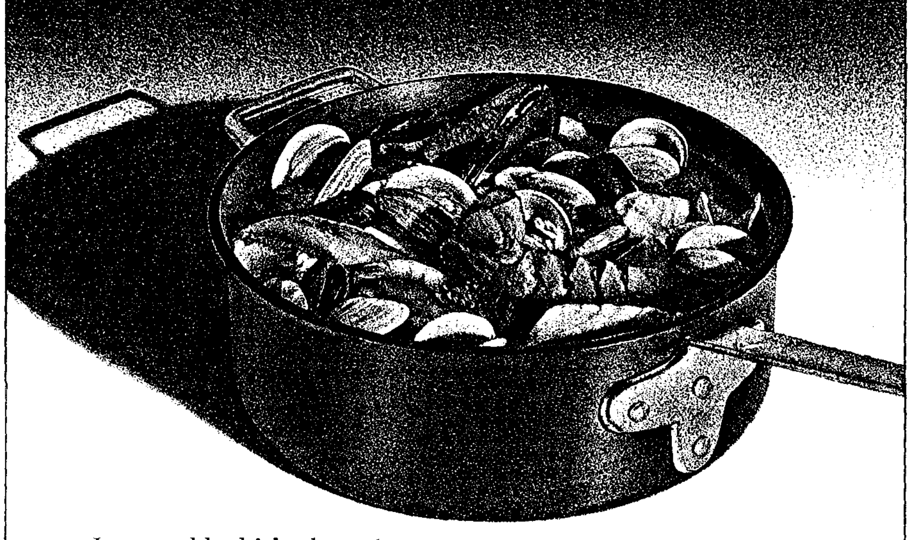

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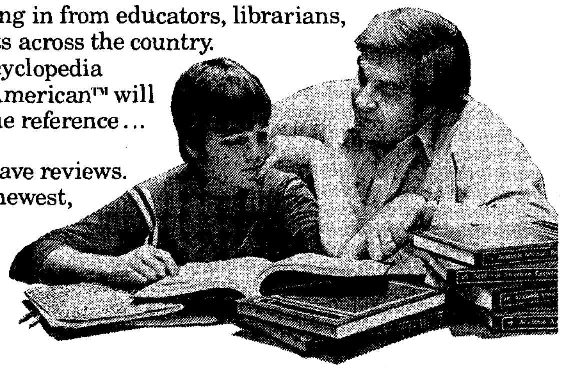
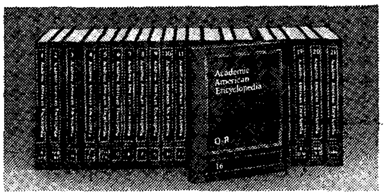
mentally, to wage that conflict. Richard Allen, the President's Assistant for National Security Affairs, has told an interviewer that détente is only a non-military way to defeat the West. These Americans recommend that the United States resume the Cold War, applying economic and political pressures that might cause the Soviet system to crack. They would concede that there is risk in this, but they argue that to leave the initiative to the Soviet Union is the greater risk.

IN the recent past, American foreign policy has been conservative in the primary sense of conserving—maintaining—an established and conventional international order against the revising and overturning force of Leninism and Stalinism. In George Kennan's classic formulation, in 1946, when Stalin was alive: "The main element of any United States policy toward the Soviet Union must be that of a long-term, patient but firm and vigilant containment of Russian expansive tendencies. It is important to note, however, that such a policy has nothing to do with outward histrionics: with threats or blustering or superfluous gestures of outward 'toughness.' While the Kremlin is basically flexible in its reaction to political realities, it is by no means unamenable to considerations of prestige. Like almost any other government, it can be placed by tactless and threatening gestures in a position where it cannot afford to yield even though this might be dictated by its sense of realism. . . . For these reasons it is a *sine qua non* of successful dealing with Russia that the foreign government in question should remain at all times cool and collected and that its demands on Russian policy should be put forward in [such] a manner as to leave the way open for a compliance not too detrimental to Russian prestige." Both the Soviet Union and the United States have changed since that was written—but not, one thinks, in a drastic way.

Sir Max Beloff, the Oxford historian, has remarked that we were launched on our way to the nineteenth and twentieth centuries when Fénelon, a leader of the aristocratic party against Louis XIV, could write of France's situation, "Our misfortune arises from the fact that the war [of the Spanish Succession] has hitherto been the affair of the king alone. . . . It must be made the real affair of the whole body of the nation. . . . It is necessary that there should be spread





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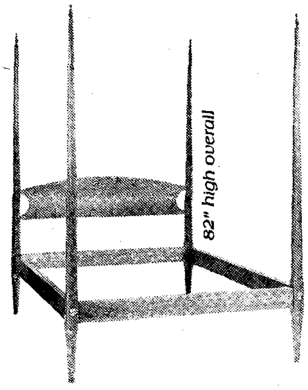

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throughout our nation an intimate conviction that it is the nation itself that in its own interest bears the burden of this war." It happened; hence the later wars of nationalism and nationality, followed by wars of idealism and ideology, all of them evoking mass enthusiasm and unrestrained aims. The old instrumentalism, expedience, and limits of eighteenth-century dynastic war were rejected.

One could have thought, however, that by the nineteen-fifties and nineteen-sixties the essential lesson of the years since the French Revolution, and, above all, the terrible lessons of 1914 and 1940, had been grasped. One could have believed in a certain disintoxication, at least in the Western countries, as a consequence of the giant upheavals that nationalism and ideology had inflicted upon mankind. Even the Soviet Union was becoming a calmer nation than it had been: Its leaders aged; there was an effort to make ordinary life better for a Russian people savagely wounded by fifty years of world war, civil war, and terror. The old revolutionary language no longer had much bite. In the West, the influence of ideology seemed weakened on both the left and the right. The worst recent outbreak of ideological violence, that of the terrorists in Italy and West Germany since the early seventies, was contained without essential damage to liberal institutions.

But the bias toward ideological thinking remains. We in the Western countries remain a society of ideas, possessing the administrative and technological capacities for imposing upon ordinary life a version of a shape we see in our minds or a version of our fears. The test for Americans today may be simply to see ourselves within this history of Western ideological thought, including this predilection for ideological intoxication, and thus to acknowledge the pertinence of these lessons of limit, prudence, a certain detachment of judgment. But to do so would mean rejecting that stubborn exceptionalism which still says that Americans are exempt from the common experience and so are exempt from the limits that others have been taught, by suffering, to respect.

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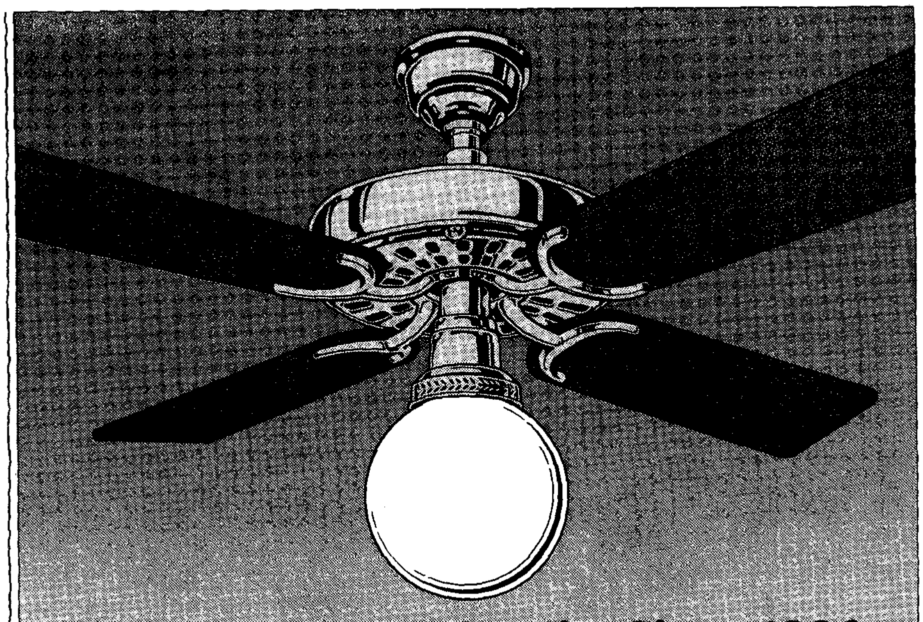

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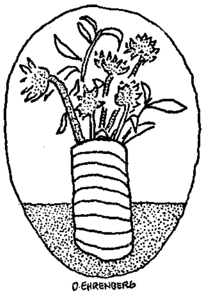
AMUSEMENT-PARK THOUGHTS OF A PARENT ALONG FOR THE RIDES

AFTER a morning at Sesame Place, a "family play park" that opened last summer in Langhorne, I realized that what I liked most about it was the absence of teen-agers. That might be considered a negative response, I know—maybe even a crotchety response. I really don't expect the co-proprietors of Sesame Place—the Children's Television Workshop and the Busch Entertainment Corporation—to drop "Where learning is half the fun" as one of their mottoes and substitute "Not overrun by bands of noisy louts in funny T-shirts." Still, the proprietors must have been harboring the same sort of bias when they let it be known that Sesame Place is "designed to appeal to families with children from ages 3 to 13." As it happens, our family is one of the families it was designed to appeal to—although just barely, since our older daughter, Abigail, is twelve. These days, it is possible for a family to know precisely whether it is being appealed to or not. The amusement-park industry has embraced the science of demographics with the sort of ardor usually encountered among political-campaign tacticians and the advertising managers of national magazines. In the middle seventies, for instance, amusement parks tried to outdo each other with increasingly huge and terrifying roller coasters—attractions that are thought to be particularly appealing to teen-agers. Some amusement-park operators are more pleased by the presence of teen-agers than I am—particularly if the teen-agers drag along the rest of their families. Even Disneyland, the enterprise that was primarily responsible for transforming what had been the slightly funky amusement-park business into the modern and respectable theme-park business, had to install a roller coaster—although it was a roller coaster that posed demurely as a trip around the Matterhorn. At least two organizations for roller-coaster freaks surfaced eventually—the American Coaster Enthusiasts and Roller Coaster Buffs International. Their members began making pilgrimages to some of the new coasters and lamenting the passing of some of the old ones. The construction of bigger and scarier roller coasters slowed down, though, in the late seventies. I suppose that there is some limit to just about any market—and that competition to make a roller coaster even bigger than the last one may have become technologically burdensome at about the point where the last one included in its journey a ten-story drop. According to an analysis I read in a trade magazine, though, the slowdown was partly due to the demographers' having found that what had always seemed to me to be an inexhaustible supply of teen-agers was about to shrink—the number of children aged five to thirteen having declined more than fourteen per cent during the decade. Abigail and her younger sister—Sarah, who is nine—are, of course, part of that five-to-thirteen crowd, products of an era that I suppose will someday be known as the Baby Bust. In fact, some of us Baby Bust parents have counted on that demographic wrinkle to result in our children graduating from high school during the years that colleges and universities are desperately hunting for applicants to thrust scholarship money on in order to have students for their tenured professors to teach. No science is perfect, though—not even demographics. As it happens, Abigail and Sarah both love roller coasters. So do I. Sesame Place does not have a roller coaster or any other "thrill rides;" its operators often say that the energy for Sesame Place attractions is provided by the children themselves rather than by engines. As I walked around Sesame Place trying to appreciate the savings in irreplaceable fossil fuels that policy must bring, I was grateful for the absence of the teen-agers who would have come to ride a roller coaster, but I missed being able to climb on some tooth-rattler like the Cyclone at Coney Island. Sarah and I had passed a thrilling twenty or thirty seconds on the Cyclone just a few weeks before. These conflicting thoughts led to the realization that I may be demographically out of sync.



ALTHOUGH the proprietors of Sesame Place consider it "a new concept"—not an amusement park or a theme park but a play park—conventional theme-park people would consider it "heavily themed." In the amusement-park industry, it is customary to use "theme" as a verb. Disneyland is said to have themed its roller coaster as the Matterhorn. It is even possible to retheme. At a theme park called Kings Dominion, off an interstate exit in Virginia, we once found that before we managed to reach a water ride I had read about as the Voyage to Atlantis it had been rethemed into the Haunted River. (The discrepancy was of no concern to us; the purpose of our visit to Kings Dominion was a ride on an old-fashioned roller coaster called the Rebel Yell.) Kings Dominion is not very heavily themed, but some theme parks—the Busch Entertainment Corporation's Old Country, Busch Gardens, in Williamsburg, Virginia, for instance—have an over-all theme that is carried through every detail of the park, so that the standard amusement-park caricaturist is themed by giving him a beret and putting his booth in a French area under the sign "Left Bank Artist." At Old Country, bumper cars are placed in the Oktoberfest section of the German area and called Die Autobahn bumper cars; the gift shop in the English area is called Her Majesty's Fancy. I know all of that because we went to Old Country, Busch Gardens a year ago to ride a renowned roller coaster called the Loch Ness Monster, which had been advertised as "the most awesome, frightening thrill ride in the world."

Sesame Place, of course, has been themed with the "Sesame Street" characters that most children from three to thirteen take for granted as part of their lives. Sesame Place's Mickey Mouse is Big Bird—smiling his goofy smile on the official logo. The gift shop is naturally called Mr. Hooper's Store. What an unthemed park might consider the sort of giant air-bed contraption that is sometimes set up at neighborhood fairs for children to jump around on is known at Sesame Place as Ernie's Bed Bounce. The instant hit of Sesame Place's first summer of operation was called the Count's Ballroom; it is nothing more than the opportunity to wallow for a few minutes in a tank filled with sixty or eighty thousand plastic balls. It happens to make a rather pleasurable wallow.

There is also an underlying theme at Sesame Place that is not expressed explicitly in names like Oscar's Obsta-

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cle Course or Grover's Cable Glide—the assurance that it's all good for you. "Sesame Street," of course, has been the greatest popularizer of what the Children's Television Workshop calls the philosophy of "combining education with entertainment"—the notion, long a staple of relentlessly enlightened nursery schools, that a child who is sitting on the floor merrily throwing around globs of Play-Doh can be said to be "working with clay." Because of "Sesame Street," millions of American parents can now rest assured that the child who is carrying on a conversation with a Kermit the Frog hand puppet is not only enjoying himself but improving his chances of making it as far as the state university—which, if the demographers are correct, will be pathetically grateful to see him.

Sesame Place's news releases describe it as not simply a play park but "the nation's first educational play park"—a place where children "can stretch their minds along with their muscles." It does, in fact, have an entire building filled with computer learning games, some of them remarkably good. Children can try out devices at Sesame Place that demonstrate the phenomenon of light reflection or gravity or motion pictures. The good-for-you theme is carried right through to the Sesame Food Factory, where the kitchen has glass walls, so that children can watch the preparation of the food they are about to eat—assuming they still want to eat it after reading that the cookies are "carrot-orange, high in Vitamin A, with no granulated sugar" and that the pizza is made of "whole-wheat crust for extra nutrients and fibre," thereby providing fifty per cent of a day's protein requirement. If there is anything that my daughters do not go to an amusement park for, it's an extra shot of fibre. Obviously, though, the good-for-you theme is not for the children but for the parents. Because parents know that children's minds and muscles are stretched by a day at Sesame Place, they can indulge their children without suffering those twinges of guilt which may sometimes afflict a parent at a conventional amusement park, even though he knows full well that there must be dozens of studies somewhere showing that a combination of roller-coaster riding and frankfurters and cotton candy do no long-term developmental damage to a healthy child. In the German area of a theme park like Old Country, Busch Gardens, a frankfurter is probably themed as something like Bavarian Wurst Sandwich mit Onions. At Sesame Place, it is themed as a "low nitrate hot dog." We had a few anyway.

WHEN I was a child in Kansas City, the local amusement park was a place called Fairyland Park. I remember it as a ramshackle operation on the edge of town. That was before the days of theme parks, of course; otherwise, some shrewd packager might have changed the name of Fairyland Park to Grubby Country or Land o' Squalor. Fairyland Park had a roller coaster, but I was forbidden to ride it. The prohibition naturally resulted in a full afternoon of illicit roller-coaster riding as soon as I was old enough to bicycle to Fairyland Park by myself. It was a pleasant experience, and, I'm happy to say, it seemed to use up my supply of defiant acts of physical daring. Any leftover smattering of inclinations I have in that direction can be taken care of easily by a short ride to Coney Island and an even shorter ride on the Cyclone. I'll admit to having had an itch to try the Loch Ness Monster when I first read about it—the Monster, by the way, turned out to be a disappointment, probably because its track is constructed of tubular steel and it therefore lacks the awful rattle of the old-fashioned wooden-frame roller coasters—but I have never been tempted to operate a hang glider or to race in the Indianapolis 500 or to ascend any Matterhorn that is not owned and maintained by the Walt Disney corporation. I enjoy roller coasters, and I am fortunate in being able to enjoy the complicated treatises on the attraction of roller coasters offered by psychologists and sociologists now and then without worrying about their application to me: I ride roller coasters because my mother told me not to.

IN a country that celebrates the self-made man, the one concern left to parents contentedly watching their child learn while playing at Sesame Place—watching him being given advantages even during a day's outing—is that the child may be in danger of being robbed of a deprived childhood and the opportunity to pull himself up by his own bootstraps. My only concern in that line is that my children have been deprived of roller-coaster deprivation. They have both been riding roller coasters cheerfully for years—rattling along on the Cyclone, making drops of a hundred and four-

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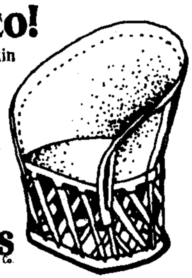

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teen feet on the Loch Ness Monster. My wife has never seen the appeal of roller coasters. In fact, as I remember it, her response to being informed of the existence of the Roller Coaster Buffs International included both the word "childish" and the word "loony." When I say confidently "They'll be fine" as the girls and I stand in line for a roller coaster that has been advertised as having a G-force of three point five (the Loch Ness Monster)—my confidence, I suppose, being based partly on the fact that I have no idea what "G-force" means—she simply shakes her head in resignation. It may be that when all the controversy is over about how male and female roles are played in this society—about what is buried in the chromosomes and what is culturally imposed—it will be agreed that the only difference between male and female behavior which is invariably in the nature of the beings is that in the *face of a roller coaster* mothers make appeals for good sense and fathers say, "They'll be fine." As it happens, the reaction of my younger daughter, Sarah, to being hurtled along at G-force three point five by the Loch Ness Monster was "Too short and not scary enough." She had her eyes closed, of course. With her eyes closed, she is fearless. If no eye-opening was necessary, Sarah could stand her ground in the face of a charge by a battalion of Chinese regulars.

What concerns me about their lack of roller-coaster deprivation is how children who have gone on "the most awesome, frightening thrill ride in the world" will be able to demonstrate someday that they are old enough to do something too dangerous to be allowed—a concern made more acute because of the current feeling that women ought to have access to activities that men alone have been breaking their legs at for years. Would Abigail go on the rodeo circuit as a broncobuster? Would Sarah apply for the astronaut program? Fortunately, I tell myself, some of the experiments carried out by astronauts in space must require them to work with their eyes open.

ONE of the people who work at Sesame Place told me that it is basically just "a jazzed-up playground." It is a new concept in that it has collected and packaged some of the best playground ideas and learning games and science-museum techniques around—many of them having the ad-

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vantage of being, depending on your outlook, muscle-stretching or maintenance-free. There is a computer on which it is possible to compose a song. There is a room with white walls that will hold the shadow that is on them when a light flashes—and fade to white in time for the shadow-maker to assume another grotesque pose for the next flash. Sesame Place has borrowed a number of ideas from the Franklin Institute, in Philadelphia—a science museum engrossing enough to make me assume that people who still talk about having spent a week in Philadelphia last Sunday must be unaware that the Institute is open on Sunday afternoon.

What theme-park people would think of as new about Sesame Place is not only its approach but its size. By modern theme-park standards, it is tiny. It is designed to attract people mainly from a twenty-five-mile radius—which may sound like a long way to a kid who wants to bicycle out to a roller coaster but is strictly local compared with the huge theme parks built off interstate exits with the idea of pulling in people from two or three states. Sesame Place is built next to a large shopping mall rather than an interstate exit, and cost ten million dollars rather than a couple of hundred million dollars. With the cost of land and construction and financing constantly rising—and with huge theme parks already built in most of the areas that have the population to support them—small play parks strike some people in the industry as the sort of enterprise most likely to be built in the next decade. The next decade, of course, is when I expect to grow more tolerant of teen-agers, as they infiltrate my own family. Our family could go from park to park riding the new roller coasters that were meant to appeal to us—except that, thanks to the demographers and the financial planners, the industry will be building play parks instead of roller coasters. We will remain demographically out of sync. —Calvin Trillin

●

As hosts for the festivities, Barcelona politicians, in particular Jordi Pujol, president of the Catalan home-rule body, the Generalitat, were worried that some regional terrorist group would attempt to mar the occasion. Pacifists put up some antimilitary posters and anarchists spread leaflets urging the people of Barcelona to "go to the countryside and make love, not war," but nothing serious happened.—*The Times.*

Thank goodness.

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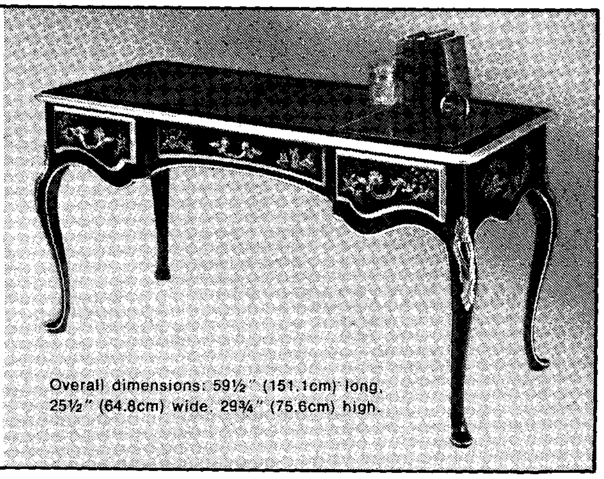
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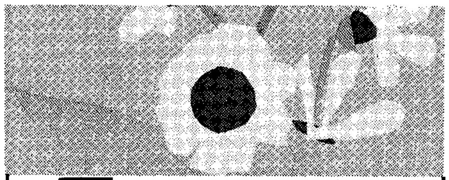

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Melodious Falls

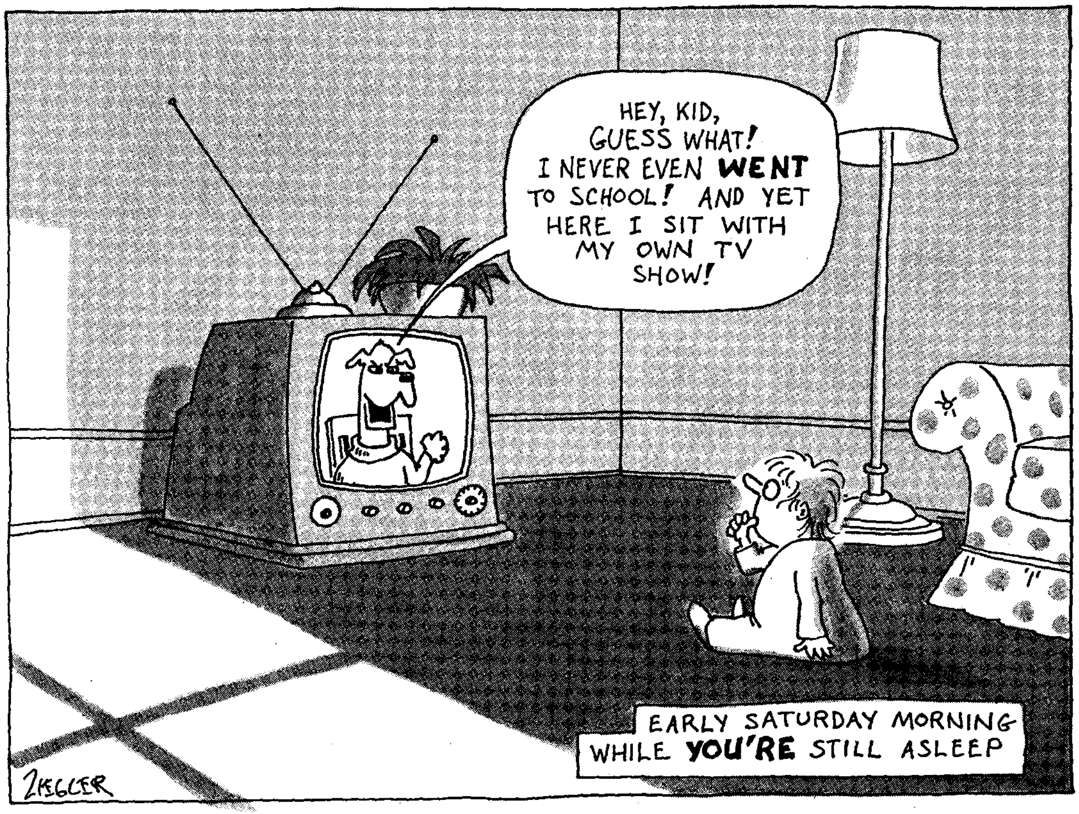
GLENS FALLS, on the Hudson, makes little of its chief claim to fame—the best-known of all American literary sites, the cave under the falls where since 1826 the imagination of America and Europe has taken shelter with Cora, Uncas, and their companions. Even before "The Last of the Mohicans," the place was celebrated. There Edward Stanley (later Lord Derby, the translator of Homer) remarked to Cooper, "Here is the very scene for a romance," and planted the seed of the novel. The dying Schubert took solace in the "Mohicans" and, in his last letter, asked his friend Schober to send him more Cooper. What musician could read unstirred the account of the Glens Falls cave filled with song?

> The air was solemn and slow. At times it rose to the fullest compass of the rich voices of the sweet maidens, who hung over their little book in holy excitement, and again it sunk so low, that the rushing of the waters ran through their melody like a hollow accompaniment. The natural taste and true ear of David, governed and modified the sounds to suit their confined cavern, every crevice and cranny of which was filled with the thrilling notes of their flexible voices. . . . The singers were dwelling on one of those low, dying chords, which the ear devours with such greedy rapture, as if conscious that it is about to lose them, when a cry, that seemed neither human nor earthly, rose in the outward air, penetrating not only the recesses of the cavern, but to the inmost hearts of all who heard it.

Since schoolboy days, I have wanted to visit the romantic site. But today there is no trace of the spiral stairway from the bridge over the Hudson which, my W.P.A. guide to New York State (1962 printing) assures me, leads down to the cave. Attempts to scramble across from the east bank were thwarted by fences and thick undergrowth. Baffled, I returned to the town library and learned there that in 1962, when the state assumed responsibility for the bridge, it destroyed the stairway. But a few miles to the north the lake Cooper loved best, Lake George, is still beautiful and, despite all the sport on its surface, would still be peaceful were its shores not polluted with canned music. An occasional musket or cannon shot from the bastions of Fort William Henry reminds a romantic of history. (Lake George was far from peaceful in "Mohicans" time.) Brief, cheery recitals from a blowzy calliope aboard a pleasure steamer have a certain popular charm. But non-stop Baroque Muzak piped out from loudspeakers in the trees is hard to bear. (Blessed by all musicians be those isolating musical earmuffs that have succeeded roller skates as the latest craze.)

Between Lake George and Glens Falls, in the auditorium of Queensbury High School (which seats less than nine hundred), the Lake George Opera Festival is held. It began twenty years ago, in a lakeshore hall; this year the President himself wrote to congratulate the festival on two decades of "excellence in artistry." It has a fine record of playing American operas, but at the 1981 festival that side of things is left to two matinée shows, piano-accompanied, given by the American Lyric Theatre, a group of young singers who gather for summer studies; and the main festival productions are of a musical, "Man of La Mancha," and of "Carmen" and "The Abduction from the Seraglio." I saw the last. It was not the sort of Mozart production I like best. The synopsis in the program book was ominous. It began: "Overture: On a beautiful early morning inside the guarded, locked gates of the Seraglio, the harem girls dance and bathe in the palace garden." A choreographer, Judith Haskell, as well as a director, Nancy Rhodes, was named, and there was choreography in plenty: four people took part in the first duet, and six in Osmin's solo "Ha! wie will ich triumphiren;" the Rondo alla Turca, scored, was inserted to provide a full-company chase sequence after the abduction. The order of the later numbers was altered, and Belmonte's "Wenn der Freude Thränen fliessen" was omitted. The designer, Michael Anania, had ignored what seems to me an "Abduction" designer's first task: if the drama is to work, there must be a clear definition of inside and outside, and who can get where.

Mozart's opera does pose its problems. Some of the arias are long. Constanze is expected to sing two of the longest, "Traurigkeit" and "Martern aller Arten," in succession, and the second has a sixty-measure instrumental introduction, with concertante flute, oboe, violin, and cello solos, dividing her last spoken and her first sung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words of defiance. My feeling is that director and singers should meet such challenges, try to rise to Mozart's intentions, not revise his work to make things easier for themselves. A good Constanze, with her eyes, her bearing, perhaps a well-judged move or two, can make eloquent what she thinks and feels; a good Pasha seconds her by the way he looks and listens; and meanwhile the concertante instrumentalists "speak." But in the Lake George performance Constanze and the Pasha *talked* through the introduction—a couple bickering to background music. During the aria proper, Constanze moved from base to base, pursued by the Pasha, who grabbed at her. She finished vocal paragraphs and then shook him off.

The overture is marked "Presto." In the nineteen-twenties, Richard Strauss drew up Ten Golden Rules for a young conductor, and the ninth of them was "When you think you have achieved the fastest *prestissimo* possible, then double the tempo." But in 1948 he added an amendment addressed to Mozart conductors: "Halve the tempo." Mark Flint, conducting, took the overture rather too fast, and its rapid figures were not properly sounded. (An early rehearsal with slackened strings, slackened bows, and those nineteenth-century devices chin rests and endpins removed from the instruments can help players—and their conductor—to take a first step toward a truer Mozart style. A tiny first step only—eighteenth-century techniques are not easily acquired or modern instruments quite so easily modified—but, as such experiments have shown, a helpful one.) Still, since Mozart's overture had been demoted to accompany dance, pantomime, and merry jest, it did not matter too much. When the singers' voices came into play, Mr. Flint's tempi settled, and he showed a nice response to the marvels of the score. The singers—Charlotte Ellsaesser and Alan Kays as the noble pair, Lauran Fulton and James Longacre as their servants, Richard Crist as Osmin—were all fairly able. But when they were not thinking about their movements they seemed to be concentrating more on tone than on sense. Giuseppe Taddei, San Francisco's latest Leporello, made some wise remarks on this subject which were reported in that company's "Don Giovanni" program book:

> When you're singing, you should express the meaning of the words as much as possible with the voice. Then the voice comes with exactly the right color. That's the logical and simple secret. Instead, many artists only want to make big and beautiful sounds and think only about the voice. If they thought of the words instead, the voice would come by itself, if, of course, it's there in the first place.

The English words of this particular "Abduction" were by Wesley Balk, and although they were not always happy (in his first aria Belmonte sang something like "I pray that I might find her and all her suffering end," which lay on the music in a way to suggest that he hoped to find all, not just a part of, Constanze's suffering end), most of the time they ran well. The singers could have made more of them. When Constanze sees her lost Belmonte, she should breathe his name, as she launches the Act II finale, with rapture and wonder; Miss Ellsaesser sang it loudly, fiercely, almost angrily. Mr. Kays had lost the naturalness, the straightforwardness, that made his Sam in the City Opera's "Street Scene" so winning. In the little auditorium, both of them could have dared to be lighter, more direct, more charming. In general, the execution suggested careful study rather than spontaneity and truth.

Nevertheless, I enjoyed the evening. The study *had* been careful. The performance was not uncaring. And Mozart poured all his youthful genius into this comedy as, shortly before, he had poured it into a serious opera. Everything he knew, had learned, was capable of—elaborate arias, amusing songs, poignant ensembles, expressive instrumental writing—is on display. The faults of "Die Entführung" are those of abundance.

—ANDREW PORTER

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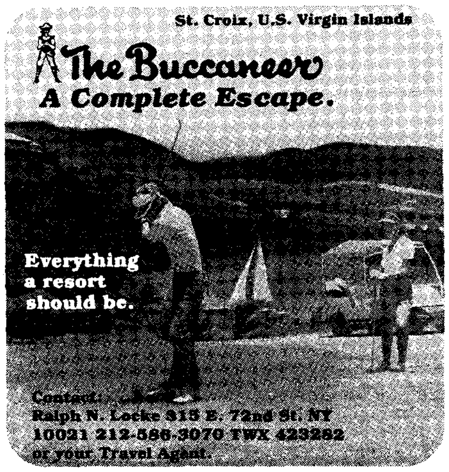
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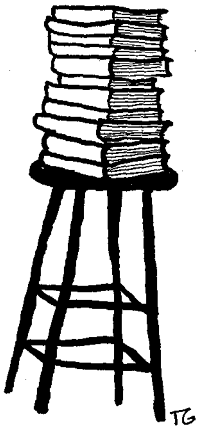
BOOKS

Routes

THERE is something both soothing and rather melancholy about taking a map of an unknown or slightly known region of the world and drawing real or imaginary lines through places with names that one has only the vaguest notion of how to pronounce. I remember, on a summer night in 1969, spreading a huge road map of Europe and Asia Minor on the floor of my apartment in New York and drawing a rather pathetic-looking thin line on the map to indicate a prospective automobile route from France to Pakistan. As I was doing this, I tried to imagine what places like Herat, Kandahar, and Peshawar were doing where they were, and why and how the various roads went where they did. Oddly, the one thing that I did not wonder about then, or on the subsequent trip, was how there came to be such a map in the first place. Until I read John Noble Wilford's delightful book "The Mapmakers" (Knopf; $20), I simply took the existence of maps for granted—something that, because of his book, I will never do again.



Maps, it appears, have been with us since the organization of human society. Mr. Wilford, who has been doing research on this subject for nearly a decade, does not know how the idea of a map originated. He points out that the Chinese have drawn maps since at least the seventh century B.C., and that the earliest known map of the "world" is a Babylonian clay tablet that dates from the sixth century B.C.—a map that does not show China, or, indeed, much beyond the kingdom of Babylonia. By the fifth century B.C., Herodotus had suggested the use of parallel lines as coördinate systems with respect to which one could locate geographical entities on a map. He also seems to have invented, at least in Europe, the use of itineraries ("the forerunners of modern road maps") and of sectional maps. In the fourth century B.C., it was considered a fact that the earth was a sphere. Aristotle made the significant observation that during an eclipse of the moon the earth cast a rounded shadow on the moon, and from this he argued that the earth was spherical. In the third century B.C., Eratosthenes "measured" the circumference of the sphere. His method amounted to measuring relative latitude—the angular separation on the sphere between Alexandria and Syene (now Aswan), which was thought to be due south. In Syene, at noon on the twenty-first of June the sun cast no shadows—it was directly overhead—but at the same time in Alexandria it did cast shadows. If one erected a stick in Alexandria and measured the length of the shadow it cast at noon, one could compute the angle at the top of the triangle formed by the stick and the shadow. By simple geometry, this angle represents the angular separation on the surface of the earth between Alexandria and Syene—about seven degrees, in practice. Eratosthenes estimated the distance between the two cities by calculating the rate at which camel caravans made the journey. He reasoned that that distance was to the earth's circumference as seven degrees is to three hundred and sixty degrees (the full angle of the sphere), and arrived at a figure of about twenty-eight thousand miles for the circumference—a value that was only about sixteen per cent too large.

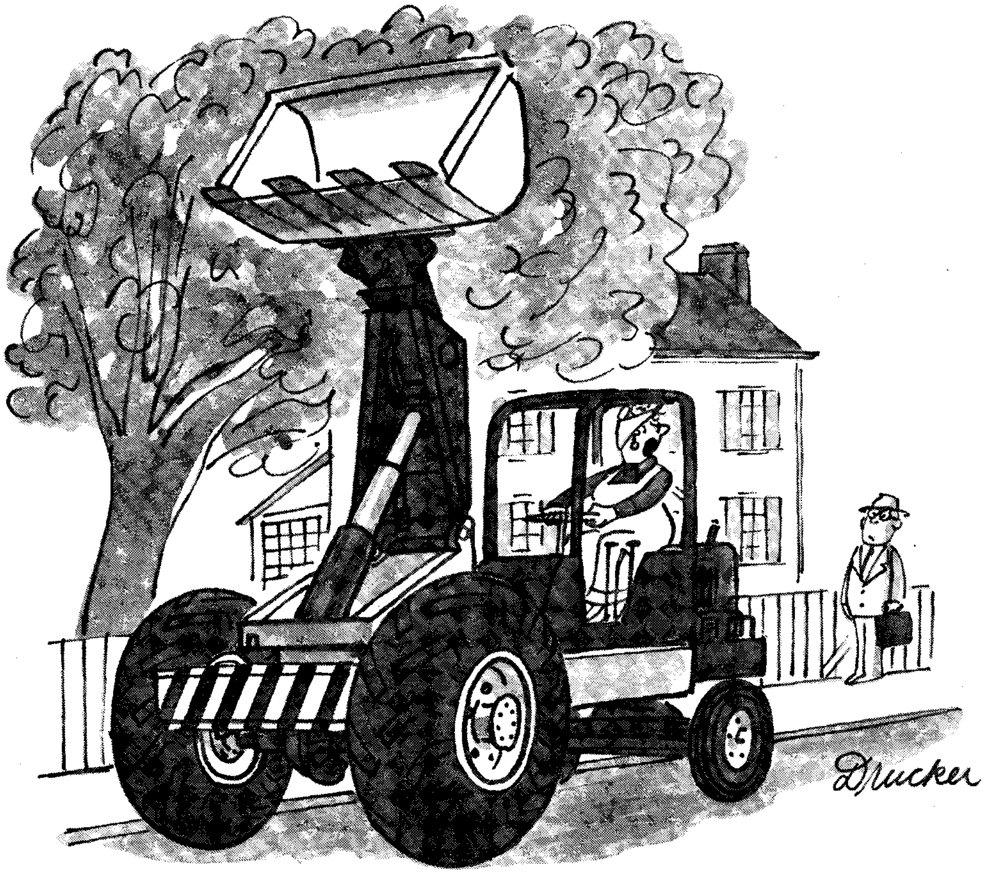
I have given this discussion in some detail both to illustrate the state of knowledge available two millennia ago and to illustrate the only cavils I have with Mr. Wilford's book, which concern the illustrations. The first cavil is purely aesthetic. Anyone with a fondness for antique maps knows that much of their beauty is in their coloration. This book is illustrated with photographs in black-and-white, and they simply do not do justice to the wonderful maps. The colored antique map on the book's jacket only whets the appetite. My guess is that the lack of color plates is a matter of economics. It is a pity—but understandable. What is not understandable—and is even more of a pity—is the lack of illustration when Mr. Wilford is discussing mathematical arguments of the kind I have described. Such arguments would become almost self-evident with the help of line drawings. I fear that many readers of the book will simply shut their minds off at the mathematical discussions, and thereby miss half the fun.

The lack of illustration becomes even more acute when Mr. Wilford discusses how maps are made. Every plane map of the earth's surface involves just that—a representation, or "mapping," on a plane surface of points on the surface of a sphere. There is no one way of doing this, and there is no way of doing it that does not involve some distortion. Mr. Wilford devotes an entire chapter to the history of this subject. The seminal figure here is the sixteenth-century Flemish cartographer Gerhard Kremer, who latinized his name to Gerardus Mercator. In 1569, Mercator produced a world map for navigators in which he introduced what is now universally known as the Mercator projection. (Incidentally, Mr. Wilford notes that Mercator's map has north on the top, in the modern way, while medieval and ancient maps usually have east on the top—hence the origin of the word "orientation.") Mr. Wilford describes the mathematics of the Mercator projection and gives a useful table, which specifies the features of it and of several other types of mapping projections, but nowhere is there a simple diagram that illustrates how the Mercator projection or any other projection works. In essence, what one does in making a Mercator map is to take a cylinder and fit it over a globe so that some great circle of the globe—say, the equator—is tangent to the cylinder. Now one may imagine going to the center of the globe and drawing lines out from the center which pierce the surface of the globe and are then extended, or projected, outward until they touch the cylinder. Thus each point on the globe's surface becomes a point on the cylinder—with the exception of the North and South Poles, whose projections go off to infinity. If one now cuts the cylinder and unrolls it, one has a flat Mercator map of the earth, with straight lines for longitude and latitude. The shapes on the sphere are true only at the equator, and become more and more distorted as one goes toward the poles. By choosing circles of tangency other than the equator, one can make Mercator maps that are nearly free of distortion for various regions of the earth's surface. Mercator was extremely pleased with his projection; he likened his accomplishment to having solved the problem of squaring the circle. In truth, his work began the science of projective maps.

The heart of Mr. Wilford's book lies in his description of the mapmakers themselves. These men were part scientist, part explorer, and part entrepreneur, realizing that a good map was a valuable commercial commodity. There were, for example, four generations of the Cassini family, in France. At the end of the seventeenth century, the Cassinis began, under royal patronage, to map all of France; the project was completed in 1793, with the publication of a map that involved a hundred and eighty-two sheets, which, when they were assembled in one unit, measured about eleven square metres. Mr. Wilford writes that the map showed "roads, rivers, canals, towns and hamlets, abbeys, châteaux, vineyards, marshes, lakes and ponds, even windmills." And, of course, there was Columbus, who mapped parts of the coastline of the New World. There was Martin Waldseemüller, who in 1507 put the name America—after Amerigo Vespucci—on his map of what is now known as South America; he dropped the name in a 1513 edition, but it had become popular usage. There was Captain James Cook, who in the eighteenth century mapped vast stretches of the world, from Newfoundland to New Zealand. My favorite mapmakers are the pundits, who mapped the northern part of the Indian subcontinent in the nineteenth century. "Pundit" is an English corruption of the Hindi word *pandit*, meaning a learned man. The pundits were hired by the Survey of India to travel to areas that were closed to Europeans, such as Tibet, and map them. The first pundit was Nain Singh, who, with his cousin Mani Singh, was sent to Tibet in 1865. Mr. Wilford gives a splendid description of their adventures. Nain Singh disguised himself as a lama on a pilgrimage to Lhasa. He carried a hollow prayer wheel, in which he kept records of compass bearings and distances, having measured them by pacing, and counting the paces off on a necklace of a hundred beads—one bead per hundred paces. His trip lasted twenty-one months, during which time he surveyed a twelve-hundred-mile trade route from Nepal to Lhasa. While in Lhasa, he saw a Chinese man being beheaded for having illegally appeared in that forbidden city, and he later wrote of his visit there, "Owing to my alarm, I changed my residence and seldom appeared in public again."

Mr. Wilford also describes the "discovery" of Mount Everest by the British, in 1849, and the naming of the mountain after the surveyor George Everest. He does not mention the wonderful flap that took place when the Tibetologist Sven Hedin wrote a book early in this century pointing out that Everest already had a name—Chomolungma, its traditional Tibetan name. Sir Sidney Burrard, who was then a superintendent of the Survey of India, wrote in a review of Hedin's book, "The interest that now attaches to Mount Everest is due only to its great height. The Lamas and Jesuit Fathers discovered that the whole of this region was mountainous and that it abounded in ranges and peaks, but their maps show that they were unaware that any mountain of exceptional height was standing here. In fact, they knew no more about Mount Everest than the Tibetans themselves knew. Nothing was known about Mount Everest, until it was observed by a theodolite from the plains of India in 1849. Until that observation was made, the world was ignorant that their highest mountain was standing there." Be that as it may, the joint owners of the mountain—China and Nepal—call it Chomolungma and Sagarmatha, respectively.

Much of Mr. Wilford's book deals with the modern era of mapmaking, and running through the book is his firsthand account of an expedition in which parts of the Grand Canyon were mapped. The techniques would have surprised Captain Cook. The team carried, among other things, a portable laser; by shining it on a distant reflector and timing the light's round trip, they could measure the distance between the two points. Cook took with him on his trip around the world, from 1772 to 1775, a copy of the famous marine chronometer designed by John Harrison, of London. Harrison's original, which was completed in 1759, after forty-five years of work, had been off by only five seconds after a two-and-a-half-month ocean trip to Jamaica in 1761. Mr. Wilford recounts Harrison's tragicomic but ultimately successful attempts to collect a twenty-thousand-pound prize from Parliament for having designed the first instrument that enabled seamen to measure longitude with high accuracy. By now, we have mapped the seven seas from top to bottom, to say nothing of the moon and Mars. Maps of three-quarters of the United States



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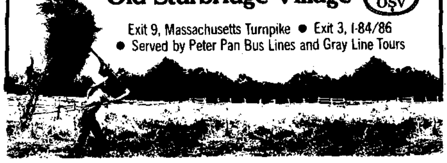

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are available in units of about fifty square miles (along the Canadian border) or of about sixty-five square miles (in the South). Cartography is a vast and wonderful subject—what Ptolemy, the great Alexandrian polymath, called in the second century "a representation in pictures of the whole known world together with the phenomena that are contained therein"—and Mr. Wilford's book is an excellent introduction to it.

—JEREMY BERNSTEIN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

GOOD BEHAVIOUR, by Molly Keane (Knopf; $10.95). There is a shrill, manic edge to the narrator's voice in the opening chapter of this fictional memoir as she orders her housekeeper to serve rabbit mousse to her bedridden mother, knowing full well that her mother cannot stomach rabbit; but as she proceeds to recount her younger years this deed comes to seem a modest act of revenge. Miss Iris Aroon St. Charles, born about the turn of the century, is the last representative of a dissipated family of the Irish gentry. A shy child, Aroon grows to be a big-boned, bosomy young woman, mocked by her lithe, suave mother and pathetically grateful for the occasional teasing insult from her brother and her father. All her romantic fantasies are expended on her brother's best friend (who survives a car accident in which the brother is killed); even after he gets engaged to another young woman and then runs off to Africa with a boyfriend, she still hopes. A bitter but often funny novel, studded with exquisite details: an adored nanny in a black bathing costume is a "frilled torpedo," and gentlemen at dinner parties wear "white ties as exact as two wings on a small bird's back."

HUB, by Robert Herring (Viking; $12.95). An adventure story of great warmth and charm. The settings are a small Arkansas town on the Mississippi and a wild offshore island. The characters are an elderly, woods-smart hermit long resident on the island, a young town boy (Hub) and his buddy, and the town drunk and retardate, a giant of a man named Lute Freeman. Lute kills the town whore in a drunken accident, kills a man while fleeing town, and ends up on the island, where Hub and his friend are camping out with the hermit. The action pits the powerful, murderous Lute against the crafty old man. The story is good, exciting, and well told, but the best of Mr. Herring's novel (his first) is its feeling for the natural world—the world of the Arkansas summer, the great river, the wildlife of the wild island, the bird sounds, the night sounds, the river sounds—and its human set piece, old Uncle Ethel. There are echoes here of Mark Twain and of Faulkner, but a young Southern writer could have far worse models.

THE TEMPTATION OF EILEEN HUGHES, by Brian Moore (Farrar, Straus & Giroux; $11.95). Mr. Moore is a writer of a kind increasingly uncommon these days. He is totally in command of his work, but he is also totally invisible: there are no gemlike phrases, no artistic posturings, no counterpointed portrait of the artist. His new novel, which is certainly one of his most accomplished—perhaps even his best—introduces us to an innocent girl of twenty in a small town in Northern Ireland who is fortunate to find favor with the beautiful wife of the rich owner of a department store where she works, and is promoted, coddled, and finally, as a special treat, taken as the guest of her employers for a week of high life in London. There Eileen Hughes ("who had not yet had a real boy friend, who had never been in love, who was waiting for all these things to happen to her as they were supposed to happen to girls her age") is thrust into a psychological dilemma of a most peculiar sort. The result is truly a novel of revelation.

THE MAN WHO OWNED NEW YORK, by John Jay Osborn, Jr. (Houghton Mifflin; $10.95). Mr. Osborn has written about the sweet-and-sour life of the serious law student (in "The Paper Chase") and about the hell-on-earth life of an associate in a regal Wall Street law firm (in "The Associates"). Now he takes us into the purging and rehumanization of a partner in such a firm. Robert Fox, the young and harried partner, is confronted by the estate of a rich old woman from which a handful of loose change—three million two hundred thousand dollars—is mysteriously and teasingly missing. The law, as an entity, emerges here again in all its foolishness and fascination, and Mr. Osborn, as before—no, better than before—

charms us with his good writing, his bouncing comedy, his solid storytelling, and his persuasive vision of New York City in the here and now.

GENERAL

A CORDIALL WATER: A GARLAND OF ODD & OLD RECEIPTS TO ASSUAGE THE ILLS OF MAN & BEAST, by M. F. K. Fisher (North Point Press; $10). This is the reappearance of an attractive little book first published in 1961, and it is a book worth returning to print. The path that Mrs. Fisher paces here is risky: a step to one side, toward an acceptance of folk medicine, courts ridicule; a step to the other, toward ridicule, is priggish or oafish, or worse. Mrs. Fisher neither believes nor dismisses. She examines and considers and tries to understand "the belief behind the act." Her approach is anthropological. When confronted by "To Strengthen and Comfort a Cow after Calving Give her a loaf of fresh bread, soaked in a liter of good red wine," she observes, "It takes great humility to link ourselves at one time with the patient cow and the Holy Sacrament." It is an attitude—a scientific wisdom—that lifts what might have been a book of diversion to the satisfying level of a reflection.

THE DISTORTION OF AMERICA, by Oscar Handlin (Atlantic-Little, Brown; $10.95). Eight essays in which the noted historian reviews the course of our foreign relations since the Second World War, claiming that our good intentions have constantly been impugned, our policies assailed, and our culture traduced by the left, old and new, while the standard-bearers of the left—Russia and China—commit massacres and achieve economic failure but escape criticism by the left. Mr. Handlin is scathing about the Third World neutralist bloc, and believes that our motives in Vietnam were justifiable. He fears a return to isolationism and a loss of faith in democracy in the wake of that failed intervention. Many of his facts are undeniable and many of his arguments are persuasive, yet his efforts to show America's virtues sound too uncritical.

ANDREW JACKSON AND THE COURSE OF AMERICAN FREEDOM, 1822-1832, by Robert V. Remini (Harper & Row; $20). The second volume of a projected three-volume biog-

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raphy, whose author has seen the importance of grasping his subject's outlook and then verifying the extent to which his political passions were justified. In some respects, Mr. Remini admits in his notes, his research surprised him; he had not known, for instance, that Jackson was correct in his assertions that the federal government had become dangerously corrupt. The book takes Jackson through his first term as President. Mr. Remini shows us why Jackson was not able to accomplish all he intended and also why his loathing for the Bank of the United States helped make him enormously popular. Jackson himself is a paradox—a man who set out to reduce the powers of government in order to enhance the liberty of the individual but whose personality was so powerful that while trying to diminish the Presidency he dramatized it.

LAWS OF THE GAME, by Manfred Eigen and Ruthild Winkler (Knopf; $19.95). The Nobel Prize-winning chemist and a longtime associate have written a fascinating, although often difficult, book about the role of chance and order in both science and games. They see in games—including some that they have invented and describe here—models for extremely complex scientific arguments. The book ranges over all the sciences and over much of life as well, and has the character of the deepest sort of discussion among brilliant friends.

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INTERVIEWER: I had no idea you could get Campari on airplanes.

ASHLEY: Well, only on some U.S. airlines. But I'm told you can get it on most European flights. They're really much more cosmopolitan.

INTERVIEWER: Well, what was it like?

ASHLEY: It wasn't sweet. On the other hand, it wasn't really bitter. I guess bittersweet is the only way to describe it.

INTERVIEWER: Really? Tell me the whole story.

ASHLEY: Well, I was restless...couldn't sleep...didn't feel like reading. Then, somewhere over the Rockies, the man next to me turned and said, "Look, as long as you can't sleep, how'd you like to try something really different?"

I figured, oh, what the heck, why not.

So he turned off the reading lamps, called for the flight attendant, and ordered Campari for two.

Let's see, I had Campari and orange juice, and he had Campari and tonic.

INTERVIEWER: You certainly have a memory for detail. Then what?

ASHLEY: I guess I'm known for speaking my mind and about half way through I just had to tell him the truth.

INTERVIEWER: What did you say?

ASHLEY: "Is this it? Is this what all my friends are raving about?"

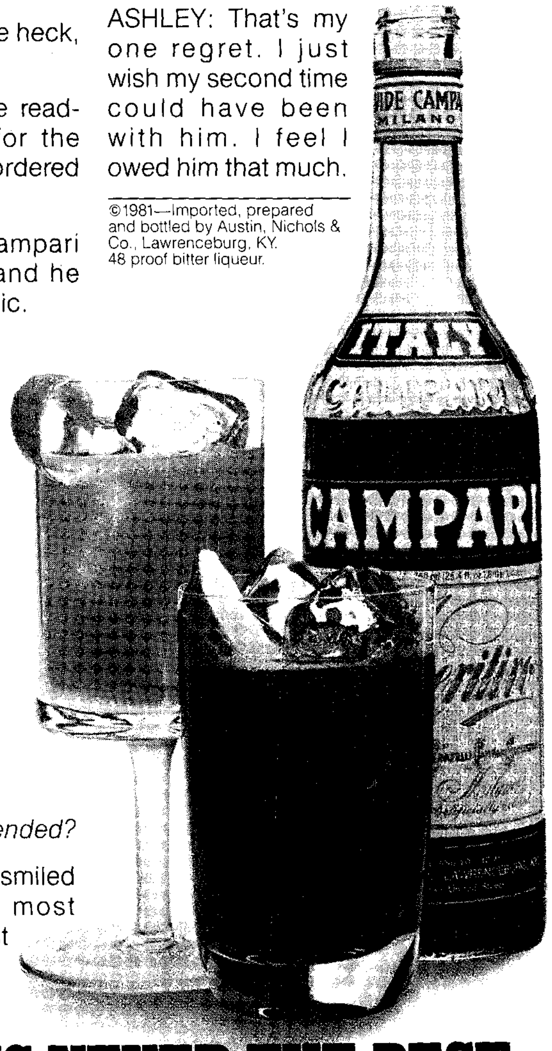
INTERVIEWER: Was he offended?

ASHLEY: Not at all. He just smiled and said, "Miss Ashley, most people feel that way their first time. But like a lot of things, it gets better and better."

You know, he was absolutely right. The second time was wonderful. And now I just love it...there are so many interesting ways to enjoy Campari.

INTERVIEWER: Yes, I'm sure. By the way, whatever happened to the man on the plane?

ASHLEY: That's my one regret. I just wish my second time could have been with him. I feel I owed him that much.



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